

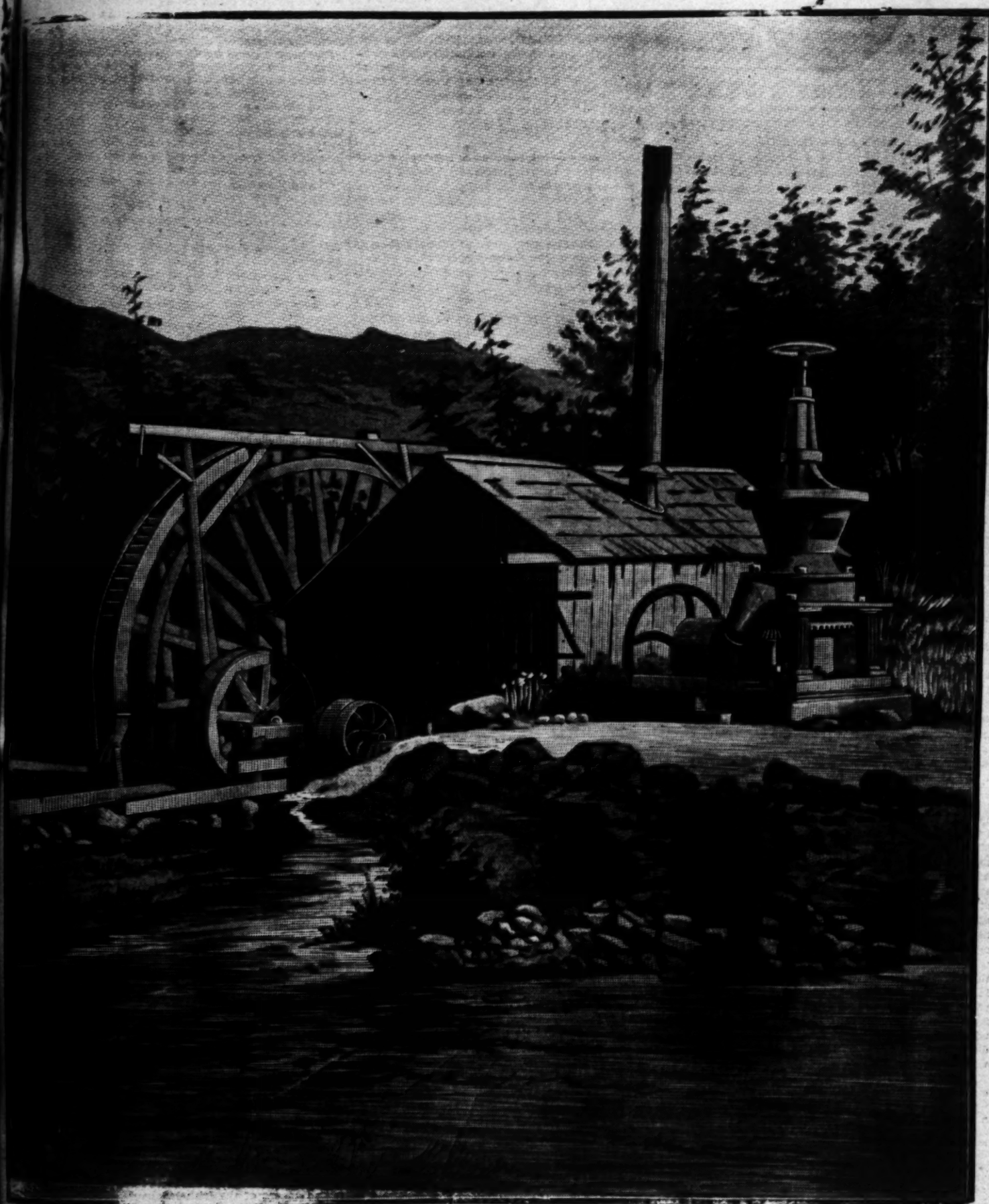
WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

Los Angeles Sunday Times

JUNE 30, 1901.

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SCENIC CALIFORNIA.



Old Yucon Mill in the Soledad Pass.
[From a water color drawing by Chapin.]

OUR SUNDAY MAGAZINE.

SCOPE AND CHARACTER.

THE ILLUSTRATED SUNDAY MAGAZINE, complete in itself, is served to the public separate from the news sheets, when required, and is also sent to all regular subscribers of the Los Angeles Sunday Times.

The weekly issues may be saved up by subscribers to be bound into quarterly volumes of thirteen numbers each. Each number has from 28 to 32 large pages, and the matter therein is equivalent to 120 Magazine pages of the average size. They will be bound at this office for a moderate price.

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ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

ESTABLISHED DECEMBER 4, 1897.

OUR CONSULAR SERVICE.

BISHOP POTTER of New York is quoted as having spoken as follows in an address he recently made before the Iota Chapter of the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Rochester, N. Y.: "I inquired some time ago, while traveling abroad, regarding the accurate knowledge, intelligence, broadmindedness and compliance with customs on the part of our consular service, and I found that these qualities were as much to be found there as are grace and elegance on the part of a bull in a china shop. . . . The consular service is mostly made up of men who are selected by the Senators to pay debts to political heelers by forcing the hand of the Executive. It constitutes a vast system of political sway and is degrading to this high legislative body. We hear of the bad conditions that exist in our city governments, but our attention needs also to be diverted to the poor quality of the representatives that we send abroad."

Bishop Potter has accomplished much good in reform work, but like most reformers, he sometimes goes off on a tangent, as he did not so very long ago in reference to the Philippine problem. There is a basis for criticism upon our consular service, but the bishop's intensity of character has led him to exaggerate the conditions which he criticizes, while he seems to overlook the more serious defects in the service.

Most Americans who have traveled abroad will, we believe, testify that our Consuls are generally courteous, intelligent and tactful men. Bishop Potter's comparison of them to a "bull in a china shop"—rather undignified, considering the occasion—is, we believe, unjust as applied to the great majority of our Consuls.

That many of our Consuls should lack "accurate knowledge" is a condition naturally to be expected from our established method of appointment. The need of training for the men who are to occupy our diplomatic and consular offices has been referred to heretofore in these columns. So strong a hold, however, has the present system of appointment obtained, that a reform cannot be effected in a moment, or in a year. Nevertheless no little progress has been made, and every careful observer knows that the service has been greatly improved within the last few years. Never before have the foreign agents of this country made themselves so useful as during the administration of President McKinley. Never before have the demands upon them been so exigent, nor their retention in office so dependent upon the character of their service.

The duties of the Consul are largely in the interest of our commerce, and the faithful service rendered in this field has had much to do with the growth of American trade in other countries. Their comprehensive and accurate reports to our State Department have been of inestimable value to our merchants, manufacturers, agriculturists and horticulturists. They have not only kept us informed with reference to the condition of the markets abroad, but they have investigated conditions with reference to the introduction of new articles from this country, have watched legislation in the countries in which they are serving, and have kept our State Department informed as to the probable effect of such legislation on our commerce; they have reported on industrial methods employed in those countries where they differ from our own, and have transmitted much other valuable information.

A paragraph in the Newark, N. J., Evening News on our consular service is pertinent and truthful. It says:

"The Consul may not be a Chesterfield in address, nor a Turveydrop in deportment, nor a Mezzofanti in command of the Pentecostal gift, and yet be a most valuable and efficient public servant. It is highly desirable, indeed, that he should be a man of polish and suavity, and no doubt many of our Consuls speedily acquire the social vernacular originally lacking, for it is an American characteristic to be adaptable to surroundings. But far more important than this is that they should manifest just what most of them develop, a remarkable insight into the business relations and conditions which govern the foreign world with which our transactions are so important. The average Consul no doubt has defects which may handicap his usefulness, but he could scarcely

have a better working ideal than the record of the last few years has proven to be foremost in his mind."

While it is true that our consular service would be much improved were it practicable to put it under the civil-service rules and thus develop a trained corps of Consuls, it cannot be denied that very useful work has been done by our agents abroad, and the evils of which Bishop Potter complains are not so serious as he imagines.

A HOLIDAY LAND.

CALIFORNIA may be enumerated among the most fortunate States of the Union in its possibilities of summer outdoor life. The myriad ways which lead from the cities of the Pacific Slope to the mountains, the foothills and the sea, illustrate the power of the State to build up physical tissue and the conditions of harmonious and optimistic thinking. A large share of the enjoyment of these outings depends upon the systematic concentration of well-chosen plans in order to get the full benefit. The tourist who goes to the mountains to learn something of the structure of the rocks, their lichens, ferns and flowers, their entomology, their bird haunts and typical fauna, has given hygiene a co-operative friend of sanitary potency. There are no dull places in the mountains for resourceful minds with the power to focalize enthusiasm on any subject of noble interest. He who discovers the old trail of a long-gone race comes into comradeship with the youth-time of the State, and will also find old ethnic footprints of glowing associations which are individual secrets of his own possession.

If the holiday student takes as a text-book any of the popular guides for scientific study adapted to the State he may also find among pocket editions of general interest in Wood's "Common Shells of the Sea Shore" and Auds's "The Earth's History" some concise and informing chapters. While not depending altogether on conventional curricula, or arbitrary facts, he may glean many original impressions, and so educate his cogitative forces that his mind will seek out those little byways of advancement that tend to the wonderlands of discovery.

Many currents are sent by Mesadler's new duplexed telegraph system, but of the twelve currents which enter the wire, the receivers are said to select each current belonging to its own particular message, rejecting all others.

All lovers of nature have had experiences of outdoor charm, which seemed like these special, individual calls, when the light on the summer sea, or the song in the forest whispered Paul's words, "Think on these!" Turn away from exploring the crypts and caverns of painful memories, draw the light from new suns. There are in such moods sibylline confidences in the swaying leaves, and the mountain streams in the fissures in the rocks infuse something of their young jollity. There are singing festivals calling among the hills, where one may find the songs of Schubert, Schumann or even the chorals, in the unwritten music of forest minstrelsy. If one has watched the sailing of the hawks or the flight of the eagles among the mountains he has known one of the delights which are untranslatable into speech; he understands the ardors of the old masters who strove to paint the wonders of light and copy the iris colors of the Alps and the daffodil lights on the sky.

The ascents and crevasses of the Jungfrau and the Matterhorn, with their wildly precipitous and snowy crests, have been invested in imagination with perennial glory, but the Californian whose zenithal heaven includes glimpses of the Sierras has an equal right of national pride. If he wanders from those horizons of infinite blues back to the glamour of the sea, he has not only a storehouse of physical props, but fountains of spiritual strength. The memory with its mutilations, its fractures and wounds, is soothed as by a mother's touch of healing. Nature speaks in the language of immortal youth.

There is apparent here in the majority of the mountain and seaside homes an artistic impulse, which is illustrated by wide portals and broad vistas and gay exterior. The building of the temple of the spirit, so that its light shines in the grasp of the hand, the flash of the eye, and the spoken word is also a process of orderly law. Who can doubt but the balsam of the forest, the singing of the mountain stream, and the salt tides of the sea, are among the life-giving influences which should not be ignored as invigorating powers?

Frequent glimpses of the ideal quality of outdoor life can but contribute to sanity and normality of spiritual poise. The fear and depression which haunted the night hours, specters of the desk and the arena disappear in the long beach ramble. The cloud-scowls of the imagination relax, and the broad patches of blue shine in on the soul.

There are crowds of children along the sands. The fairies of Grimm, Hans Andersen and "Alice in Wonderland" could not furnish more enchanting pictures than these lovely children of the Pacific Slope. Glimpses of these Raphaelistic cherubs have all the charm of song and blossom world.

The way to the seacoast-holiday shores leads through golden harvest fields and along fruitful orchards, and the sight of the golden plenty must fill the heart with the deep sense of omnipresent love and care.

L. F. H.

OLD YUCCA MILL.

The yucca mill pictured on the first page of the *Times* today was built a number of years ago by the California company of English capitalists, for the purpose of manufacturing paper from yucca pulp. The process was found too expensive, however, and the mill was abandoned and only the ruins of the old mill remain.

CURRENT EDITORIAL COMMENT.

Chicago is to have an underground railway to connect up its splendid system of underground politics with the Republican.

Can there be any connection between Bryan's trip and Grover's hasty exit to the fishing grounds of Labrador?—[Chicago News.]

In the opinion of Murat Halstead the *Democratic* Missouri author, Web Davis, is simply "a man who has that job of book making."—[Washington Post.]

J. Pierpont Morgan may be a hero in his own circle, but the people at large do not name him as they do after war and political heroes.—[Post.]

Dowie says the doctors of Chicago have formed a plan to beat him into insanity. The physician who would accomplish that feat would have to be a spry one of phenomenal swiftness.—[Denver Post.]

Russia, in spite of its universal peace plans of years since, seems ready for any kind of a fight with the United States.—[Washington Post.]

Profound public gratitude is due to Actor Edwin Booth, who will not tackle Shakespeare in the coming season, but will write a play of his own. His inactivity shows in the abatement from Shakespearean commendable departure from the fashion of the village stars.—[Pittsburgh Dispatch.]

The most familiar heading in the newspapers of this country, at least, is "Killed at a Crossing." The roads paid out by steam and trolley lines for deaths at crossings would more than pay the expense of a guard of guards around every crossing. Why not some precaution and thus save life and money?—[Star.]

There is no expanse of navigable waters in this country that can surpass the English Channel for passenger comfort. Now there is talk of building a canal which will cover the distance across in thirty-five minutes. But thirty-five minutes is ample time for a passenger to make himself dreadfully disagreeable.—[Cleveland Plain Dealer.]

"Coin" Harvey has become a citizen of Benton, Ark., and entertains Congressional aspirations. He is now busily engaged in organizing an old-time contest, but whether that has ought to do with political plans the press reports do not state. It is a much less complicated proposition than anything else.—[Minneapolis Times.]

All the accounts from abroad agree in saying that the keepers of hotels and restaurants, of theaters and clubs in London would be almost in despair this summer if it not for the army of Americans in the British Isles and for the generous expenditures of the American visitors. Brother Jonathan has made no secret of the fact that he is even more liberal than in former years in seeing the sights and enjoying himself in the foreign.—[New York Tribune.]

It should be remembered that the foreign agents in America look for editorials attacking them for purposes of other nations and cable them for the delectation of the European public, just as the American correspondents in Europe make it their business to send home every scrap of anti-American stuff they can get. No doubt many Europeans think the American press is plotting against the peace of the world, to gain trade or trade, while in the United States it looks as if they were shaking its fists in this direction. A strong anti-American feeling in Germany and the other German policies in America is due to this cause.—[San Francisco City Star.]

TO THE EAST, GREETING.

[From The Times Flyer, published at Buffalo, N. Y., June 29, 1907.]
Oh, Nature spreads a glorious feast
Within this broad and sun-filled East—
A feast of color for the eye,
With boundless wealth of harvesty
Such palms are on the green fields spread
As are by Nature's lovers read.
How wide the grass-clad, rich expanse,
Pierced by the sunbeam's golden lance.
Like emeralds on the breast of day
They in their wondrous beauty lay,
The dim-aisled forests, how they thrill
Our sense of vision; never still,
Their countless leaves, uplifted there,
In the soft silence of the air.
Thy clasp their hands. The wooing breeze
Wakes Nature's richest harmonies.
"The groves were God's first temples"—
Doth Nature worship, and man's prayer
Is holiest. O beautiful East,
We greet you gladly for the feast
Of beauty that you give us—fair
With many crystal streams ye art,
With velvet meadows, forests grand
And grass-clad plains on every hand.
We of the sunset West do greet
Our brothers here, and it is sweet
To feel one flag is ours, one land—
Both East and West united stand.

A GAELIC TYPEWRITER.

[London News:] The most recent evidence of the development of the Irish language movement, the stimulus of the Gaelic League, is the production of a Dublin firm of a typewriter which writes in the most Irish characters. It is not an uncommon sight now in Dublin to hear in government offices a conversation carried on in Irish.



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The Australian Aborigines. By Frank G. Carpenter.

"BLACK FELLOWS."

THE QUEER HABITS AND CUSTOMS OF A RACE WHICH IS FAST PASSING AWAY.

From Our Own Correspondent.

THERE are now less than 60,000 aborigines left in Australia, and of these 20,000 are in the State of Queensland, where this letter is dated. I saw no natives in Tasmania. There are only 565 in the State of Victoria, and only about 1000 in New South Wales. South Australia has been less developed than the eastern States, and it has 23,000, while the vast desert regions of Western Australia are said to have something like 6000. These figures, of course, are not absolutely accurate. The aborigines live in the wilds, and in the vast regions of unexplored Australia no one can tell how many there are. The only pure natives I have seen were in some of the towns along the northeast coast of Queensland, and my information comes largely from travelers, explorers and the colonial governments. Many of my photographs have been furnished by the governments of Queensland and New South Wales, from the collections taken by the official explorers.

How the "Black Fellows" Look.

The people here call the aborigines "blacks" and "black fellows." They sometimes use the word negro,

profusely used, and it is not uncommon for a native to give himself a coat of fish oil whenever he can get it. This envelops him in a rancid smell which is very offensive to Europeans. The methods of hairdressing vary. The hair is often bound up with cloths, and the knuckle bones of the kangaroo are so fastened to it that they hang down over the ears; in some parts kangaroo teeth are fastened to the forelocks, so that they hang down and rest on the forehead between the eyebrows. About Port Darwin in Northwestern Australia the men and women use nose pins, some of which are ten inches long. The nose is pierced in the center, and, being pulled down, these pins are thrust through so that they stand out for five inches on each side the nostrils. Some of the pins are made of turkey bones and others of kangaroo or emu bones. Sometimes parrot quills are used, the bright-colored feathers extending out on each side the nostrils. Some of the natives pierce their ears, using kangaroo bones as plugs.

Scars as Ornaments.

Among the queer forms of ornamentation are the scarring and cutting of the body. Nearly every native has more or less scars upon him, and the bigger the scars the better they like it. I refer to ornamental scars, for many of the women are scarred by the punishments inflicted upon them by their husbands. As to the ornamental scarring, this is done as a matter of beauty. The skin is voluntarily cut with flints or shells, pow-

brothers, and after marriage she is a drudge. The husband can lend or give his wife away, forbid her speaking to any other man, and tribes she is not allowed to exchange a grown-up brother. She is often a bride at 10, and there are few native girls who are before they reach 16. There are, I am told, bachelors, but no old maids, for even an old man has the right to as many wives as he can get. He leaves all his work to his more wives he has the richer he is.

When a man dies his widow goes to his eldest son, who can keep them or dispose of them, as he chooses. The elder brother has the right to give away his sisters, and the same right belongs to the woman who often trades the females of the family for his sons.

Can't Complain for Want of Work.

The native woman of Australia can't complain for want of work. Her life is not open to the professions of her tribe are not open to her. She does all the work, from building the house to the food and nursing the baby. Most of the natives are nomads. They build little shelters of bark and wherever they camp, starting a new village, stopping place. In traveling, the women carry the belongings of the family. They are laden with pack horses and walk along bent over behind their husbands, who, perhaps, carry nothing but their spears and clubs. As soon as they come to a new place, the woman cuts the bark and builds the hut. She then goes out and digs roots, picks fruit and climbs trees to chop out the larvae of worms, which she eats for breakfast. She often carries her child with her at this work, laying it on the ground as she goes. She cuts the wood and carries the water, and when behind she is usually sure of a whipping. Under such treatment, she ages rapidly, her face wrinkles, and her face wrinkles, and, as a rule, she dies before she is 30. Even the men seldom live to be more than 30.

What the Natives Eat.

The lives of the aborigines are shortened by their diet. In point of intelligence they are as low as any people of the world, and they are more like animals than human beings. They eat largely vegetable, including all sorts of grass, thrash seeds out of different kinds of grasses, weeds which they eat as we do water cress. One of their favorite dishes is wild honey, which they find in the hollow trees. They collect the honey and their bread is made of grass seeds moistened between stones into a flour. This flour is mixed with water and eaten either cooked or raw. Among the curious viands of which they eat are ants, worms and snakes. There are ants in Australia, and certain varieties of them are eaten by the aborigines. The native stands upon his legs, stamps with his feet, whereupon the ants come out. After his shanks are well coated he eats them off and eats them. The larger kinds of ants are dried in the sun.

Another delicacy is the beetle, which is eaten in the worm or larvae and in the mature state. The worms are picked out of the rotten trees and are in red-hot ashes. Foreigners who have eaten them are not at all bad, and that they taste much like an omelet.

Snakes of all kinds are caught and roasted, especially the iguana. The iguana is a poisonous lizard. It is eaten throughout South Australia. It has flesh much like that of a young chicken. The natives are a delicacy and are greedily devoured by the whites.

The natives are also fond of grasshoppers. There are sometimes swarms of the latter, and the women gather them by the basketful and eat them. They have a great feast. They first throw the grasshoppers into the fire to burn off the wings and legs, then drag them out and roast each grasshopper separately. The flesh so prepared tastes not unlike corn nuts.

As Hunters and Trackers.

The Australians tell me that the native is more able than is generally supposed. They are intelligent of reasoning powers and are such expert hunters and trackers that they are largely employed by the whites. Here in Queensland they are used as bloodhounds in slavery days. They follow criminals on horseback and most invariably catch them. There are now men on the Queensland police force, each of whom receives a salary of about 10 cents a day and a small bonus.

As hunters they catch the largest game with their spears. They trap emus, hunting them with their spears, driving them into nets and catching them. In the wilds the hunters station themselves near water holes and wait until the emu comes down. They then rig up a net across its path, drive it when it has become entangled, destroy it with spears, clubs or boomerangs. They have a whistle which imitate the voice of the emu, and the emu, mistaking it for that of the turkey in wild country, comes swimming upon the ducks and emus. The emu whistle is made by pounding a piece of hollow log in such a way that it gives forth a sound. Sometimes a man will cover himself with grass and thus sneak upon the emu and kill him.

Kangaroos are caught in nets, and are also killed with dogs and spears. The natives trap kangaroos in all sorts of ways. They catch them by throwing nets over them as they sit about their holes. They go into the water with baskets on their heads and sneak upon the ducks and emus, swimming there. They also catch fish with spears, sometimes poison the water with certain plants.



(1.) A NATIVE AND HIS HOME. (2.) THE SCARS ON THIS WOMAN WERE INFLICTED BY HER HUSBAND. (3.) THROWING A BOOMERANG. (4.) SHOWING NOSE AND OTHER ORNAMENTS.

but the few natives I have seen were chocolate brown, rather than black. Their hair was curly, but not woolly, and they had not the thick lips nor the very flat noses of the African. Some of the aborigines are quite fine looking; they are straight and well formed, although generally lean and scrawny. In Townsville I saw a native girl about 18 years old, who looked more like a mulatto than a negro. She had high cheek bones, a slightly receding chin and a big mouth, and her hair was glossy, smooth and fine. Still she was by no means bad looking for a "gin," and would have passed muster among a mixed crowd of colored people from our Southern States.

This girl had on European clothes. In the interior parts of North Australia the natives wear no clothes whatever. Both men and women go naked, or at best have only a few ornaments in their hair, noses and ears, with perhaps a string or two about the waist. In Northwestern Queensland the natives use belts of human hair during certain ceremonies, and they often stripe their bodies with paint. They sometimes have grass necklaces and strings of opossum skins about their shoulders. They tie bands about their hair to keep it from falling into their eyes, and for the same reason soak it stiff with fat or clay. Hair grease is everywhere

dered charcoal is dusted in and the wounds are kept open for months. When they heal they leave ridges on the body as thick as your finger. These scars are found on the back and chest, and on the backs and chests. They are sometimes on the thighs and stomachs. Among other tribes little pieces of skin are cut out to make scars, the victims yelling with pain during the operation.

As to the scars of the women, there are often made by the men in way of punishment. They look upon the women as their slaves, and when angry club them and cut them with their tomahawks and spears. If the woman is killed it makes little difference, for she is looked upon as the property of the man who supports her, and a man may do what he likes with his own.

A Chance for the New Woman.

There is no place in the world where the new woman could work to better advantage than among these aborigines. I doubt whether there are people in the wilds of Africa who treat the women so badly. The wife is the plaything and slave of her husband. She has no rights that any man is bound to respect, and if caught away from home any man will maltreat her. As a daughter she is sold or given away by her father or

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have the fish as they rise to the surface. They catch catfish by tramping through the streams and getting the fish under their feet. In such cases the native kills the fish by biting deeply into its flesh just back of the head. He then throws it out upon the bank, knowing that it will not wriggle its way back into the water, and feels about for more.

The Question of Cannibals.

There is no doubt but that the Australian aborigines are more or less cannibals. The records show that they have always been so, and that the eating of human flesh exists in some parts of Australia today. Carl Lum-holtz, to whom I am indebted for some of the information in this letter, has written a book, entitled "Among the Cannibals," picturing his travels through the camps of the Australian aborigines; the government records also contain instances of cannibalism. About twelve years ago a man named Edwards saw the natives roasting an infant in one of their ovens. He watched the blacks open the body and begin eating the fat, but the sight made him so faint that he was not able to continue his observations.

Lumholtz says the natives especially like the flesh of a black man, and that any sort of a human being is eaten as the choicest delicacy. There are parts of this State of Queensland where children who die suddenly are roasted, and there are proofs that native children have been killed for food. In Western Queensland the flesh of the pure blacks is preferred, but half-caste children are roasted and eaten. It is said, however, that the people do not care for white man's flesh, although they are by no means adverse to a rare bit of Chinaman. There is one instance recorded of ten Chinamen being eaten at one dinner, and the statement is made that the preference for such meat over that of the white man is because the white man eats animal food, while the Chinese confine themselves largely to rice and vegetables.

Throwing the Boomerang.

I bought several boomerangs the other day, paying about ten cents apiece for them. They are merely little bows made of wood, each about two inches wide and from twenty inches to a yard long. They have a natural twist in them, and are so shaped that when thrown they return to the owner. The natives display great skill in throwing them, but do not, as I had supposed, use them to any extent as a weapon of war. For fighting and for all heavy hunting they prefer spears and lances. They have spears which weigh as much as four or five pounds, and which are eight or nine feet in length. Some spears are barbed with bone, flint or iron. The natives throw them with great skill, and are so treacherous in their use that the explorer has to watch out that he does not receive a spear in his back. The boomerang is sometimes used for killing small birds, but it is to a large extent a plaything.

Ghosts and Witch Doctors.

As far as I can learn, the aborigines have no Great Father like that of our Indians, although they believe in a future state and happy hunting grounds. They have a great dread of ghosts and demons, and think that certain places, such as caves and thickets, are haunted by them. They have witch doctors, who cure their diseases, which they think come from the spirits. The doctors pretend to locate the demon, and they suck pieces of wood out of the body where the pain is. They believe that most of their woes are due to sorcery, and that certain men can cause others to fall sick and die if they so wish. They believe their medicine men can make rain, and hold them responsible for all their sufferings. They have all sorts of charms to bring on and ward off evil spirits, and of late have announced their belief that the white settlers are dead natives come to life again, and that they themselves will after death again appear as white men.

Queer Methods of Burial.

The future state of the aborigine depends largely on how he is buried, and the men are very careful to inter their dead after certain rites. As to the women and children, they are of no account, either dead or alive, and their remains are usually rolled up in rugs or between sheets of bark and thus buried. A woman will often carry a dead child for a month before she buries it, laying the body under her head at night and sleeping upon it, notwithstanding the horrible odor.

The men are usually bundled up before burial. The knees of the corpse are forced up to its neck and tied there, the arms are tied to the sides and the calves forced up to the thighs and there tied. Then a rug or some pieces of bark are fastened about the body, and it is buried three or four feet deep in the sand, a mound covered with logs being erected above it.

In other parts of Australia cremation is practiced, while in other sections the dead bodies are dried before the fire until they turn into mummies. Some tribes lay the dead out upon platforms in the trees and allow the birds to clean the bones, just as the Parsees do upon their Towers of Silence at Bombay. After this the bones are buried in the earth or dropped into a hollow tree. Brisbane, Australia.

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GROUNDINGS FOR HIS OPINION.

[Chicago Tribune:] "A few years ago," said the enthusiastic citizen who was showing him the wonders of the lake front, "the lake extended inland far beyond where we are standing. I tell there isn't a town in the world that's making history as fast as Chicago is!" "It looks to me more like making geography," replied the unemotional stranger.

LOVE FINDS THE WAY.

[Life:] Laura: Her father cast her off without a penny when she married without his consent. Claire: How did they manage? Oh, they published two volumes of their love letters.

MR. DOOLEY

ON THE NEW YORK CUSTOMHOUSE.

Contributed by F. P. Dunne.

"HANNIGAN'S back," said Mr. Dooley. "I didn't know he'd ever been away," said Mr. Hennessy.

"Oh, he has that," said Mr. Dooley. "He's been makin' what Hogan calls th' gran' tower. He's been to New York an' to Cork an' he see his relatives an' now he's come home fr' to thry to get even. He had a gran' time, an' some day I'll get him in here an' have him tell ye about it."

"Did he bring annything back?" asked Mr. Hennessy. "He started to," said Mr. Dooley. "Before he left Queenstown, he laid in a supply iv th' stimulant that's made th' Irish th' finest pates an' revolutionists an' th' poorest book-keepers in th' wurld, an' a dozen or two iv blackthorn sticks fr' friends iv his on th' poils. He had a most tumulchuse v'ge. There was a man played th' accorjeon all th' way across. Glad he was to see th' pleasant fields iv Noo Jersey an' th' street clanin' department's scows goin' out to sea an' th' la-ad fr'm th' health board comin' aboard an' askin' ivrybody 'did they have th' smallpox an' was they convicts. There was a Rooshian aboard that'd been run out iv Rooshia because he cud r-read an' people thought he was gettin' r-ready to peg something at th' Czar, an' Hannigan an' him got to be gr-rreat frinds. As they sthred on th' deck, Hannigan banged him on th' back an', says he: 'Look,' he says with th' tears r-runnin' down his cheeks. He was wantin' in th' Legislachure. 'Look,' he says, 'ye poor down-throdden serf,' he says. 'Behold, th' land iv freedom,' he says, 'where ivry man's as good as ivry other man,' he says, 'on'y th' other man don't know it,' he says. 'That flag which I can't see, but I know 'tis th're,' he says, 'floats over no race iv slaves,' he says. 'Whin I astep off th' boat,' he says, 'I'll put me box on me shoulder,' he says, 'an' I'll be as free as anny man alive,' he says, 'an' if e'er a soul speaks to me, I'll give him a drink out iv th' bottle or a belt with th' blackthorn,' he says, 'an' little I care which it is,' he says. 'A smile fr' those that love ye, an' a punch fr' those that hate,' as Tom Moore, th' pote, says,' he says. 'Land iv liberty,' he says, 'I salute ye,' he says, 'wavin' his hat at a soap factory. 'Have ye declared yet?' says a man at his elbow. 'Declared what?' says Hannigan. 'Th' things ye have in th' box,' says th' man. 'I have not,' says Hannigan. 'Th' contents iv that crate is sac el betwix me an' meself,' he says. 'Well,' says th' man, 'ye'd better slide down th' companyion way or stairs to th' basement iv th' ship an' tell what ye know,' he says, 'or 'tis mindin' th' law is at th' pintlachry ye'll be this day week,' he says.

"Well, Hannigan is an Irish raypublican that does what he's told, so he wint downstairs an' there was a lot iv la-ads settin' ar-round a table, an' says wan iv thim: 'What's ye'er name, Tim Hannigan, an' ar ye a citizen iv this country?' 'Well, glory to th' sa'n's,' says Hannigan, 'if that ain't Petie Casey, th' tailor's son. Well, ho war-re ye an' what ar-re ye doin' down here?' he says. 'I'm a customs inspector,' says th' boy. 'Tis a good job,' says Hannigan. 'I thried fr' it wanst meself, but I jined th' wrong or-gan-ization,' he says. 'Step out an' have a drink,' he says. 'I've a bottle iv Irish whisky in my trunk that'd make ye think ye was swallowin' a pincushion,' he says. 'Sh-h,' says Petie Casey. 'Man alive, ye'll be in th' lock-up in another minyit if ye don't keep quite. That fellow behind ye is a mannyfacthrer iv Irish whisky in Bleeker shreet an' he's hand in glove with Mack,' he says. 'Well, annyhow,' says Hannigan, 'I want to give ye a blackthorn stick fr' ye'er father,' he says. 'Lord bless me sowl,' says th' boy, 'ye'll kase me me job yet. That fellow with th' r-red hair is th' princ pal Rahway dealer in blackthorns. His name is Schmidt, an' Mack sinds him down here fr' to see that th' infant industries iv Rahway don't get th' worst iv it fr'm th' pauper labor iv Europe,' he says. With that, th' chief inspector come up an', says he: 'Misther Hannigan,' he says, 'on ye'r wurrd iv honor as an Irish gintleman an' an American citizen,' he says, 'have ye annything in that box that ye cud've paid more fr' in this country?' 'On me wurrd iv honor,' says Hannigan. 'I believe ye,' says th' chief. 'Swear him. Ye know th' solemnity iv an oath. Ye do solemnly swear be this an' be that that ye have not been lyin' all this time like th' knavish roundhrel that ye wud be if ye did,' he says. 'I swear,' says Hannigan. 'That will suffice,' says th' chief. 'Ye look like an honest man, an' if ye've perjured ye'rself, ye'll go to jail,' he says. 'Ye're an American citizen an' ye wudn't lie,' he says. 'We believe ye an' Mack believes an' th' secrecy iv th' threasury tellers ye as much as they wud thimself,' he says. 'Go down on th' dock an' be searched,' he says.

"Hannigan says he wint down on th' dock practisin' th' lock step, so he wudden't seem green whin they put him in fr' perjury. I won't tell ye what he see on th' dock. No, I won't, Hinnissy. T'st annything ye ought to know, unless ye're goin' into th' dhry goods business. Hannigan says they hadn't got half way to th' toltom iv th' thrunks an' there wasn't a woman fr'm th' boat that he'd dare to look in th' face. He tur-rned away with a blush an' see his wife an' childher standin' behind th' bars iv a fence an' he started fr' thim. 'Hol' on there,' says a policeman. 'Where are ye goin'?' he says. 'To see me wife, ye gom,' says Hannigan. 'Ye can't see her till we look at what ye've got in th' box,' says th' copper. 'Ye'er domestic jooties can wait untill we see about th' others,' says he. 'Ye're a prisoner,' says he, 'till we prove that ye ought to be,' he says. With that Mrs. Hannigan calls out: 'Tim,' she says, 'Fah-jah,' she says. 'Ar-re ye under arrest?' she says. 'An' ye promised me ye wudden't drink,' she says. 'What ar-re ye charged with?' she says. 'Threasure,' says he. 'I wint away fr'm

home,' he says. 'But that's no crime,' she says. 'Yes it is,' says he. 'I come back,' he says.

"With that another inspector come along an' he says: 'Open that thrunk,' he says. 'Cut th' rope,' he says. 'Boys, bring an ax an' lave us see what this smuggler has in th' box,' he says. 'What's this?' A blackthorn cane! Confiscate it. A bottle iv whisky. Put it aside fr' iverdence. A coat! Miscreent! A pair iv pants! Ye perjured ruffian! Don't ye know ye can get nearly as good a pair iv pants fr' twice th' money in this country? Three collars! Hyera! A bar iv soap. An' this man calls himself a patriot! Where did ye get that thrunk? It looks fore'gn. I'll take it. Open ye'r mouth. I'll thrubble ye fr' that back tooth. Me m'n,' he says, 'ye have taken a long ch'nst,' he says, 'but I won't be hard on ye. Ye'll need clothes,' he says. 'Here's me card,' he says. 'I'm an inspec'or iv customs on th' side, but th' govrnint really hires me to riprint Guldenheim an' Eckstein, shirt makers, be appintmint to th' Cabinet, an' Higgins an' Co., authors iv th' Non-Combustible Canton (O.) Pant. A good pant. If ye want annything in our line, call on our store. No trouble to take monee.'

"Hannigan wint out an' found Hannigan in th' childher had gone off fr' to get a bondsman. Thin he tur-rned an' called out to th' inspec'or: 'Look here, you!' 'What is it?' says th' man. 'Ye missed something,' says Hannigan. 'I was tat'ored in Cork,' he says. Stop that n'ay,' says th' head iv a ladin' firm iv tatopers, an' prisidint iv th' Society fr' th' Protection iv American Art, if Such There Be. 'Stop him; he's smuglin' in for'ign art!' he says. But Hannigan bate him to th' shreet car. An' that was his welcome home.

"Call me Hanniganoffski," says he las' night. 'I'm goin' to Rooshia,' he says. 'Fr' to be a slave iv th' Czar?' says I. 'Well,' says he, 'if I've got to be a slave,' he says, 'I'd rather be oppressed by th' Czar thin be a dealer in shirt waists,' he says. 'Th' Czar a'n't so bad,' he says. 'He don't care what I wear underneath,' he says.

"Oh, well, divvie mend Hannigan," said Mr. Hennessy. "It's little sympathy I have fr' him, gallivantin' off across th' ocean an' spindin' money he arned at home. Anyhow, Hannigan an' th' likes iv him is all ray-publicans."

"That's why I can't make it out," said Mr. Dooley. "Why do they stick him up? Maybe th' Secrety iv th' Threasury is goin' in to what Hogan calls th' linyery business an' is gettin' informat on th' fashions. But I wonder why they make thim swear to affidavits."

"Tis wrong," said Mr. Hennessy. "We're an honest people."

"We are," said Mr. Dooley. "We are, but we don't know it."

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SEAT OF SEASICKNESS.

THE EAR, NOT THE STOMACH, SAID TO BE TO BLAME FOR MAL DE MER.

The ear, not the stomach, is the cause of seasickness, according to the Washington Times, which explains the matter as follows:

The apparatus which gives to us the sense of balance is laid in the ear. It is located in the temporal bone. This bone forms part of the skull wall in the region of the temple, and another portion of it, which projects at right angles to that part which forms part of the skull wall, forms part of the floor of the skull cavity where the brain is. The latter portion is known as the "retus" portion of the temporal bone, and it is in this portion that the balance machinery lies. In the petrus portion are three semi-circular canals uniting at their base. These canals lie in three different planes, and the man, no matter in what position he may be, is always in one of these planes. If he falls he will fall in one of these planes.

These canals have a common base and are hollow. They are lined on the inside with a membrane in which the filaments of the nerve which controls our balance are distributed, or in other words, the nerve which tells us whether we are erect or lying down. There is a fluid in these canals which only scantily fills them. When we are standing erect this fluid lies at the common base of the canals, and by its weight on the nerve filaments, upon which the fluid lies, irritates them, and they send a nerve impulse to the seat of origin of their nerve in the brain, and we are informed that we are in the erect posture.

If, however, we change our posture—for instance, lie down—the fluid in the canals runs into that canal which is in the same plane in which we are lying. Gravity moves the fluid. Here a new set of nerve filaments are agitated by the fluid and an impulse is again sent to their seat of origin in the brain, and the brain tells us that we are lying down. Now, when a person is on board a boat, he is pitched about by the various motions of the vessel and instinctively gets up a different motion of his own in his attempts to keep his balance. This sets that fluid in the semi-circular canals splashing around from one plane to another, or, in other words, from one canal to another. The result is a strange confusion of nerve impulses taking place in that part of the brain where the nerve of balance takes its origin.

Now, if this were all, there would be no sense of seasickness. But it is not all. There is a large nerve which has its seat of origin so closely interwoven with that of the nerve of balance that when that seat is in the throes of confusion this large nerve becomes agitated and disturbed. This is called the "pneumo-gastric" nerve, and passing down the neck from the brain gives off some of its filaments to the lungs and heart, and what is left is distributed to the walls of the stomach.

The peculiar confusion which takes place in the brain as the result of the tossing about of the body from one plane to another in quick succession inspires the pneumogastric nerve to send down an impulse along its nerve trunk which causes nausea and the stomachic convulsions which are associated with seasickness.

The victim of seasickness invariably enhances his own discomfort by interposing a motion of his own, intended, of course, to obviate the motion of the boat and keep himself from falling, but as a rule this effort on his part only adds to the disturbing cause and renders the confusion in the ear and brain more intense. A sufferer from seasickness is always better if he lies down on his back and gives himself up to the motion of the boat.

THE HOME OF CORTEZ.

OAXACA, THE CONQUEROR'S FAVORITE CITY, AND THE MITLA RUINS.

By a Special Contributor.

THE tropical skies were all aglow in the October dawn and the blue Sierras in the uncertain distance caught the sunlight in golden wreaths about their rugged peaks as we emerged from the shadow of the ancient aqueduct at Etla, under the great stone arches of which our camp had been pitched, and set forth upon our last day's journey toward Oaxaca, the queen city of the South. We were weary and worn from hard, continuous travel, having traversed many leagues of mountainous country since our departure from the City of Mexico, whence we had chosen a new route to the south of the old Cortez trail, leaving the slumbering volcanoes of Popocatepetl and Ixtaccihuatl far to the eastward and crossing the lofty ranges to the valley of the Rio Atzac. Down this stream we had journeyed to its intersection with the Mexeco, and thence through a region of marvelous beauty to the headwaters of the Verde, on which river, but a day's journey from its source, is situated Oaxaca, the fair capital and metropolis of the State from which it derives its name.

Many and varied had been the scenes unfolded to us throughout our excursion, but as we approached our destination on this beautiful autumn morning we beheld about us a landscape of surpassing uniqueness and interest. The broad valley through which we were passing lay in a gentle slope to the southward, flanked on either side by rolling hills and towering mountain crags, and dotted with many haciendas, the numerous buildings on each suggesting a small town rather than a private estate. Everything bespoke a tropical region, from the perpetual verdure of hill and plain to the balmy, languorous atmosphere.

An hour's travel from Etla brought into view, only a short distance down the valley, the picturesque domes and bellfries of ancient Oaxaca, upon nearing which the walled gardens became more frequent and the vegetation more exuberant. At length the dense foliage through which we passed became interlaced into an arched arbor, penetrated only by whiffs of sunshine and spice-laden zephyrs, which lazily twisted away the autumn leaves and strewed them in golden drifts along our way.

Surprising Hospitality.

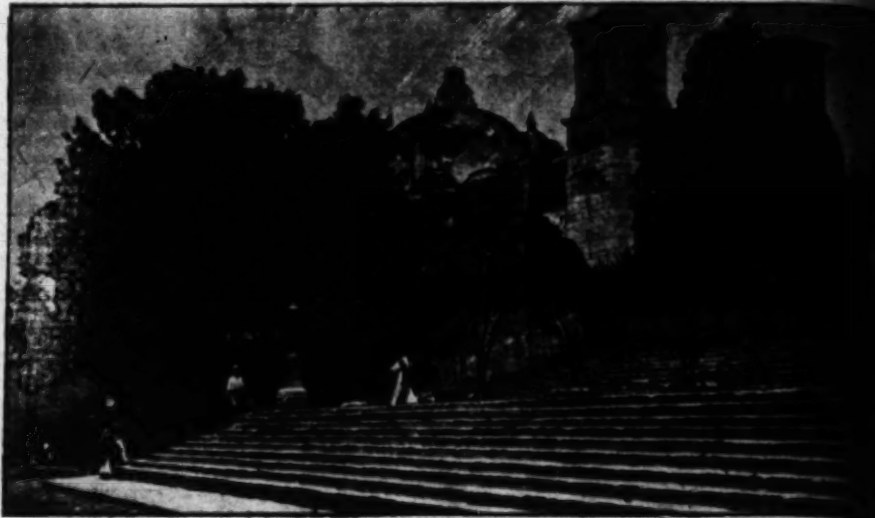
We entered the city through a gateway spanned by a massive arch of stone, the time-stained masonry of which had recorded the passage of centuries. Having lingered for a moment to quench our thirst at a moss-grown fountain which plays just within the city, we were about to enter one of the narrow streets in quest of a hotel when we were approached by an elderly, comfortable-looking caballero, who, with many courtesies and apologies, introduced himself as "Señor Enrique Rodriguez, at our service," and, begging that we take no offense at his having observed us to be travelers from a far distance, invited us to accompany him home that he might have the honor of entertaining us until we had recovered from the fatigue resulting from our long journey. Now, the hospitality of the inhabitants of Oaxaca is proverbial to the most remote recesses of the republic, but for such a reception as this, from a prosperous-looking gentleman to total strangers in travel-stained attire, we were wholly unprepared. However, there could be no mistaking the sincerity of our new acquaintance, who at our diffidence in availing ourselves of his gracious overtures humbly removed his brooded sombrero and repeated his assurance of welcome, whereupon we accepted his proposal and were conducted to a commodious dwelling which faced a shady plaza near by. Passing through the main entrance and for some distance along a wide corridor, we found ourselves in the midst of a spacious inner court, fairly ablaze with blooming roses and flowering shrubbery, and overshadowed by immense trees on the outside, which stretched their great branches inward until they met in a verdant canopy overhead. In the rear of this ex-

quisite garden a stable was located, where our horses were quartered, after which we were shown into a large, comfortable reception-room, with high ceilings, deep-seated windows and floor of polished tile. Hung about this apartment were several cages of wicker-work holding in captivity a number of beautiful song birds, which made the old house echo throughout the livelong day with their ceaseless melodies. Our host was unremitting in his solicitousness as to our comfort, yet there was a certain unostentatiousness in his attentions which put us entirely at ease.

An Evening Stroll.

Having refreshed ourselves with a bath in the huge stone baño opening off the sleeping-rooms assigned to us, we sat down to a delicious repast, consisting of all the delicacies known to Mexican culinary art, after which Don Enrique kindly offered to devote what remained of the fast-declining day to showing us the city. At his suggestion we visited the old monastery and church of La Soledad, which stands under the shadow of a great hill rising above the city, just without its walls. This grand old edifice faces a terraced park of singular beauty, accessible its entire length by a broad, gently-inclined stairway of granite. In outward appearance there is little in this massive pile to indicate a religious institution, its buttressed walls and turreted towers suggesting instead an invincible castle. The entire facade is a marvel of antique sculpture work, and is divided

erased from our memories. The city lies in a wonderful valley sheltered by high hills, the hillsides of rock and all but reforested by tall groves. Along its western boundary flows the Rio Verde, the waters of which are pure, their purity and sweetness and which attain volume before emptying into the Pacific to the southwest. As we stood and gazed upon the entrancing scene our guide indicated terms and with slight gestures of his hands the peculiar points of interest about the city. A type among many, this gray-robed padre, with features, commanding figure and quiet manner, seriously infusing those in his presence with a profound respect. He directed our gaze to the structure near the center of the city, which has been, during the sixteenth century, the Spanish Marques, Cortez. Again, he pointed to the great Cathedral of Santo Domingo, towers of which arose on our left from the city. A faint flush of pardonable pride displayed on his countenance as he told how, in the battles of these two noble temples, with cannon and how, in one of the same, liberty's cause, when the soldiers, even wounds and fatigue of battle, felt their comrades brethren of the church had thrown aside their garments and taken their place behind the altar, a valor exemplified by their set lot leader.



MONASTERY OF LA SOLEDAD.

into four tiers, each of which is embellished with graven images of celestial beings. On either side of the great arched entrance arise two mammoth square towers of hewn stone, each supporting an open belfry of doric design. Immediately behind these is an immense dome surmounted by a turret and surrounded by a succession of parapets and outer works in stone and stucco. Upon presenting ourselves at the entrance, the ponderous doors of which are never closed, we were met by a padre, whom Don Enrique addressed as Father Prospero, and who, with a silent wave of his hand, bade us enter. Preceded by our reverend guide, we first visited the beautiful chapel, with its rich furnishings in gold and silver and marble, after which we ascended a winding stairway of masonry leading to the upper galleries and thence to the tiled moss-covered roof. Climbing still another flight of stone steps on the outside, we found ourselves at the base of the great dome and at an altitude commanding a magnificent view of the city beneath.

An Impressive Picture.

Deeply as its beauty had appealed to us before, from this advantageous elevation and in the gently-falling twilight, when all things appear at their loveliest in the tropics, it presented a picture such as will never be

heroic padres had continued the unequal and vastly superior numbers until victory came through heroic efforts.

History Recalled.

Aroused by stirring memories from his meditative tranquility, with inspiring ardor, his graphic portrayal of the city's proud history in Mexico, the flower of the Valley of Oaxaca rushed to arms, and assembling within the devoted city, marched forth in glorious campaign which today constitutes one of the lime chapters in the chronicles of Mexico. For it was the army of Oaxaca which led the march upon the foreign invaders, inflicting the crushing defeat which forced them from the soil. He spoke of the city's roll of brilliant have figured so prominently in the destinies of the people, foremost of whom was the inflexible Juanes, who led the nation safely through the strife which characterized his term of office. He failed to include the intellectual giant who directs the affairs of the government, and whose policy is fast advancing the republic to the side the greatest powers of the earth—Don Diaz. He pointed to the progress made by the latter years, and to its steadily-increasing which at the present day numbers 20,000. After another he showed us her great and splendid state palace, with its massive arches extending along its entire facade, and occupying a complete square, fronting on the beautiful Plaza in the center of which stands a superb monument to Don Juanes; the historical museum, which contains trophies and records of the people; for centuries the scientific institute and the public library, which are remarkable for the extreme beauty of their architecture.

But the padre's animation softened into a enthusiasm as he dwelt upon the educational life of the city—the seminary and numerous schools; they constituted a part of his own life and modestly forbade his doing more than to point out from among the mass of white buildings. His eloquent delineation completed, the padre turned below, whereupon, with a last, lingering look at the grim historical walls of Santo Domingo, he turned and followed him. Descending once more the galleries and corridors of the old monastery, the presence of Father Prospero and, from the threshold of his medieval abode, emerged into the gathering dusk into the streets of the ancient city.

A Visit to the Ruins of Mitla.

On the following morning we bade our temporary adieu and rode out of the east gate of the city and across the great stone bridge just beyond it on our journey to the ruins of Mitla, twenty miles to the south and east. The road, though rough, lies through a pleasing section, varied



HALL OF THE MONOLITHS.

tribution half a million. Maria de la Cruz, who was a woodman's daughter, arms' man when we were in the rocky little of the priest's hand. The problem it to have the more each of of immerse the walls the no bearing construct the strain the most mortal of the design form of blocks of pining a surely h ranean evidence but it is stone. By far of depart Monoliths which each mea twelve fe ground a sale. We felt these unie son in an singular a gives rise haunt the finished vi

[London Morning Post] Bird song, tails of birds. He gives a cage side grasshopper his neighbor society, he of his life seem very like the not—in the London who possess M. Coupin will sometimes be an incoherently the distinct from it. It is also Anglia, having better than the Haris Rohwerder, explanation "saife." Roh caused by t tended and ment of air ating them tremulous note that in ment the th vocal equip

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[Washington girl, "do Phil "Oh," answer one who had it is because

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junction. A short distance from the city and about half a mile from the regular trail is the village of Santa Maria del Tule, famous because of its mammoth cypress tree, which stands in the midst of an old churchyard and measures 154 feet 2 inches in circumference. This woodland giant is reputed to be the largest on the continent, and requires thirty people, clasping hands at arms' length, to encircle its trunk. It was past noon when we drew rein before the hacienda of Don Felix Quero at Mitla. Here we were served with lunch, after which we walked to the ruins, which are situated on a rocky hill only a short distance from the village. But little now remains of the once-magnificent structures, the prior existence of which is evinced upon every hand. Many theories have been advanced concerning the probable size and plan of the temple, some holding it to have been one great edifice, while others assume the more probable belief that there were four buildings, each of which, from all indications, would have been of immense proportions. There are four distinct courts, the walls of which are only partially intact, but those on the north section are in a fair state of preservation, bearing evidence of wonderful craftsmanship in their construction. The architecture is of the mosaic order, the strangely-fashioned stones being fitted together in the most intricate manner without the use of either mortar or cement. There were evidently no windows in the design of the temple, and the entrances are in the form of great square apertures capped by ponderous blocks of stone many tons in weight. The work of preparing and raising these massive cap-pieces must assuredly have been a stupendous undertaking. A subterranean gallery lies beneath the paved courts and bears evidence of having once branched in various directions, but it is now almost entirely choked with crumbling stones.

By far the most interesting feature of this landmark of departed ages is the portion known as the Hall of the Moon, a long, imposing chamber down the center of which extends a colonnade of six great stone pillars, each measuring nearly seven feet in circumference by twelve feet in height, below which is a large underground apartment with walls of curiously-inlaid mosaic.

We felt amply repaid for the long, wearisome ride to these unique ruins, for, independent of the object lesson in antiquity taught by their prehistoric walls, the singular spell which reigns within their silent corridors gives rise to fanciful glimpses of the buried past, which haunt the memory like a tale half told, or a vague, unfaded vision of the night. JOSE DE OLIVERAS.

APPROPOS OF BIRD SONGS.

[London Morning Post:] Mention was made in the Morning Post a fortnight ago of M. Coupin's essay on bird songs. He has added to it some interesting details of birds which imitate songs other than their own. He gives an instance of a sparrow which was hung in a cage side by side with another cage in which were grasshoppers. No notice was taken by the sparrow of his neighbors, but next year, when he was in the same society, he essayed the grasshopper's note, for the rest of his life never quite lost the art of it. This does not seem very remarkable, for there is something not unlike the noise of a grasshopper—at any rate of a cricket—in the London sparrow's ceaseless "twee," as any one who possesses a suburban back garden will be aware. M. Coupin mentions the instance of young linnets which will sometimes learn the song of a nightingale. It would be an incomplete performance, we imagine; but certainly the linnets always learn in captivity a chant distinct from the song of the trees and hedgerows.

It is also said that several kinds of birds in Thuringia, having skilled examples before them, sing much better than members of their own species dwelling in the Harz Mountains. A German investigator, Herr Rohweder, has lately been devoting his attention to an explanation for the curious bleating or drumming of the snipe. Rohweder contends that this strange music is caused by the rapid vibration of the horizontally extended and half-closed wings, which drive a strong current of air against the stiffened outer tail feathers, setting them in rapid vibration and causing the curious tremulous bleating sound. Lastly, it is interesting to note that in spite of the difference of their accomplishment the thrush and the raven have much the same vocal equipment.

WORKMEN'S INSURANCE IN GERMANY.

[British Medical Journal:] The system of workmen's insurance in Germany is a huge piece of State machinery. The magnitude of the system may be estimated by the fact that it pays out, in one way or another, about 1,000,000 marks (£50,000) a day. The sick workman has no longer to trouble himself as to how he shall obtain money to pay for medical treatment, and what will become of his family should he himself be rendered unfit for work. The workman whose earning power is reduced by an accident connected with his employment now obtains just compensation, and the aged poor have the satisfaction of knowing that although they can no longer work they can still, owing to the insurance system, contribute their share toward the expenses of the household, and are not obliged to depend on the earnings of their children or on ordinary public charity. The system of workmen's insurance has been gradually built up within the last seventeen years, but it is admitted that improvements are required and gaps have still to be filled in.

NOT GOING TO QUARREL.

[Washington Star:] "Why," inquired the New York girl, "do Philadelphia people never eat snails?" "Oh," answered the Philadelphia girl, with the air of one who had heard something like it before, "I presume it is because snails are so hard to catch."

A NATURAL INFERENCE.

[Brooklyn Eagle:] Miss Bertwhistle (automobiling) heard the very latest dance is called "The Automobile." Darnap: Umm; I suppose it is a sort of "break-down."

A BAD HUSBAND.

WHAT A FAMOUS WOMAN WOULD HAVE DONE WITH ONE.

Contributed by Susan B. Anthony.

AT FIRST thought it seems a waste of time to devote an entire article to a question which easily might be answered in a sentence that it will not be difficult for the reader to supply. But on second thought I remember that the tense of the verb puts the matter far back into the past, refers it to the last century, in fact—"What I would have done."

If I had married in the early '40's, along about the time when I was getting my first proposals, and had drawn a bad husband in the lottery, doubtless I would have done as other women did in those days—accepted my cruel fate as a means of grace to fit me for a better life hereafter. At that time there were no such means of escape from an unfortunate marriage as are so freely offered in this more humane and enlightened age. In my own State of New York, as in most others, the law recognized but one cause of divorce—infidelity, but the innocent wife who obtained a separation, even for this cause, forfeited all right to the property the two had acquired together, while the husband, who had sinned, remained in sole possession. But this injustice sank into insignificance compared with that which allowed him also to retain the entire custody of their children. Many women would willingly have gone forth portionless, but there was scarcely one who would not have borne every indignity which could be heaped upon her rather than give up her children. In even the few cases where there were no ties of motherhood, women hardly dared take the risk of separation, because there was almost no way open to them in which they could earn a living. But a still greater deterrent was the fact that a divorced woman, no matter how guiltless of wrong-doing, was a social pariah not far removed from that one who bore the Scarlet Letter on her breast. There was no place in the world for her. So, possibly, if I had had a bad husband in those days—those "good old days" that we hear so much about—I might have endured him, as other women did then; but it seems to me that I would have gathered my children in my arms, like Eliza in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and braved the icy waters in my dash for freedom.

Elizabeth Cady Stanton was almost the first woman to demand that habitual drunkenness or brutal treatment should be made a cause for divorce, and that women should be encouraged to seek relief from such a wrong. After myself and several other women delegates had been denied the right to speak at a mass meeting of the Sons of Temperance in Albany, N. Y., I arranged for the first State temperance convention of women ever called, and it was held in Rochester, in April, 1852, with delegates present from a number of women's societies, which were then beginning to be formed. I was encouraged in this movement by Horace Greeley, Rev. William Henry Channing and others of influence, and Mrs. Stanton, who was just coming into notice for her eloquence and ability, agreed to preside. I had put in weeks of hard work getting up this meeting, a large crowd was in attendance, and everything looked favorable, but Mrs. Stanton's president's address proved to be a veritable bombshell and almost broke up the convention. The incendiary paragraph was as follows:

"Let no woman remain in the relation of wife with a confirmed drunkard. Let no drunkard be the father of her children. . . . Let us petition our State government so to modify the laws affecting marriage and the custody of children that the drunkard shall have no claims on wife or child."

I was almost the only woman present who sustained Mrs. Stanton in this declaration; she declined to retract, and eventually both of us felt compelled to withdraw from the temperance association.

In September of that year I attended my first suffrage convention, in Syracuse, N. Y., which was, indeed, among the first ever held. Lucretia Mott presided, and among the speakers were Hon. Gerrit Smith, Lucy Stone, Rev. Antoinette Brown (Blackwell), Matilda Joselyn Gage, Paulina Wright Davis, Clara Howard Nichols and the eloquent Polish exile, Ernestine L. Rose. Mrs. Stanton could not be present, but she sent a letter, which I read, and which, among other radical utterances, repeated the demands that habitual drunkenness and cruel treatment should be recognized as causes for divorce. The press heralded these statements abroad with the most scathing criticism, while pulpit, platform and the public in general joined in a chorus of denunciation of this most pernicious doctrine. Women themselves were loudest and longest in their condemnation of a law which would enable them to divorce a drunken or brutal husband and retain their children and a part of the property.

This discussion was renewed at all our annual meetings, and found its culmination in the last suffrage convention before the breaking out of the Civil War put all other questions in the background. It was held at Cooper Institute, New York City, in May, 1860; and, as usual, the firebrand was applied by Mrs. Stanton, who not only had the courage of her convictions, but recognized no such word as expediency. She presented a set of resolutions declaring that, under certain conditions, divorce was justifiable, and supported them by a speech which was a masterpiece of logic, beauty and pathos. This convention, although composed of the most liberal and advanced thinkers in the country, had not yet reached Mrs. Stanton's position on this point. Even the broad-minded Wendell Phillips moved to lay the resolutions on the table and expunge them from the minutes, declaring that this body had nothing to do with any laws except those which rested unequally upon women, and those of divorce did not! I spoke in reply and showed how marriage always had been a one-sided contract, resting most unequally upon the sexes; how

in nearly all of the States a woman could not even sue for divorce in her own name, or claim enough of the community property to pay the costs; and how her success in such a case was purchased at the price of reputation, home and children.

William Lloyd Garrison sustained this position with all his eloquence. The discussion spread far and wide, and produced the first schism in the ranks of the little band of suffragists who had stood shoulder to shoulder in so many battles. Horace Greeley used the tremendous weight of the Tribune's editorial columns against divorce under any circumstances. Thus was the contest waged for several decades against a slow-yielding public sentiment, and the closing years of the century have witnessed no greater social revolution than upon this very question. Almost every State now grants divorce for habitual drunkenness and cruel treatment, and these are recognized as just causes by all the churches, except the Catholic, although fifty years ago this demand was far more bitterly condemned than that for woman suffrage. But the changed attitude of church and State is by no means so remarkable as that which has taken place in public opinion. The divorced woman, who is herself innocent, is no longer put under a ban, but may retain her usual position in society, and may go and come and be and do as she chooses, with even greater freedom than the married woman. The court provides that she shall not be penniless if her husband be possessed of means, and above all she is allowed, if innocent, to retain her children.

What I would have done with a bad husband, and what I would do if I belonged to the present generation and had made an unfortunate marriage, cannot be answered with the same statement. In this dawn of a blessed century for women I most assuredly would have recourse to the law to rectify my mistake, and would sever the bond which held me captive. The term "bad husband" is, however, subject to many constructions. I have seen women apparently well satisfied with men whom I should unhesitatingly class under this head, and others greatly discontented with those who, making due allowance for the imperfections of human nature, averaged very fairly in the scale of matrimony. But there are certain sins in marriage which are unpardonable, and chief among these is infidelity. The man who has transgressed in this regard can never again be fully trusted. He may repent and endeavor to atone for his sin, but confidence has been destroyed, the sacredness of the mutual vow has been violated, and the thorough respect, which is absolutely essential to the highest form of married life, never can be entirely restored. The husband may regret, the wife may condone, but the solid foundation of marriage has been irrevocably undermined.

How far a wife should go, how many years she should spend, how great an effort she should make to "reform" a habitual drunkard, possibly each woman must determine for herself. The general statement may be made that in the vast majority of cases it will be a useless sacrifice of time and vitality. One never can feel sure of a reformed inebriate until the daisies are growing above his head. Even when a woman's love, or sense of duty, is so strong that she is willing to devote her life to this "reforming" process, she should settle with her conscience whether she has a right to bring children into the world under these unfavorable conditions, endowed with an inheritance which may prove a curse for many generations.

And then again the wife must decide for herself how much is gained by submitting to continuous ill-treatment. If there are no children and yet she patiently endures, many will consider that she passes beyond the pale of sympathy. If there are children, then the mother is confronted with a series of perplexing problems. If they are young there is the question of bringing them up, of educating them, of keeping them together, of maintaining the home, of giving them the personal attention which is wholly impossible if the mother must be the breadwinner and assume the duties which by proper arrangement devolve upon the father. Most women will suffer long and deeply before they will deprive their children of these valuable rights. When the children are grown, then the mother must face other vital questions, as she contemplates severing the ties which she has found so galling. She has passed the age for earning money; she is tired with long years of labor and needs the shelter and security of the home; her children have made their place in the world, and she hesitates to cast even the shadow of reproach upon it; sons and daughters-in-law have come into the family, still further to complicate matters; and thus even then the woman hardly dares consider herself a free agent. But in all such cases, if she decide that a legal separation is not advisable, she owes it to her own dignity and self-respect to live her individual life entirely apart from that of the unfaithful, dissolute or abusive husband, even though maintaining to the world the appearance of marriage.

While greater freedom of divorce has come as an inestimable privilege to wives, it by no means lessens their obligations to endeavor by every method consistent with safety, honor and duty to adjust themselves to the relations of marriage which they have assumed. An abuse of the opportunity to sever these relations is demoralizing to society and detracts from the sacredness of the contract. Poverty, illness, infirmities of temper, uncongeniality are a part of the grievous trials which manifest themselves in many marriages. They must be met bravely and philosophically, and every effort made to mitigate them rather than to run away from them. The antenatal dream of paradise often has a rude awakening, but it must be remembered that even when Adam and Eve were driven from the Garden of Eden, they found a very good world on the outside. An imperfect husband, who falls short of the wife's ideal, is not necessarily a bad one, and by patient, tactful and sympathetic management, sometimes may be transformed into a reasonably good one; so she should exhaust every resource of diplomacy before she declares war and calls for outside assistance.

A SUMMER ROMANCE.

By a Special Contributor.

AUNT HANNAH says that Minerva is dreadfully "set" in her ways, and Aunt Hannah's opinion, with variations, is shared by the rest of the family. For instance, Aunt Hannah's adopted son, Teddy—a handsome, wholesome, merry-hearted lad, considered by everyone but Minerva to be a most desirable "catch"—sets it down as obstinacy, pure and simple; while I, more lenient than the tadgered suitor, call it willfulness, and let it go at that. Certain it is, that when Minerva's mind is made up, nothing short of a menial earthquake would shake it in the least. Now please don't imagine that Minerva is an angular, acid old maid—nothing of the kind. She has just turned 20, and but for the fact that she takes things seriously and is bookishly inclined, would be the belle of Pasadena, by right of beauty, no less than wealth and position.

About a year ago, Minerva became interested in archeology—how or where, heaven only knows. She "read up" industriously; and when she had exhausted Banelier and other presumable authorities, she began to sigh for more worlds to conquer. Some one suggested a trip to Egypt, and fifteen minutes afterward Minerva had the minutest details of her journey mapped out. In casting about for a chaperon, her choice fell upon me. I will remark, en passant, that I occupy the proud position of cousin to Minerva, but being older than she by a round number of years, I am dubbed "Auntie Nell."

As it happened, I had just completed arrangements for a European tour and, unluckily, my plans and Minerva's were somewhat at variance. To begin with, I intended to join a Cook's excursion party—a proposition to which Minerva was decidedly averse.

"What! Do 'planes in company with a lot of 'Cook es'?" Hobnob with Chicago pork-packers' wives; and rub elbows with the homespun and ungrammatical from goodness knows where? Live, move and have one's being according to a Cook's schedule, which allows fifteen minutes for the inspection of the Pyramids, and twenty-four hours for the rest of Europe? Enter the solemn presence of the Sphinx with a loud-voiced guide, whose explanations are an impertinence to ordinary intelligence? No, indeed!"

So I sailed away, "strange countries for to see;" and Minerva, with Aunt Hannah in tow, followed on a later steamer.

Homeward bound, we met in London. Minerva had not called on the Sphinx, after all! The foreign officials didn't understand the peculiar "zetness" of Minerva's mind, and, despite protests, the party had been turned back at Constantinople, all travel having been suspended on account of the plague, which at that time was raging in the Far East.

So Minerva settled down near the British Museum, where she put in ten hours a day, work-days and Sundays, in archeological research. Sometimes she was accompanied by Aunt Hannah, but more frequently by Teddy, who had joined the two somewhere en route, and who was rapidly developing a passion for archeology which almost amounted to a mania.

Soon after my arrival, I was invited, as a special treat, to visit the gallery of Assyrian and Egyptian sculptures, in Minerva's company. "I will explain everything to you, auntie dear," she said. "It is most fortunate that we decided to take a later steamer, otherwise you would not have caught up with us here, and we should not have had the pleasure of your company home."

"How goes it, Teddy?" I inquired of the young man, when by chance I found myself alone with him for five minutes.

Teddy shook his head gloomily. "She's as nice as possible in all ways but one," he answered, "but at a word, a look, even, she'll freeze a fellow so stiff that July weather wouldn't thaw him out."

"Do you mean to tell me that you've been traveling about with her for three months and aren't engaged?" I demanded. "Well, of all the—"

"Hold on, Auntie Nell. I was just going to tell you that—that I'd made up my mind to do it tomorrow. It's my last chance, for like's not she will be seasick all the way over. But you see how she knocked my scheme galley-west by lugging you—I beg pardon!—into the picnic. Now, Auntie Nell, as a special favor, won't you make yourself a bit scarce tomorrow? Get off in a corner and copy inscriptions—do anything, so that I can have a word with Minerva."

I promised, readily enough, and tried to put a backbone into the youngster by giving him a few pointers on the ways of a maid. "Talk her blind," I advised. "Don't give her a chance to say no. If you make a failure of it this time, you are too chicken-hearted to live, and I shall push you overboard in mid-Atlantic."

The day dawned auspiciously. Minerva made no objection to Teddy's company, although he had not been included in the invitation. But Teddy had reckoned without his host when he counted on relegating Auntie Nell to the background. Minerva halted me before the Rosetta stone and there she kept me for the better part of an hour.

"Observe, Auntie," she eagerly explained, "the different forms of characters. You see, the inscription is written partly in hieroglyphics, or writing of the priests, partly in demotic, or the writing of the people, and—"

"Auntie looks fatigued," Teddy broke in, at this juncture. "I'll take her over to the refreshment counter for a cup of tea."

"Nonsense!" Minerva waved him away. "Isn't it wonderful, auntie, that this key to the decipherment of hieroglyphics—"

"Minerva," said Teddy, firmly, "I must have a word with you. Auntie, you'll excuse us, will you not?"

So feverishly intent on the inscription was Minerva that she did not answer Teddy's appeal. I doubt whether she heard it. I gave him an expressive look as we passed

on to view Amenophis III, the Colossus; and again he rallied to the attack.

"I wish I were the gentleman with the unpronounceable name," he remarked, plaintively.

"Why?" she queried, indifferently.

"Perhaps I might succeed in attracting your attention," he replied. "What can you see to admire in the fellow, anyway? Look at the cut of his whiskers!"

Minerva withered him with a glance, and for the remainder of the day was stonily oblivious to his presence.

It was a chastened Teddy that boarded the steamer, twenty-four hours afterward; and when an attack of mal de mer had further subdued him, he seemed to lose all interest in life.

Not so, Minerva. As Teddy's spirits went down, her spirits ascended. On the second day, homeward bound, she was introduced to a young Mexican, the owner of coffee plantations and other wealth-producing properties in the south of Mexico. The young man had made two tours of Europe, and was then on his way home.

By chance, Minerva learned that the greater part of the world-famed ruins of Palenque was within the boundary of Señor Gonzales's hacienda; and she forthwith abandoned shuffleboard and quilts, and passed much of her time in the company of the gentleman from Chiapas.

It was in vain that I remonstrated with Minerva.

near the sunrises and sunsets—and Señor Gonzales' attentions to Minerva.

It was patent to everyone, save Minerva, that the volcano was smouldering; therefore, when the eruption came, I was prepared.

We had taken our last dinner on board ship, gathered on deck in the soft twilight, chattering and—some of us—laying small bets as to who would be the first to announce "land in sight" in the morning.

I went to my stateroom for a warmer wrap, about to go on deck again when Minerva pulled me back and locked the door. She was under great excitement, and her eyes were wet with tears.

"What do you think?" she burst out. "Teddy and I are up there on deck, and he's promising to live without me, and that he'll jump overboard to promise to marry him. And that hateful, hateful Gonzales was listening, I know he was, for—"

"Who can't live without you?" I cried, "and who's listening? Do try to be a little more coherent."

"Why, Señor Gonzales, of course. And Teddy, up, just as the man had grasped my wrist and let go, and said in such a freezing manner: 'duct you to your aunt.' And he had been saying Señor Gonzales said he would jump overboard. If he is a mean thing, I love him, so there! What shall I do?"



"You don't know the type as I do, or you would understand the unwisdom of encouraging this hot-headed Mexican youth," I said to her. "Little things like that, with men of our race, count for nothing, would be accepted by him as evidence of regard. A touch of the hand, a glance of the eye, and you will have a volcano under your feet."

Minerva looked at me, pityingly. "He is a most intelligent young man," she observed, "and not at all given to foolishness. He is going to take up the study of archeology, which he finds exceedingly interesting, now that his attention has been drawn to the subject."

I thought it quite likely that he did find it interesting, for Minerva, as I have before stated, was decidedly good-looking, and, withal, a most entertaining companion. Indeed, everyone on board, from the ship's captain to the stewardess, and even "the other half" between decks—Minerva went down to see them every morning—was in love with her.

As Teddy preferred to sulk in his tent—i. e., stateroom—Aunt Hannah and I joined a family party of Angelenos for company's sake, and put in our time watching Minerva make several kinds of a fool of the Mexican youth, which she did in such a sweetly unconscious manner that one couldn't bring her to book for it.

The days slipped away unnoted, somehow, although there was nothing in particular to divert one from contemplation of the lagging hours. Sometimes a sail gleamed upon the horizon, or a plume of black smoke, trailing across the sky, announced the approach of a steamer, outward bound.

We were treated to pink sunrises, and to purple twilights, lighted by silver stars; and so tranquil was old ocean that Teddy no longer had the ghost of an excuse for remaining in his stateroom, and must, therefore, wit-

"What did I tell you?" I cried. "What did you have made a nice mess of it! What did you do of the man? Don't you dare to engage young men until your parents are consulted. I could stand up for your shoes!"

Minerva faced me, amazement written in her countenance. "Engaged to him? To Señor Gonzales? Why, it's Teddy I love! I've loved him all my life."

"Where is he?" I gasped, weakly.

Minerva pulled the curtain aside, and pointed to the deck. "Right over there, leaning against the mast."

"Go to him," I said, opening the door and gesturing before me, "and tell him you love him. He's waiting about Señor Gonzales. I know the type. He's your tomorrow."

A little later I found Minerva and Teddy sitting in the shadow of the pilot house. He was on his shoulder, and his arm was about her neck as the bells told the hour, a voice from the far aloft, called out: "All's well! The ship is burning bright."

J. TORREY

THE WHALE'S TAIL FOR THE QUEEN.

[London News.] An ancient perquisite of the Consort is recalled by the discussion in the House of Commons with reference to a provision out of the funds for her establishment. On the taking of the oaths on the coast—the whale being a royal fish—divided between the King and Queen, the latter, as the King's property, the tail the Queen's. Assigned for this whimsical division by the laws of England was that the Queen's wardrobe be furnished with whalebone; but this custom is whimsical than the custom itself, for the whale is entirely in the head.

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

SOME FACTS IN HISTORY CONTRARY TO POPULAR BELIEF.

By a Special Contributor.

IN A REMARKABLE book published some time since, the author holds that our great and revered Declaration of Independence is not the unaided and inspired work of the honored Jefferson. That the sonorous phrases that breathe of liberty and freedom are largely "borrowed material." And then the American patriot is invited to compare the Act of Abjuration of 1851, the Dutch Declaration of Independence, with the famous title-deed of our liberties.

To quote from the celebrated manifesto of the Hollanders:

"All mankind know that a prince is appointed by God to cherish his subjects, even as a shepherd to guard his sheep. When, therefore, the prince does not fulfill his duty as protector, when he oppresses his subjects, destroys their ancient liberties, and treats them as slaves, he is to be considered not a prince, but a tyrant. As such, the estates of the land may lawfully depose him, and elect another in his room."

They then proceeded to a detailed impeachment of their ruler, as our fathers did. They were the first to argue that governments exist for nations, not nations for governments.

It is true that analogy is undeniable, but are we not, some reviewers say, to discover it only in the similarity of circumstance and problem? Americans will not countenance the thought that Jefferson was a plagiarist. We have no evidence, whatever, to show that he was at all familiar with the document famed in the Dutch history. Are we not to find the real foundation of our "title deed" in the Declaration from the Magna Charta and during the period of the Commonwealth of New England?

It is a popular idea that the birth of our republic dates from the adoption of the Declaration of Independence. The United States of America was born as a nation when the resolutions of independence, with which we are all familiar, were passed, on July 2, 1776. The declaration simply promulgated the fact and assigned the reasons. It was intended as an appeal to the tribunal of the world as a justification of what had already been done.

The reason that the Fourth instead of the second is celebrated as the nation's birthday, lies in the fact that the "resolutions" were passed in private session, and were not generally known to the people until the resolutions and the declaration were publicly proclaimed together.

It is, however, the immortal Declaration which has taken a vital hold on the American people, and the great importance and decisive character of the resolutions have been almost entirely obscured.

We picture the signing of the Declaration of Independence as a momentous occasion, and imagine each member of the Congress affixing his name with great dignity to the instrument on that fourth day of July in 1776. How different the facts! None but the President of the Congress, John Hancock—and some add the secretary Charles Thomson, signed the original. Fore historians say that not a name was affixed until it had been engrossed upon parchment, when all the delegates but two signed on the second day of August. If there had been a previous signing of a written document, the manuscript is not now in existence, and the accepted historic opinion holds to the contrary.

A new idea has been brought forward by some writers in regard to the ceremony of signing. The idea that it was used later as a test of the principles of the new delegates—telling possible that they were Tories in disguise. On entering Congress they were required to sign the declaration, to prove their allegiance to the republic.

Of the signers it has been well said that the annals of the world can present no political body, the lives of whose members, minutely traced, exhibit so much of the real of the far lot, divided and characterized by the virtues of the man.

When we note a hopeless contradiction of testimony, not only among historians, but also among "those present," in reference to the signing of the declaration, we are prepared to find it hard to separate fact from fiction when we endeavor to discover how the news of its adoption was received by the people.

Also, we are told by some antiquarians that the pique bell-ringer and the little boy, celebrated in song and story, are but creatures of the imagination. That "Ring, grandpa, ring—oh, ring for liberty," was not the dramatic signal which announced to the world the birth of freedom.

It is said that the session of Congress was secret, that an expectant crowd did not wait without, that it was not until the fifth of July that Congress sent out circulars announcing the adoption of the declaration, and that the immortal document was not published in the Philadelphia paper until the sixth of the month.

A few days later, it was read to the people by John Adams in the yard of Independence Hall. Col. Craik had the same honor in Faneuil Hall, Boston, and on the fourth of July, Washington received it at his headquarters in New York, and had it read to each brigade.

We are asked to believe that it was after these various readings, that the enthusiasm of the people broke forth, and showed itself in bonfires, huzzas and cannonading.

But it is with reluctance that we surrender to the cold facts of history the romantic part which we have always believed belonged to the "Liberty Bell" on that birthday of our nation. We like to think of the expectant crowd outside the quiet council chamber, waiting for the old bell to proclaim the birth note of freedom. The dramatic intensity of the scene appeals to us.

Holding the old idea, how prophetic the words cast

upon the bell twenty-three years before the Continental Congress adopted the Declaration of Independence, "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land—unto all the inhabitants thereof."

It may be of interest here to give an account from a long unpublished diary, of a quaint celebration of the nation's birthday held in Philadelphia on July 4, 1778. The recent deliverance of the city from the presence of Gen. Howe added not a little to the enjoyment of the occasion.

Four tables were spread, and at the head of the upper table, at the President's right hand, stood a large baked pudding, in the center of which was planted a staff on which was displayed a crimson flag having this emblematic device: An eye, denoting Providence; a label, on which was inscribed, "An appeal to heaven;" a man with a drawn sword in one hand, and in the other the "Declaration of Independence," and at his feet a scroll inscribed, "The declaratory acts." Music from clarinets, hautboys and French horns beguiled the feast, at which many speeches were made by the signers of the declaration. A brilliant display of fireworks, the worthy forerunner of all that have followed, closed this memorable celebration.

CORINNE L. BARTLETT.

THE DIME NOVEL.

HOW ALKALI IKE, DARE DEVIL DICK ET AL. ARE CREATED.

CONTRIBUTED BY WALTER L. HAWLEY.

Author of "Rattlesnake Jim, the Reckless Sport of Deadman's Gulch," "Old Pop Glimmer" and other stories.

TO THE romantic imagination of the small boy, the writer of dime novels is of the same heroic and fire-eating type as the heroes he portrays. The actual fact is so different that if it were known the resultant loss of glamour would undoubtedly be accompanied by a corresponding decrease of sales. The men who write dime novels do not wear their hair long. They carry no six-shooters nor bowie knives and many of them never saw a live Indian or cowboy. The writing of such literature is a business rather than a profession, and the only special qualifications requisite to success are an imagination of great resource and fertility, and unlimited capacity for hard and rapid work. Each publishing house engaged in the business employs a staff of regular writers, paying those who do nothing else, a salary, and to those who do other work, a fixed sum for the manuscript and copyright of each story. Thus is carried on the business of embodying and re-embodiment the good old heroes, Alkali Ike, Gentleman Joe, Big Foot Sandy, One Eye Pete, Deadwood Dan, Daredevil Dick, The Man With the Iron Hand, The Boy Detective, and all the other popular favorites who are still on duty, trailing Indians, hanging horse thieves, rescuing kidnapped maidens, finding lost heirs, recovering lost fortunes and in other ways helping good people out of bad scrapes and leaving bad people "clinging, weak and despairing, to a yielding twig that holds them for one thrilling moment suspended between the edge of the cliff and the yawning, rockbound abyss a thousand feet below."

In addition to the men who are engaged to produce a certain amount of copy within a given time in order to supply the regular issues of the "libraries," each publisher has a list of men who can write a story to order at short notice. They are classed as "extras," or "specials," and are called upon when a regular writer is ill, on vacation, or falls behind in the production of copy. The extra writers are usually newspaper men employed on some paper in the city, or men engaged in some other class of literary work that does not fully occupy their time. Nine-tenths of all the so-called "blood and thunder" stories produced are written to order. As a rule the author does not even select the title of his story, and in many cases he is compelled to follow to a plot suggested by the publisher or to use some incident in real life as a basis.

The publishers keep a close watch upon the daily papers for stories of sensational crimes and adventure that may serve as incidents in the fiction prepared for the small boy, and when a great event or an incident of national interest occurs, there is an exciting race between publishers to be the first to put upon the market a dime novel relating in some way to the affair that is in the public mind. Within a week of Dewey's victory in Manila Bay a score of thrilling stories in which that battle was the chief incident were on the news stands. When the sailors of the U.S. Cruiser Baltimore were attacked in the streets of a South American city a few years ago, and there was much wild talk of war, a publishing house in New York put on sale forty-eight hours after the news reached this country, a dime novel with the murdered boatwain's mate of the cruiser as the hero. The author of the story wrote for thirty-six hours without rest or sleep, producing 40,000 words of copy, which went to the printers sheet by sheet as he wrote it. This is probably the record for rapid literary production. It often happens that a writer of such literature is called upon to produce a story of forty thousand to fifty thousand words in three days.

Writers of dime novels do not as a rule attempt a polished style of English and rarely re-read or revise a page of their copy. The publishers want action, plot, incident, dialogue and thrilling situations. A successful writer of dime novels must possess at least superficial knowledge of a great variety of subjects. He must be able to write a story of life in the slums of a great city, one of adventure on the western plains, of war in Cuba or the Philippines, without making any material error in the descriptive sections. It is a rigid rule that the plot and incident must be plausible. No matter how improbable the deeds of the hero may be, the author must be careful to avoid impossibilities and absurdities. If the Alkali Ike sculps an Indian in the Black Hills in the morning and cleans out a faro bank in Deadwood

at night, the story must explain satisfactorily how he made his journey from one point to the other in the time specified.

The dime novel writer must also be able to take up a character created by another writer and carry the imaginary individual along through other stories and new adventures without changing his habits or permitting him to repeat himself in deeds of daring. It often happens that one central character is carried along as the hero through twenty or thirty stories published in the modern "Library" style of such fiction. While the same name or nom de plume may appear on the title page of each story, a dozen different authors perhaps contribute to the series, each taking up the characters where they were left by the preceding writer and carrying them on to new fields of adventure.

A publisher who had created a romantic western adventurer with a name that proved popular with the boys, contracted with one of his regular writers for a series of twenty stories. After sixteen of the series had been issued, one every two weeks, and the other four extensively advertised to appear on certain dates, the author fell ill. The publisher sent for one of his extra writers, who was employed on a daily newspaper, and arranged with him to take up the work and carry on the central characters unchanged. In order to prevent delay in getting out stories as advertised, the extra writer had to read up the career of the hero from the start and write four novels of 40,000 words each in twenty days. The task was successfully accomplished, and the writer in question did not lose an hour from his regular work as a reporter. Devoting only nights and Sundays to the stories, he dictated them to a stenographer, working sometimes six and seven hours at night at a rate of 2,000 words per hour.

The regular writers of such stories, men who do not attempt any other work, are able to produce one story of forty to fifty thousand words a week, for six months or a year, with comparative ease. Under pressure, they can readily write two a week, but could not long continue that rate of production without a period of complete mental and physical rest. The author who attempts to lay out a schedule of his story, to work out a plot to the end in his mind, and name all his characters in advance, cannot write dime novels. He must be able to take a title, a name and an incident suggested by the publisher, and write a story of a specified length, letting the plot grow and develop as he writes. He must invent names as he forms the letters that spell them and create a thrilling incident or climax for each chapter.

Virtue must always triumph, in the dime novels, and vice be overthrown, the desirable consummation being achieved invariably in the last chapter, and the hero must be an example of all the virtues. Nor must the villain be too wicked, for in certain respects the novelty of the dime novel is very rigid. It may surprise many persons who censure such fiction as wholly bad, to know that the publisher will not permit a line or situation that might so much as suggest indecency or vulgarity. The villains as well as the heroes all wear "under their breath," and oaths are never used in the lines of the story. Four or five large publishing houses in New York produce tons of such literature every week and the business is conducted in a systematic way. There is the sharpest kind of competition in the trade, and the writer who can suggest and work out new and novel plots or situations will find a demand for all the material he can produce.

BACK FROM MEXICO.

INDIAN WHO WAS GOING TO LEAD AN EXODUS OF TEN THOUSAND REDSKINS THITHER.

By a Special Contributor.

Standing Yellow, a war chief of the Cheyenne Indians, has recently returned from a trip to Old Mexico, where he went as a delegate for a number of tribes in Oklahoma, aggregating about ten thousand Indians. The purpose of the old chief's trip was to select a new home for the reservation Indians, who had always considered Mexico nothing short of another happy hunting ground, where they could all live a life of prosperity and ease; but the report of the old chief has upset the fancy notion these Indians held about Mexico, and will be the means of retaining the 10,000 redskins in this country until they die.

Standing Yellow went to the City of Mexico, where he talked with the native Indians. One morning he met in the suburbs of the Mexican capital a peon and his wife walking into town, both carrying a large bundle of hay on their backs. The man carried about two hundred pounds and the woman half that amount. Standing Yellow asked them the reason for this heavy burden and was told that they were selling it to buy bread and meat. The peon added further that they had cut the hay with a machete and would get about 35 cents for it, which represented two days' work. Standing Yellow made immediate preparations for departure.

"I thought we were poor," he commented, "but we have never had to cut hay in order to get enough to eat. If this is the way the Indians have to work here, we will stay where we are. We did not know we were so well off."

When Standing Yellow made his report of the hay incident to the tribes which commissioned him, it was unanimously agreed to remain on their reservations in Oklahoma.

NOT A "PRINCESS ROYAL."

[London Chronicle:] The King has decided that his eldest daughter will not bear the title of "Princess Royal" during the life of Queen Victoria's eldest daughter, the Empress Frederick. "The Daily Chronicle," it may be remembered, first raised the question some months ago. The title was invented by George II, in favor of his eldest daughter, Anne, who married the Prince of Orange, and died in 1759. The next princess royal was the eldest daughter of George III, who was born in 1766, married the first King of Württemberg, and died a childless widow, in 1828. The Empress Frederick, firstborn child of Queen Victoria, was the next and present holder of the title.

POINT FERMIN LIGHT.

ITS HISTORY, ITS KEEPER, AND ITS SURROUNDINGS.

By a Special Contributor.

A LONG, winding shore line, grayish white in the golden sunshine; a jagged, precipitous bluff, its brown sides flecked with vivid splashes of blood-red ice plant; a wide expanse of blue water coquetting with the eager sunbeams; and above, rising straight from the jutting point, a lighthouse, white and still, the silent sentinel of the deep. Here for the past twenty-six years it has stood, and from its tower, each night, from sunset till sunrise, has shone forth a beacon light of warning and of guidance for the good ships which pass that way. It is situated about three miles from the historic little harbor town of San Pedro, upon Point Fermin, a sharp promontory cutting into the sea, in lat. 33 deg. 42 min. 14 sec. N. and long. 118 deg. 17 min. 41 sec. W.

I saw this lighthouse for the first time about twelve years ago, and although I have had occasion to visit it two or three times since, I shall never forget the feeling of disappointment and shocked surprise which surged over my childish soul as I looked at the first "flesh and blood" lighthouse I had ever beheld. My knowledge of lighthouses was rather limited, having been gleaned principally from pictures with which I was wont to adorn my scrap-books, and my ideal one was a tall, somber tower, rising straight from the cliff, with a tiny circular balcony at the top, the old-fashioned kind to be found on the rock-bound shores of the Atlantic.

My ideal has never changed, but my point of view has; and while from an artistic or romantic view point the architectural value of the modern lighthouse is as naught, still one cannot but feel how infinitely more sensible and comfortable it is.

To the tourist or sight-seer the place is something to be visited, explored, enjoyed, photographed, perhaps—and then forgotten; while for him who keeps the light, and for those who belong to him, it is not merely a place to live—it is a home.

Surrounded, as it is, by a white picket fence and its neatly white-washed outbuildings, the Point Fermin Lighthouse presents little difference in appearance from an ordinary dwelling-house. The main building, which is painted white, with a red roof, is two stories in height, while the tower rises from the front fifty feet. The house, with its twelve great rooms, must seem lonely to the genial old sea captain who is at present its sole occupant. In fact, he confessed as much to us, and added, with a knowing wink: "And I'm not going to stand it much longer, either. I tell you, I'm going to get someone to stay with me. I'll not put in another lonely six months as I have the last;" and he laughed jovially; but behind the laugh there was just a touch of pathos, after all.

His name is George N. Shaw, and a typical old sea captain he is—jovial and hearty, and always ready and glad to sit down and spin a yarn; capital stories they are which he can tell, too, and they possess all the charm and flavor of actual experience and adventure.

Short and stout, with a stubby gray beard, his visored cap pushed slightly awry on his grizzled head, disclosing a jolly, weather-beaten face, his feet encased in huge carpet slippers, he is indeed a picturesque figure as he leads the way about his interesting domain or sits upon a scarred old bench under the trees, with one leg crossed over the other, spinning a sailor's yarn. He is just enough cock-eyed to be interesting, but a very kindly light shines in the merry blue eyes, and life-long service has not killed that innate air of refinement which bespeaks the gentleman.

While I was inscribing my name in the great register in the entrance hall he told me that there were annually 3000 visitors to the lighthouse, callers being received every day in the week, with the exception of Friday and Saturday, the hours being from 8 to 12 and 1 till 4 o'clock. On these days it is one of the regulations that he shall never appear without his uniform, which is of blue, with cap to match, bearing a lighthouse embroidered on it in gold thread above the visor. Fridays and Saturdays are his housecleaning days, and visitors are not admitted.

Four or five parties came while I was there, and while we were waiting for them to register he ushered me through the reception-room on the right to the parlor beyond, which looked out upon the sea. It was here that I asked if he had always lived alone.

"Oh, no," he said. "There is my little lass; she is 15 now, and at school in San Francisco" and he pointed with fatherly pride to the portrait of a little girl above the mantel, while a very tender look stole into his rugged, weather-beaten face.

"And there was the wife, when she was with us;" and the lowered voice and the past tense told their own sad story, as he pointed to the picture of a sweet-faced woman, gowned in the fashion of thirty years ago.

"And there is her mother—her name was Clark before her marriage, and she was the belle of Staten Island at one time."

Then we climbed three flights of narrow, winding stairs, the first one landing us on the second floor, where are located the captain's living-rooms, which no woman could keep more scrupulously neat than he does.

"This is my boudoir," and the merry blue eyes twinkled as he motioned us into a large sleeping-room, whose furnishings reminded me of my grandmother's eastern home, so quaint and old-fashioned were the appointments. In all, the lighthouse contains twelve rooms, six of them being fifteen feet square, while three are ten feet square, and the other three smaller.

We followed up another still darker, narrower stair-

way to the chartroom, where the necessary books and maps relative to the lighthouse service are kept. From there we ascended still another flight into the light tower, where the linen cover was removed from the sparkling lens, that \$8000 lens which is the pride of the keeper's heart; it is of the fourth order and 400 diameters. While the wick of the lamp is but 1 1/4 inches in diameter and the flame but 2 inches in height, the magnifying powers of the lens make the light appear as large as the entire lens, and it is often seen as far away as Old Baldy. The glass windows surrounding the light are three-eighths of an inch thick and of the finest quality of glass obtainable.

Stepping out through a small door, we found ourselves upon a circular balcony, surrounded by a railing of iron. And here one could spend hours of almost perfect happiness drinking in the beauty of it all. The view which repays you for your upward climb is one of the finest obtainable on this section of the southern coast. As far as the eye can see, to the southwestward, is the limitless stretch of blue ocean, sparkling and scintillating in the golden sunshine like a liquid opphire encrusted with diamonds, and the tender tur-



quoise of the sky blends into the deeper blue of the sea in a faint, filmy mist. Out toward the southwest lies Catalina, which at this point is twenty-two miles distant, the gray-blue peaks of the little island standing out softly against the sky. Turning in the direction of San Pedro Harbor, and following the curving shore line, white in the distance, the cottages of Terminal Island, Long Beach and Alamitos can be plainly seen, nestling cozily along the bluff. In the middle distance you catch a glimpse of the San Pedro breakwater, reaching out to Deadman's Island as if to soften its dreary desolation and to link it to the shore. To the west is the long, broken shore line, with its sharp, rocky points projecting into the sea, while to the east Sentinel Rock stands 30 feet high and 20 feet from the cliff. This rock, so named from its lonely detachment from the mainland, bears a faint resemblance to the Sphinx, and adds a charming touch to the picture. The point in front of the lighthouse is carpeted thickly with the glistening ice plant, whose blood-red leaves blend together in one solid mass of flame color, adding just the requisite touch of vivid color to the scene to make it perfect.

An occasional white-breasted sea-gull flies majestically

across the expanse of ocean, and but for the murmur of the ever-restless sea as the waves urge it to the shore, where it breaks over the clouds of white spray; and you find yourself drifting away till suddenly you are sharply reminded of the prosaic realities of life by hearing the "Those outhouses? Yes, they were for chickens, but they are all gone but three. The badgers and wildcats killed them all, and raised chickens here. Why, I planted some and planned to have a garden, but the vermin got all the seeds up; had one lone squash—only thing that ever ripened;" and he laughed naturally.

He told us that, after he gave up a career as a sailor for a time to live inland, but he could not be satisfied. For eighteen years he has been the keeper of the Point Fermin Light. From 1871 Miss Mary L. Smith was the keeper, and her sister lived there alone. She resides at San Pedro now, in the shadow of the grand old mountain.

Although 154 feet above mean high water, many a wild night when the winds rage and maddened frenzy about this lonely abode, salt spray has many a time been dashed over the tower, completely drenching the little balcony. Tell of one wild night when for nine long faithful keeper sat in the rocking tower, and his arms held steady the awaying light, for such nights as these that ships go down.

Placid and calm as was the water on the day when last I visited it, old settlers tell of when four good ships, the American, the Kennedy and St. Louis, all went ashore near the point.

In 1898 the light was changed from a kerosene and white light to a steady white one, which seen seventeen nautical miles at sea, and is better. Once every three months the captain arrives in the supply boat Madrona.

As we went downstairs I asked the captain could not tell me of a real wreck that ever happened at Point Fermin, "one with a mystery or tragedy, something creepy or queer?" I cried, forgetting my eagerness to be dignified. By this time we were on the little porch, where two more of our party were waiting, breathing in the invigorating air. Seated on the upper step, and crossing one leg over the other in his characteristic way, he pushed his head farther back on his grizzled head, and began:

"I can remember when there were twenty-five ships in the cutter harbor and thirty-two in the harbor, and I can tell you of a wreck that occurred years ago, just around the point there. The dero, an English ship hailing from Cardiff, a 1000-ton steel clipper ship she was, carrying 2000 tons of coal, bound for San Pedro. She was on the end of the reef there, at 1 o'clock in the afternoon. The captain and crew just lowered and put into San Pedro, and sold her to the writers for \$1800, and the latter afterward sold her to the Whitelaw Reid Company of San Francisco. She was a fine ship, and was insured for \$100,000. She was there for a long time, and people were why she anchored away out here. Instead of for the harbor, not knowing that there she was a rock through her.

"Well, sir, some of the seafaring men in the harbor raised a purse of \$250, and sent her back to her home in England. There was something strange about what happened afterward. A new ship after a while and ret out to sea, and one night he cut his throat, and no one was the reason why. The whole thing was mighty queer!" and the captain shook his head.

So intensely interested had we become in the captain's story that we had lost all account of time, and found our driver becoming impatient to get away, threatening, as drivers will, to charge us if we were obliged, reluctantly, to take our leave, as the captain, lifting his faded cap courteously a grace as did ever a young lieutenant after us, "Good-by, I'm glad you came; when you have more time to spend. You'll find it a welcome."

GRACE HORTENSE

BASIS OF BUSINESS IN RUSSIA

[Commercial Intelligence:] A new law has been published in Russia making it compulsory to sell grain and flour by weight, and not by measure, heretofore, owing to numerous frauds practiced by the unscrupulous middlemen. Novoe Vremya very justly remarks that this law cannot be stopped even by such an enactment, the chief reason of the frauds is the low state of the market. Among the Russian merchants the favorite maxim being "without cheating it is hard to sell."

CHAMPION YOUNG SWIMMER

[New York Herald:] Little Elaine Goldstein, only seven years old, is a marvelous swimmer, having proven herself to be a champion of this and many other contests. In fact, she has won thirty-one gold and silver medals for showing just how much faster she could swim than other amateur swimmers.

She may be seen any day at Bath Beach, performing strange aquatic feats with her sister Ethel and Florence, who are also perfectly at home in the water.

Elaine learned to swim when she was only four years old, and she can now float and swim with perfect ease. One of her daily feats is to swim from the Captain's Pier, twenty feet to the water's edge.

BOER PRISONERS. THEIR TREATMENT BY THE BRITISH. AMERICANS AMONG THEM.

By a Special Contributor.

AT DIYATALAWA, in interior Ceylon, 160 miles from the great seaport city of Colombo, I found 4300 Boer prisoners. Six hundred more arrived at Colombo while I was there, and were sent over the government railway to join the others.

I found among these prisoners of war about three hundred American citizens, principally from the West and South, but representing several States.

When one is so far away from home, it does the heart good to meet an American. You are not particular about what State he is from; it is enough that he is an American, and you immediately begin talking about the good things of the United States, and comparing them with the unfavorable conditions you have found in other countries. But for those held as prisoners of war in an alien land, how must it seem to meet an American? These three hundred Americans who are British captives, held as Boer prisoners in far-off Ceylon, half-way around the world, were in a particularly good mood for talking of America, of home, of "God's country." It was pathetic to hear them, though they were men of stout hearts. They had gone to the far-off Transvaal to join the people of that little republic in what they thought a just war on the part of the Boers and unjust on the part of the English. Some of them had left wives and children behind, scantily provided for in some instances, to join in the hazards of war with the hardy Dutch colonials beyond the equator.

Who will ever know how many Americans, who joined their fortunes with the Boers, have been killed in battle?

I said to some of these American-Boer prisoners at Diyatalawa: "You are fortunate, indeed, to be prisoners, for you are alive and have some hope of sometime joining your dear ones in the country you love above all others." In their misfortune they expressed most earnestly their devotion to the United States, but one or two ventured to say they were disappointed that their country did not help the Boers out.

"But when shall we ever get home?" impatiently asked one.

The British citizens of Ceylon claim that these Americans joined the Boer army from a love of adventure, more than anything else, as they would go tiger hunting, and that their coercion for the Boer cause was secondary.

The Boer prisoners are a vigorous but untidy-looking lot. The British require them to take frequent baths. They left South Africa with clothes they had worn for months through the fierce campaign, and the British had a problem on their hands in fitting them out with absolutely necessary clothing. The steamship voyage from South Africa to Ceylon, is about fifteen days, and the prisoners suffered greatly en route for clothing, which could not be provided until Ceylon was reached.

The Boer prisoners' camp covers quite a large area in the mountains, with good, natural drainage. The location is about thirty-five hundred feet above sea level, and the climate is one of the most perfect in the world. The camp is inclosed by a series of high barbed-wire fences, separated from each other by several feet. The British garrison, containing about one thousand soldiers, overlooks the entire camp. The food for the prisoners is sent to them over a wire cable. Their food is plain, but substantial. The men receive far better treatment than they expected. They are given ebony, satin, rose, sapan, iron, jack and other beautiful woods indigenous to Ceylon, and bountiful there, from which they make fancy penholders and ornamental wooden articles of various kinds, which they are allowed to send the stores to sell to the residents and travelers. The Boers get the benefit of the proceeds from these sales. But this is done to keep their time and minds occupied more than anything else, thereby making discipline easier.

While I was there, one prisoner tried to escape through the fences. He paid no heed to the sentry's challenge to halt, made three times, so he was shot. He died from the effects of his wounds in a few days. The sentry was arrested and given a trial by court-martial, at which several witnesses from among the prisoners were called. The verdict was that the sentry had shot the man in the discharge of his duty.

The British officials are doing everything in their power to be magnanimous and just with the prisoners. The Boer officers of higher rank are given their freedom and are not confined at the camp at all. Some of them live at the best and most expensive hotels. It is necessary for them to report to the British officers twice a week. There are three very prominent Boer generals held as prisoners in Ceylon, namely, Gens. Olivier, Plessis and Roux. The latter was one of the leading preachers of the Dutch Reformed Church in the Transvaal, and is very religious. He is permitted to hold services, and often preaches fervent sermons in the Dutch language to his fellow-prisoners at the camp. He speaks English very well, and has preached several times at other places. I heard him make an address before the Y.M.C.A. at Colombo on a Sunday afternoon. Announcements had been made in the local press, and the hall was crowded to overflowing. No doubt many of the English people expected he might make mention of the war, but he studiously avoided that subject. He exhorted his hearers to a better and higher life, and reminded them of the shortness of our stay on this earth. He spoke of the selfishness of men and of nations. There was no bitterness in his words; it was a most earnest appeal of a deeply-religious man to his hearers.

Gen. Plessis spends his time with his wife, the two riding their bicycles around the most fascinating of all

towns in the tropics, Kandy, the great resort and show place of Ceylon, nearly one hundred miles nearer Colombo than the prison camp. Here Buddha's tooth is on exhibition, as well as the footprints of Adam of old. Mt. Adams, the highest peak of Ceylon, is in plain view.

The British citizens of Ceylon complain that the government is giving the Boer officers better treatment than they deserve, for they feel that many friends from England have been killed in the war—for which they, moreover, blame the Boers. But the British government is wise in giving these prisoners the best of treatment when it is fortunate enough to capture them. Great Britain is feeding nearly five thousand prisoners of war in Ceylon and about as many more on the island of St. Helena, in the South Atlantic Ocean, one-third of the way from the west coast of South Africa to South America. But Great Britain has found it cheaper to feed and clothe them than to fight them.

J. MARTIN MILLER.

THE GLORIOUS FOURTH. WILL BE CELEBRATED HALF WAY AROUND THE GLOBE.

By a Special Contributor.

STRANGE people, in remote and widely separated places will witness the celebration of Independence Day, on the first Fourth of July of the twentieth century. The message which rang out from the old Liberty Bell above the little red brick hall in Philadelphia 125 years ago, has traveled swift and far in these last three years, until now it has extended half way around the world.

It will be repeated and indorsed, at this anniversary, by Americans living on American soil which is eternally bound in the Arctic ice. It will be read to Americans whose home is 900 miles south of the equator. While the rockets and Roman candles are closing the day in Maine, the morning sun will be lighting the folds of the Stars and Stripes in the western confines of the republic. On the shores of the China Sea the cannon of our navy will fire the salute to the Union, and little brown Americans will doubtless hear the roar with terror, fleeing to the woods of Palawan.

Black, brown, red, yellow and white are the skins of the people of the United States. They live as far north as human beings may exist, and they live naked under the equator's fierce suns. Wherever the flag has gone the national holiday will be celebrated in some fashion, and the work will begin of instructing our new subjects in its meaning.

As nearly as can be predicted, the most remote celebration of the Fourth on American soil will be at Palawan. This is the most western station in the Philippine Archipelago, at which it is expected at the Navy Department that a ship will be found on that day. It is safe to say that the natives of Palawan have no clear idea of the origin or import of the American feast, and the bellowing of the saluting cannon will doubtless be the first notice to the majority of the people of the island that they are due for a little celebrating.

Most Northern Celebration.

The most northern celebration will unquestionably be at Point Barrow, Alaska, where Commander Harry Knox will have arrived with the Concord. This is 72 deg. north latitude, and only about a thousand miles from the pole. The government maintains a signal station there, and at rare intervals sends one of its staunchest sea-going tugs to pay its brief visit. The country is snow and ice bound, and it is with difficulty that life can be maintained. On the Fourth of July the sun will be circling a short distance above the horizon; but the crew of the Concord will not be troubled with the heat. The man who hoists the flag will be wrapped to the eyes in heavy furs, and if the cabin boy decides to set off any firecrackers he will have to wear warm mittens. The special dinner served out to the men in honor of the day will consist largely of hot soups and canned vegetables, and will be consumed in the company of red-hot stoves.

While this is taking place there will be another celebration—still on American soil—of a very different character. In the island of Tutuila, in the Samoan group, there will be a repetition of the celebration held April 17, when the American flag was formally raised there. Tutuila is 15 deg. south of the equator, and is the southernmost American possession. Capt. B. F. Tilly, who is Governor, believes in teaching the natives to reverence American customs and institutions. In addition to dressing ship and firing twenty-one guns from the American man-of-war in the harbor of Pago Pago, Capt. Tilly will give shore leave to his men and invite the Samoans to join in the games, feasts and general jubilation. There will be boat races, bobbing for apples in tubs of water, catching the greased pig, hurdle and running races, swimming and general athletics.

The most eastern celebration will be in the island of Porto Rico. The Fourth will dawn here just twelve hours ahead of the day in the island of Luzon. The twentieth parallel of latitude, which passes through Porto Rico, runs just one degree north of the island of Luzon; and the distance between the two points is 180 deg., or half the circumference of the earth. In many towns of Porto Rico there are former residents of the United States, and the day will not pass unnoticed even in the remote sections. From the palace of the Governor-General in San Juan will float the Stars and Stripes, and wherever there is a postoffice or a public schoolhouse, the colors will be displayed and the natives will be apprised by fireworks and shooting that the day is one to be remembered.

At Manila.

In the city of Manila the Fourth has twice been celebrated. Naval officers who were with Dewey's fleet re-

member well the first celebration. It came two months after the famous victory, at that critical time when the ships of Germany, England and the other European powers were crowding one another in the bay, and when it seemed even to the coolest Americans that a clash with Germany was inevitable. That night the English men-of-war dressed ship with thousands of electric lights, and, drawing away from the other vessels, took their place close to the American fleet. The other nations had not paid any particular attention to the notice which it is the custom to send to other ships in a harbor informing them that the day is a national holiday; and the special attention of the British was accepted as an assurance that if trouble came they would be with us. Since that evening, therefore, the American officers and men who were present, and who realized the full meaning of the incident, have cherished a warmer feeling for "our British cousins."

The celebration of Independence day in Manila a year ago was marked by meetings in the local theaters and halls, patriotic speeches in English, Spanish and the Tagal language, band concerts, bunting and other festivities. It is planned this year to train a chorus of native children to sing the "Star Spangled Banner," "The Red, White and Blue," and other national songs. The Declaration of Independence will be read in the schools in different tongues, and on the Luneta the salute to the Union will be fired.

An idea of the preparation for celebrating in other ways may be had from the following extract printed in the Manila Times a year ago. It shows a willing spirit, but suggests a weakness in the use of English.

"This popular hotel is handsomely and tastefully decorated, lanterns, flags and grunting (native term) being much in evidence. A profuse dinner has been prepared and no expense spared to make the day a thorough success in every way, and visitors will be sure of finding a furlitan (?) meal in the coolest dining-room in town. The two boys at the bar are fully prepared to do justice to all visitors. They have prepared a new punch, which is warranted to send a man home sober after an untold number of glasses. As for M'King, if he has fully borne out our prophecy that he would be a success in every way and all who have tested his ability and courtesy are pretty sure, if circumstances permit, to turn up during the day and drink to its glories."

At Cebu and Guam.

The Princeton will be stationed at the island of Cebu on July 4, and its cannon will remind the natives that they are citizens of a free republic. The War Department expects to have one of the "T-n-clads" not far from the courts of the Sultan of Suva, and the officers will inform His Majesty that the day is a holiday for all Americans, and that they would appreciate the favor if he would fly the flag on his palace and harem.

In the distant and lonesome island of Guam, there will be plenty of celebration. Following the example of Capt. Leary, his successor, Capt. Seaton Schroeder, will issue a few ringing manifestoes. The natives will be told that the day marks the birth of the nation of which they are now a part, and that it is their duty and privilege to set off fireworks, shoot pistols, burn pinwheels and have as good a time as possible, all the while remembering why they do it, and being careful not to burn their fingers. The natives will be supplied with translations of the Declaration of Independence, and will be urged to participate in games and festivities.

In Cuba there are 6000 American soldiers who will do a little celebrating, even though the Cubans do not regard the day as an occasion for unmitigated joyousness. Pine Island, south of Cuba, is not conceded to the Cubans, and may be regarded as part of the United States. There is a military reservation there where the day will be appropriately noted. In the Hawaiian Islands the day will be celebrated much as it is in the United States. In addition to the naval stations, there are plenty of former residents of the States who have gone to the islands to live. Also there are plenty of crackers in the Chinese shops, not to mention pinwheels, "nigger-chasers," sky rockets and t-r-jed-o-s.

The loneliest spot in the Pacific Sam's broadening domains is Wake Island. It sticks up in the Pacific about half way between Hawaii and the Philippine Archipelago. It has not even the company of other islands. The United States acquired it, and made it a naval station; and here in the middle of the Pacific, the Union will be saluted and the flag will fly, 2000 miles from the nearest of its starred and striped fellows.

H. GILSON GARDNER.

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SOUTHERNERS AND BOOKER WASHINGTON.

[Chicago Record-Herald:] Booker Washington is largely responsible for the increased respect paid to his race, and I refer again with pleasure to the universal confidence and admiration that is expressed everywhere for that man. I heard the other day of an Atlanta lady of Southern birth and Southern prejudices who had a Northern philanthropist as a guest at her dinner table. He revealed times alluded to "Mr. Wash'nton." She tried to hold her temper, but finally broke out and exclaimed: "If you don't stop calling that nigger 'mister' I don't know what I will do."

"What shall I call him?" inquired the innocent Northerner.

"We all call him 'Prof.' Washington," she replied.

And that reminds me of another story of an old-fashioned Southern gentleman at Tuskegee, who, referring to the same subject, said:

"We have too much self-respect to call a nigger 'mister,' and we have too much respect for him to call him 'Booker Washington' without a prefix, hence we call him 'Professor.'"

CHAS.

A person whose first name was Chas.,
Being asked why he's sad, simply snar,
And gibbers anent
What he claims to have spent
In politics. Ear's and has!

—[Detroit Journal.]

Stories of the Firing Line * * Animal Stories.

How Aguinaldo Was Taken.

AGUINALDO'S thirty-second birthday was the twenty-second and he had purposely prolonged the accompanying festivities until the arrival of the reinforcements. The President of Casiguran was there, and so was the Casiguran band. When about five miles from Palanan the advance was met by ten of Aguinaldo's own guards, who came to relieve the party left with the prisoners in order that all the reinforcements might enter the town and take part in the festivities. These guards were delayed long enough in congratulation and palaver to enable a messenger to be sent to warn the rear party to hide, which they promptly did. The march was now hastened and the advance under Silano and Segovia entered the town in the middle of the afternoon. Aguinaldo's bodyguard of about forty men and the band were drawn up in front of his house to receive them with all honor. They marched along the front and were halted, the guard presenting arms. Hilario and Segovia entered the house.

While Hilario received the congratulations of Aguinaldo on his successful enterprise, Segovia returned and shouted, "The time of the Macabebes has come. Fire!" The latter opened fire. Only a few of the guns had cartridges, but enough took effect to stampede the bodyguard of inhabitants of the town. Although the fire continued spasmodically for fifteen minutes, few were killed. The bandmaster was hit six times, but still lives. Col. Ila, Aguinaldo's chief of staff, jumped out of a window and was pushed to the river by Segovia. He was shot through the body and hand. His wounds are now healed. Another colonel was presumably killed while crossing the river. Dr. Santiago Earcelona was taken prisoner without being wounded, and some others who were with Aguinaldo when the firing began made their escape.

Hilario threw his arms about Aguinaldo and told him he was a prisoner to the Americans. He thought when the firing began that it was a joke and ordered them to stop. Some of the Macabebes' bullets went into Aguinaldo's house, compelling him and Hilario to lie down. The arrival of Gen. Funston and his officers restored quiet. They remained in Palanan two days, while food was collected, and on March 25, the march was begun for the bay of Palanan, distant about five miles.—[Kansas City Star.]

Song That Reached the Heart.

FOSTER'S "Old Folks at Home" is the most popular song in existence. It has been translated into all the languages of Europe and also into some of Asia and the Isles of the sea. The lines are poetic only in the sense of suggestion; they are so simple and artless that it would seem that any school child could pen them and improve upon them, but they express the sentiment of every homesick man or woman that ever lived. Compared with "The Old Folks at Home," Kipling's "Mandalay," which has been said by some high authorities to be the acme of homesick expression, is a disgusting emulsion of beer and sensuality.

There is an oft-told story of a regiment of troops, with pay overdue four months, that was overtaken by the paymaster just as it reached a camp near a great city in which everything was "wide open." Many of the men, with their pockets full of money, "broke guard" and returned to camp in a condition prejudicial to good order and military discipline. The guards themselves became untrustworthy, good men though they had been on the march and in battle; the sober men of the regiment strove unsuccessfully to restrain the uncontrollable, the colonel gravitated between slaughter and suicide, when suddenly the leader of the band asked permission to try his hand on the distributing element. Grouping his musicians in the center of the camp he started "The Old Folks at Home," and played unceasingly for half an hour, when the officer of the guard reported that the camp was entirely quiet, even the most uproarious drunkards having vegetated to sleep.—[John Habberton in Literary Era.]

Chinese Children Drill.

ONE of the most laughable sights he beheld in Peking, says a returned soldier, was the efforts of the little fellows to imitate the foreign soldiers. Every day the American, English, German and other troops would come out in martial order to perform their regular drill upon the streets, or detachments would be sent to various parts of the city for garrison duty. Every nationality had its peculiar form of drill, and all this gave to the scene a wonderful variety. Then when the big soldiers were all out of the way, here would come another show, just as novel and much more laughable—a whole battalion of Chinese boys, dressed in their loose sacks, wide flowing trousers and queer shoes that the yellow man wears. The youthful regiment comes down the street, the chief officer marching ahead, and every lad that follows bearing a broomstick over his shoulder. Now they march with all the pomp and importance of a German squad; now they are imitating the light step of the American or Japanese, and now the heavy foot of the Czar's men. No onlooker, be he Chinese or foreigner, could refrain from laughing at their ludicrous antics. And such splendid imitators are the Chinese as a race that even the small boys show every peculiar turn made by the foreigners. Day after day this broomstick regiment turned out to drill and to enjoy the sport.—[Cincinnati Enquirer.]

Ignored the Red Cross.

IN DAGUPAN we are near the spot where the battle of San Jacinto was fought, and where Maj. Logan lost his life. An officer who took part in the battle, and who was an eyewitness of his death, tells the following:

"The insurgents whom they encountered up here had

not as yet fought with us. They were full of hope and courage, and were not as experienced runners as their brethren further south. They made one of the sturdiest stands of the campaign, and did some real fighting. It had been noted before that the insurgents were skilled in the recognition of officers, and a number of their sharpshooters were posted in coconut trees for the purpose of picking these off. Attracted first by the chevrons of a sergeant, the sharpshooter shot him down. Maj. Logan was standing near, and when he saw the man fall, mortally wounded he ran to him and caught him in his arms. The sharpshooter saw even better game, and the shot which he sent killed Maj. Logan instantly. An old hospital steward hastened up, and, in spite of the red cross on his arm, the Filipino sent a third deadly bullet, and the steward fell dead beside the sergeant and the major.

"It had not been realized at first whence these shots came, but at this juncture the sharpshooter was seen in his tree, and he instantly fell pierced by fifty bullets. Then the fight was carried on with ferocity which has probably characterized few of our engagements over here, though none have been lacking in determination and courage. Our men were beside themselves, and all that they wanted was revenge. They got it. For the next half hour in the frenzy under which they labored no quarter was given, and not only were all the sharpshooters brought down out of their coconut trees, riddled, but death was dealt right and left in the insurgent ranks."

The officer who related this is a first lieutenant in the Thirty-third, and was in Maj. Logan's battalion. He was of opinion that there were certain men in the insurgent army who accepted such positions as those sharpshooters occupied with the realization that it meant death and actuated by fanaticism, just as men of other organizations have done. But in expressing this opinion to some natives, they told him that the men who were willing to take these risks were given triple pay, and a certain percentage for every officer that they managed to bring down.—[Manila Correspondence New York Tribune.]

Kept His Word.

THE following anecdote is sent to the London Mail by an officer serving in the Transvaal, where it has gone the rounds of the camps. It naturally lacks official confirmation, but, happily, this does not affect its merits as a story: "They tell a story of Botha and Kitchener's meeting about terms of peace last week. At the end Botha said: 'Well, I must be going.' Kitchener replied: 'No hurry; you haven't got to catch a train.' 'But that's just what I have got to do,' said Botha. After two days afterward a train was held up and looted on the Delagoa line, not very far from the place of meeting."—[New York Tribune.]

ANIMAL STORIES.

A Long-suffering Dog.

A READER of the Times contributes the following story: My brother once, finding a little chicken about two weeks old, with a broken leg, undertook to perform a surgical operation. He split a quill toothpick in two, used it as a splint for the damaged member, and then kept the sufferer in his room, to see how his experiment would work. In a day or two the little creature was running all over the house, and its only care was to find at bed-time a better substitute for the down shelter to which it was accustomed than the cotton-lined box we provided. It soon noticed our cocker spaniel, stretched out in front of the parlor fire, and cautiously approaching, cuddled up to him. The onlookers recommended the restless dog to keep quiet, and soon the infant, pursuing its investigations, slipped under one of the long silken ears, which were the pride of the family—and of the cocker. This was too much, and "Coaly" jumped up with a growl, but after some coaxing lay down again; and the chicken immediately snuggled back in that tempting refuge. "Coaly," with one eye on us and an indignantly contemptuous expression, lay still while this spoiled darling kept up its exasperating "cheep! cheep!" merging into the three-toned twitter which means "I want to go to sleep" right in his very ear. He occasionally manifested his injured feelings by an upturned corner of the lip, with a gleam of white teeth, but actually endured this outrage of his self-respect, for several weeks, until the invalid, completely restored, was returned to the bosom of its original family.

Mice Adopted by a Cat.

KATE, the little striped cat that has been a pet at the Tenth street Union Station for the past year, for a week now has been tenderly caring for an adopted family consisting of three mice. The little cat was picked up on the street about a year ago by Night Watchman Timmons. Since then she has been the common property of everyone at the station. She is unusually small for a mature cat.

About two weeks ago Kate had her first family of kittens and she was very proud of them. While she was out foraging a stray dog happened in and when Kate got back she found only the lifeless remains of her little family left. She gave many signs of her grief for about a week.

Then some of the workmen at the station who are tearing up the floor uncovered a nest of mice. The old mouse was killed and Kate was called to make a rich meal of the three mice that were left. She answered

the call of the men, smelled the tiny black rodents tenderly about in their nest. At a time, she lifted them and carried them to the baggage room. The adopted ones were in Kate's basket in the baggage room, where they remained ever since.

The cat seems to take as much pride in her new family as she did in her kittens and spends most of her nursing and licking them.—[Louisville Correspondence New York Sun.]

A Grateful Elephant.

IN INDIA elephants are as plentiful as locusts over the market of Ajmeer. A kind-hearted woman, who had a stall used to give him a handful of rice, the elephant got into a great rage and ran to the market, scattering the crowd in all directions. Alarmed like the rest, the woman took to her flight left her child behind her. The elephant came up to her baby, stopped in his tracks, lifted the infant gently with his trunk and carried him on a stall in front of a house in the neighborhood.—[Denver Post.]

Two State House Rivals.

THE two Trenton State house pets, "Tommy" and "Ginger," are not on the best of terms, and it is not safe for them to pass each other in the corridor.

"Ginger" is an unprepossessing black dog of the variety, "Tom," or "Tommy" as he is called, is a gray-striped cat, who takes his amusement chasing rats in the cellar of the State house in the days of Leon Abbott's administration. He was a frisky kitten, with a few patrons, for nearly all the State officials, Governor down, were disposed to give him attention. It is recorded of him that he ran with official documents one day, while carrying the Executive's desk, and his tail slipped in the Governor's ink well and left a trail of black tape should actually have gone. "Tommy" is large and selfish, having been over-indulged in his life. He is independent and "stands" on familiar terms only with a few of the State officials, and disposed to use his claws quickly when a stranger takes liberties.

He was monarch for a long time, until the present State Librarian Henry C. Deane brought "Ginger" with him. "Ginger" is a considerable good common sense, being more of a mongrel than "Tommy." He was originally the messenger force of the telegraph office, and accompanied the boys on their runs. While the present State Librarian was the editor of the State Gazette, "Ginger," who carried telegraph copy, formed a fortunate partnership. During the winter nights he would frequently run or two on the boys, so as to stay near the heating radiator and chase the chills out of him. He grew familiar and would follow the editor to his midnight lunch, and finally he showed the editor and quietly intruded himself in the editor's study, partly reformed his habits, but he refused to leave his midnight lunch route.

When Mr. Buchanan was made the State Librarian, "Ginger" followed him to the Librarian's office, and he picked out a spot as his particular resting place. He growled if he refused to walk up three flights of stairs. He invariably takes the elevator, and the considerable noise in the corridor if the "lift man" is "Ginger" tried to make himself of the Librarian's office, but "Tommy" Abbett, by his ways, and occasionally clipped him on the back of the ear. "Ginger" is willing that he own the rear of the Statehouse, if he can be in front part. When he desires to go out to the building to take a look at things, he growls around on the outside for "Tommy" to take him to Newark (N. J.) News.

A Fitting Reward. THE Police Commissioners take care of the cats that have grown gray and decrepit in the department. There is a nice little pasture of the grim workhouse, and the animals are with the understanding that they are to be put in the luscious green shoots to put the ginger in their stiffened legs once again.

Not so with Old Bill, however. He deserves a pasture than that, and through the influence of Duffy he secured a feeding ground in a lot near Patrol House No. 10, where the grass grows and where there is an occasional dandelion to break the monotony. Old Bill deserves all the kind of food he can get. He is one of the most honest of the department.

He was a frisky colt when he was purchased. He was a proud beast then, was Bill. He was in patrol service, and he has helped pull some of the prisoners to Central Police Station. Then he was part of the mounted service, in which he performed valiant service. It was Bill who was one of the most notorious murderers of the late Inspector's buggy. He will be turned out to pasture where he will be allowed to end his useful career.—[Cincinnati Enquirer.]

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GOOD SHORT STORIES.

Compiled for The Times.

Sea Serpent Bill.

"**S**PEAKING of cussins," said the old salt, "I think the most profane man I ever heard in my life was a man called Sea Serpent Bill that I sailed with once in the old bark Madagascar, from San Francisco to Hongkong and then around here to New York. My! but he was something terrible, and when he first came aboard he scared one or two green hands we had that had never been to sea before so that they wanted to run away; but they got used to him after a while and before we'd passed the longitude of Honolulu we got Sea Serpent Bill's swearing to use in various ways. 'You've heard of men swearing a blue streak? Well, Bill swore a flaming red streak that lightened up the whole of the single oil lantern hanging from the deck beams, when he came to some fine print that he couldn't read very well, step on Sea Serpent Bill's toe and start Bill cussin'; and he'd be pretty sure to keep it up till that man had got through the fine print. 'It was a common thing for us to light our pipes at one of Bill's cuss words; and coming home in the cold latitudes around the Horn, Bill used to keep the griddle nice and warm as could be just by swearing about fifteen minutes at night, and ten or fifteen minutes in the morning. Bill shipped here on a vessel loaded with oil, and has never been heard of since, and the vessel is likewise missing. 'I should say, from what you tell us," said a crusty old tar in the corner, "that Sea Serpent Bill might have been some considerable of a cussier; and now I wonder if you could tell us who on the old bark Madagascar was considered the champion liar?"—[New York Sun.

The Exact Situation.

OF ALL the good stories ever told about the late Dr. Stubbs, bishop of Oxford, probably the following, which really is authentic, is the best: Prior to 1888 he was bishop of Chester, and when the see of Oxford became vacant it was offered to him, the fact of the offer being made public some days before he signified his intention of accepting translation. A local reporter was sent up to Decade to make inquiries as to the bishop's decision. "His lordship is engaged," was the footman's reply to a request for the bishop. "Might I see Mrs. Stubbs?" "Mrs. Stubbs is engaged." "I should like to see some member of the family." And, finally, the reporter was ushered into the presence of Miss Stubbs, and delivered himself of his inquiry. "Well, you see, it's this way," said the bishop's daughter; "pa's upstairs praying for guidance, but mamma has begun to pack, so I suppose we are going."—[New York Commercial Advertiser.

The Wrong Foot.

IT WAS in a Pullman sleeper, and just across from the bachelor's berth was a handsome little woman and her three-year-old boy. Early in the morning the two were laughing and playing together, and the good-natured bachelor smiled to himself as he arose to dress. Suddenly a little foot peeped out from the curtains of the opposite berth, and with a twinkle in his eye, the bachelor grabbed the plump toe and began: "This little pig went to market, this little"— "That is my foot, sir," said the indignant voice of a woman. The silence which followed could be heard above the roar of the train.—[Chicago News.

Arboreal Physiology.

JANE one day visited one of the upper grades at school, where the teacher was reviewing a class in physiology. Many times she reviewed them on the channels of the blood, the class responding in unison, "Arteries, capillaries and veins." Jane's memory seldom plays her false, so her account of this might be taken as an object lesson in faulty enunciation. "My blood vessels are R-trees, caterpillars and worms," she announced glibly at home. "I s'pose it's the trees that makes me grow."—[New York Sun.

Audience Short a Prince.

THE following story is being told at the Stockholm cafes: The telephone in the stage manager's office at one of the variety theaters was ringing and an inquiry was made if the scene box was vacant that evening. "How should I know?" brusquely answered the stage manager. "Inquire at the box office." "What is the number?" inquired the speaker. "Look in the book, you idiot! I am not a telephone directory," was the answer of the exasperated manager. "Excuse me for troubling you," came the voice over the wire. "This is Prince Carl who is speaking," and the telephone rang off. The poor manager gave a gasp and almost fainted away. No Prince Carl attended the performance that evening.—[Chicago Record-Herald.

A Pity Illustrated.

A CLERGYMAN tells this story in the Homiletic Review: "I was stationed in the town of P— during my early ministry, and was profoundly impressed when I saw that I ought to preach against the rebellion against God's law. I selected for a text Isaiah 1, 2: 'I have nourished and brought up children, and they have rebelled against me.' 'I had formally introduced the subject and repeated the text that the audience might see the connection between it and the first proposition, when my little two-

year-old boy slipped out of his mother's arms and, taking his stand directly in front of the pulpit, gave such a scream of defiance as to startle the entire audience. It is needless to say that this, following immediately the quotation of the text, destroyed the solemnity of the sermon, so far as the audience was concerned."

Faster Than He Looked.

APPEARANCES don't count in a horse so far as speed is concerned," remarked Mr. Straus, "and I'll tell you a little experience of mine that proves it. A few days ago, I drove Robert J. through the park on the road to the Speedway. The check rein was loose and the pacer was plodding along in a sleepy sort of fashion with his head down. Nearing the One Hundred and Tenth-street exit from the park, I came abreast of a gentleman driving a handsome-looking bay pacer hooked to a sixty-pound speeding wagon. He was a stranger to me, but we exchanged greetings and jogged along side by side. Finally I asked him what he thought of the 'old skate' I was driving.

"Does he belong to you?" asked the stranger.

"I evaded his question by mumbling something about our trying the horse out for a friend who thought of buying him, as he had been told the horse was very fast.

"Well," said he, "I do not want to insult you, but I don't think that wreck could cover a mile in 17 minutes, and I wouldn't give you \$50 for harness, horse and all."

"I think he can do better, and is worth more than that," I said.

"Chatting in this fashion, we jogged along, he telling me how badly my friend would get stuck if he bought the animal. Finally he said: 'Why, this pacer of mine has only got a mark of about 2:24, and I'll bet any amount you can't stay with me for an eighth of a mile.' At last it was settled that when we struck the Speedway we should have a little go just to settle the controversy.

"You can imagine the outcome. As soon as Robert J. struck the dirt road, up went his head and ears. My acquaintance gave the nod to go, and I held Robert J. in so as to let him get a good start. When he had a couple of hundred yards' lead, he turned to look back at me with a broad grin on his face. Then I turned Robert J. loose. In an instant he was not only on even terms with my horse's friend's pacer, but had passed him like a shot from a gun.

"A more astonished man you never saw. I learned later that he had pulled up his horse at the curb and inquired of a newspaper man the name, mark and breeding of the animal that had dropped him so quickly. When he learned, he simply thanked his informant, turned about and jogged home. I haven't run across him on the road since, and I don't suppose he is anxious to meet me, for I had apparently swallowed his horse wisdom without a murmur."—[New York Times.

Too Great a Risk.

"I'M GOING to give up the business," said the life insurance agent with a sigh. "I don't care whether they meant it for a joke or not. It's a hard life and people have no business trying to be funny at my expense.

"I have always prided myself upon my ability to land a man when once I succeeded in getting his attention. But I had a new experience the other day. I was working hard to convince a party that it was his duty to take out some of our insurance upon his life for the protection of his family, and I saw that I had him wavering, when I had to pause for breath, and he broke in with: 'By the way, how much do you carry on your life?'

"While I, taken unaware by the abruptness of the question, was stammering a reply, he escaped. The incident set me to thinking. I had induced hundreds of men to insure their lives for the benefit of their families, and yet I had never thought far enough to carry any insurance upon my own life. It didn't look consistent now that I came to consider the question, and I resolved to remedy it at once. To think is to act with me, and I sat down and filled out an application at once for a good round sum.

"I got the application back today marked 'Refused—occupation too dangerous.' The next paper they get from me will be my resignation!"—[Detroit Free Press.

A Clever Retort.

THERE is no public man in Europe who has a more difficult part to play than M. Waldeck-Rousseau, the French Premier, and he has aroused many bitter political enemies, which, in France, tend to degenerate into personal enmities. The Premier is quite aware of the intensity of feeling that prevails against him in some quarters, and he often reveals a grim humor in referring to it.

One of his inveterate enemies is a gentleman closely related to him by marriage, who directs a paper noted for its hostilities to the present government generally and to the president of the Council particularly. M. X—, not to name him more precisely, boasted recently that he would spend a fortune to prevent M. Waldeck-Rousseau ever becoming president.

"Spend a fortune!" retorted the Premier, when this was repeated to him. "He may throw away his money if he likes, but he ought to know that I can never be president while he is known to be my relative."—[London M.A.P.

Half a Million for a Trip.

"I SEE that James R. Keene, who is not only a power in Wall street but a fortunate man on the turf as well, advises women not to dabble with the market," said an old Chicago board-of-trade man. "Well, I suppose he will make one exception to his rule, excellent though it is, for the fact that James R. turned up on the right side of the famous Comstock deal was due to a woman. A gambler by the name of Baldwin went West in those brisk mining days when sturdy men who were

used to hard work 'struck it rich,' or wore their lives away trying to.

"Fortune did not come Baldwin's way and he died, leaving his wife in San Francisco poorly provided for. She was an expert seamstress and as such was engaged by Mrs. Mackay, wife of the leading member of the 'Big Four,' who were then prospecting with indifferent success in the Comstock mine at Carson City. These miners frequently met and talked over matters at the Mackay home. They were all plain people whose discussions were held in open session, quite regardless of the presence or absence of Mrs. Mackay or her seamstress.

"Mrs. Baldwin, however, was familiar with mining and stock terms and when the 'Big Four' struck the lode and saw great wealth in store for them she was able to follow intelligently all their plans for making the most of the mine on the market. More than that she intended to profit by the information. She still had a number of diamonds her husband had given her, and so, going into the business section of the city in search of a broker, wandered into the office of James R. Keene, then a Californian.

"Mr. Keene," she explained, "I want to put an important matter in your hands. I am a poor woman and a widow, but my husband at one time had money, and from him I learned something about the stock market. I have saved some diamonds he gave me and now I want you to take them, realize on them and invest every cent in Comstock."

"Why Comstock?" asked Keene, somewhat surprised at the unhesitating way this woman staked her only possessions. She explained and the shrewd financier listened with glistering eye.

"Now, Mrs. Baldwin," he said when she finished, "I'll tell you what we'll do. You keep your diamonds. Set your own value on them and I shall invest that amount for you and protect it, should there be disturbance in the market. You watch the reports and when you see fit let me know and I shall sell. Every cent shall be yours, for the information you have given me is worth much more than your diamonds and any commission I could charge."

"Mrs. Baldwin watched the market as she made dresses for Mrs. Mackay, dreaming as she did of a competency that would enable her to return to her old home and live in comfort. Comstock rose and rose. In fact, it became the wonder of the day. Finally Mrs. Baldwin estimated that the value of her diamonds would by that time have earned about \$10,000 or \$15,000, so she went to Mr. Keene to close the deal.

"James R. greeted her effusively and told his book-keeper to cast up the account and make out the check. Now that the deal was over she grew nervous as Mr. Keene and his assistant busied themselves with the figures.

"How much is it?" she asked, timidly but earnestly as Keene was signing the draft.

"The financier continued his writing. 'Six hundred and forty thousand,' he replied with good-natured carelessness. Then he turned to hand her the check, but Mrs. Baldwin had to be lifted from the floor and restored to consciousness before she could take it.

"Of course Keene won heavily on the deal and soon after went to New York, where he dropped a good portion of his earnings trying to corner wheat in Chicago, but even at that was still ahead."—[Chicago Tribune.

An Unassuming Duke.

AS EVERYBODY knows, the carelessness of the Duke of Norfolk about dress and his unassuming ways are very marked and have caused him to be the victim of many curious mistakes, relates a writer. My friend had a house near Arundel, and when she and her family were removing to London the Duke contemplated buying the place as a house for a member of his family. One morning Mrs. — was in her bedroom shortly after breakfast, when a servant came up to tell her that a messenger had called from the Castle.

"Where is he?" she asked.

"Oh! he's in the hall, ma'am."

Knowing the Duke's habits of activity in the country she felt some misgivings, and hurried downstairs to find the Earl-Marshall of England sitting quite patiently on a hall chair with his hat in his hands. She overwhelmed him with apologies, of course, but the Duke was most amused, and laughingly said that he delighted in an appearance which protected him from attentions which would make his life burdensome.—[London M.A.P.

Not Such a Fool as He Looked.

SOME of the inmates of a Yorkshire asylum were engaged in sawing wood, and an attendant thought that one old fellow, who appeared to be working as hard as anybody, had not much to show for his labor.

Approaching him, the attendant soon discovered the cause of this. The old man had turned his saw upside down, with the teeth in the air, and was working away with the back of the tool.

"Here, I say, J—," remarked the attendant, "what are you doing? You'll never cut the wood in that fashion. Turn the saw over!"

The old man paused and stared contemptuously at the attendant.

"Did I ever try a saw this way?" he asked.

"Well, no," replied the attendant. "Of course I haven't."

"Then had thy noise, mon," was the instant rejoinder. "I've tried both ways, I hev, and"—impressively—"this is t' easiest."—[Spare Moments.

FIRST PUBLIC PIANIST.

[Invention:] Of all the myriads who play the piano, how many know that "Tom Bowling" Diddin was the first man who played the instrument in public? That was in 1767, and the feat was performed at the first night of "The Beggar's Opera." Even the piano was not regarded as a solo instrument, for that privilege was still reserved for the harpsichord.

THOUGHTFUL MISS BABCOCK.

BY MRS. CHARLES STEWART DAGGETT.
Author of "Mariposilla," "The Broad Aisle,"
"X-Ray Developments," etc.

BOOM! Boom! Boom!

Miss Babcock opened her light blue eyes and remembered instantly the date in question. It was the Fourth of July, also her own forty-seventh patriotic opportunity.

Miss Babcock never fell down on either passing dates or trifling facts. In a local branch of the Foreign Missionary Society she acted as statistical umpire.

Faithful attention to slender particulars had endowed Miss Babcock with a phenomenal memory; between round, reproachful eyes she appeared to secrete an information bureau founded upon trifling subjects and extinct occurrences.

Each morning with the first gentle blinking of her eyes she remembered every care in life. Her obligations to her family and to the community at large rose likewise with the sun. The good soul had been born to feel not only the pricks and stings of her own conscience, but of all the uncertain moral organs of a widely-differing neighborhood.

Upon this particular Fourth of July Miss Babcock awoke very early. She had slept poorly, for the preliminary noises of the approaching holiday had colored her dreams red, white and blue. She was glad to get up at once, never having felt the desire for an enervated dose. Her brown hose still aired upon the top round of a chair, close to the window; with the habit of years she shook them out, then examined a corn on the little toe of her right foot. When the daily inspection was finished she drew on her stockings. Every wrinkle fed before a precise judgment which also lacked thick, sensible shoes and gauged the mild resistance of sad colored stays. When at length Miss Babcock stood fully petticoated, she splashed her anxious face with reassuring water.

In the mirror above the washstand she saw each morning the one great vanity of her life. Two little curl papers! Sole evidences of artifice in an otherwise natural ensemble marred her sober reflection like implish tags of Satan. For years the bold intention to deceive with unnatural ringlets had bothered Miss Babcock's tender conscience not a little. On her brow were blasted combined furrows of shame and pride. She had long acknowledged her foolish vanity upon bended knees; had determined again and again to perform a pleasing sacrifice, only to rise, turn out the gas and stealthily roll up two thin strands of hay-colored hair. Sometimes when she felt the cherished curl papers in the dark they seemed like sprouting horns, yet scruples could not conquer her longing for tortured tresses.

This morning Miss Babcock arranged her locks with unusual pleasure. The Fourth of July appeared to grant her patriotic indulgence. Several times did the good lady wave the hair brush in sympathetic response to booming cannon. It seemed quite proper to celebrate with successful curls. She was extremely literal in her modes of enjoyment, and she unconsciously began to repeat the Declaration of Independence. She had learned it at school in her youth, and as the stirring measures rolled from the memory bureau, she recalled the advice of an academy trustee who had enjoined it upon all the youth of America to recite or read the Declaration at sunrise on July 4.

At once Miss Babcock thought of her half-brother and sister, both at present totally unconscious of a great patriotic opportunity. She went hastily to Jimmy's chamber door and knocked. Her mental bureau had failed to register the weariness of the young man who worked like a slave in a river warehouse. When no voice bade Miss Babcock enter, she tipped gently into the room and laid her hand upon her sleeping brother's shoulder.

"Dear Jimmy," she whispered, close to his ear, "Dear Jimmy, will you not wake up and join me in repeating the Declaration of Independence? This is the Fourth of July! You have perhaps forgotten the important fact. Please get up in time for breakfast for I have promised Daisy a full holiday."

The young man half opened his heavy eyelids. "Rats! It's you, is it? It's a pity you couldn't let a fellow sleep a bit. I guess I work a sight harder than your lazy nigger cook."

James turned over and buried his head in the pillow. "But, Jimmy dear," the sister persisted, "it's the Fourth of July—such a very important day for all young people. I remember once when I was a very little girl—"

"Look here, sis," the boy threatened, "if you don't clear out I'll cuff 'till your curls turn green. This is a holiday and I calculate to sleep as long as it suits me. Vamoose! or else here goes a d—"

"Brother! brother!" Miss Babcock cried in alarm. Jim's threat had been partially carried out on former occasions, and with instinctive dread the spinster left the bedside.

In the next room slept Elsa, her young half-sister. The ejected lady went in at once without waiting to knock. Early rising was an actual amusement to Miss Babcock; her desire to stir up a sluggish household amounted to a mild passion. The window shades in Elsa's room were pulled half down and without ceremony the intruder flung them up. The rush of sunlight made no impression on the young sleeper, and Miss Babcock spoke.

"Elsa," she commanded, "get up and enjoy this beautiful morning."

The girl still paid no heed and her sister shook her fiercely. "Don't you remember that today is the Fourth of July? We are to have an early breakfast as I have promised Daisy a holiday. She wants to attend the exercises at the grove. You know how very important it is that young colored people should understand the full

meaning of American freedom. We who have so much must not be selfish. I hope you will help Daisy with the breakfast dishes, and feel willing to assist me in getting a simple dinner for father and brother Jimmy."

Elsa opened round astonished blue eyes. Youthful rage curled her ripe lips. "Daisy may wash her own dishes, and as for me spending the morning in the kitchen, you will please excuse me; I have other plans for the day," she answered haucily.

Half bare arms stretched above the defiant little head, as Miss Elsa yawned in the elder woman's face. "You seem just to live to spoil my pleasure," she declared, sitting up in bed. "Last night you slammed the shutters so loud, that Rob Bruce went home at half-past nine; now this morning you plot at daybreak to ruin my holiday. I warn you! I won't stand your meddling any longer. I am eighteen and perfectly able to think for myself."

Elsa got out of bed and stood sullenly before the open window. The elder sister half extended her hand with a fond thought of reconciliation, but the angry girl dodged the caress.

"Let me alone!" she cried, "it makes me sick to have you touch me."

Willful Elsa resented fiercely her sister's well-meant advice. Try as she would, Miss Babcock could not influence the motherless girl to her own way of thinking. This morning as the spinster went sorrowfully from her sister's room, Elsa dashed unceremoniously forward and slammed the door. The valetudinary salute was not a surprise, but Miss Babcock's lips quivered, while a tear shone at the corner of her pale eye.

When she passed on through the upper hall her father's head flashed questioningly forth, as his irascible voice demanded the cause of confusion. "Will you never cease your everlasting prowling?" he asked.

Poor Miss Babcock went below stairs with a strange sense of defeat. In the kitchen all was yet dark and silent; a moment later the "black Daisy" strolled in. It is but reasonable to relate that breakfast was late, whereas the prematurely aroused household materialized in full time to grumble. Before the kettle filled the requirements for good coffee Miss Babcock's family had developed holiday appetites. The master, a confirmed dyspeptic who studied to tone up his stomach the moment after rising, found abundant cause for irritability, until even his elder daughter for once regretted a conscientious course of action.

Thus far the patriotic call of the morning had been a decided failure. However, when beaming, emancipated Daisy sailed through the front gate arrayed in starched white duck and red ribbons the spinster heaved a vindictive sigh. After all she had done well to remember the rights of the down-trodden. She felt the benediction of Booker Washington as she turned from the window to answer the telephone.

The instrument had just been put into the house. Miss Babcock yet associated its prepotent call with her doorbell. "Visitors, perhaps the minister," was the first impression from the memory bureau. The old maid instinctively threw aside her gingham apron, and patted her yellow crinklets; then she took down the receiver with a smile.

She was doomed to disappointment for a full boyish voice asked, for her sister Elsa, as that expectant miss rushed forward. "It's for me," the girl cried. "It's Rob Bruce; he's coming up with a buggy to take me driving."

She half pushed the intruder away, catching up the receiver with the right of ownership she cooed sweetly. "Yes, Rob, I'm here. What is it?"

Miss Babcock went slowly to the kitchen and washed the breakfast dishes. By ten o'clock she had finished other household duties and had still an hour to rest before commencing dinner. Then the good creature remembered that she had promised to send a basket of goodies to old Mrs. Maguire, the bed-ridden mother of a young foundryman now at home on a strike, but apparently willing that his delicate wife should work twice as many hours as he demanded for himself.

Poor old Granny Maguire must not be disappointed in her holiday treat, and the thoughtful woman hurried away to the store-room. Here was her undisputed kingdom. When she had time she loved to count the jars of fruits and jellies upon the neatly covered shelves. In one dark corner stood a number of enticing bottles of currant wine, but this was a secret even to Elsa. In reality Miss Babcock was a rank Prohibitionist; her little "blind pig" was alone for the sick and aged. She always kept the key to the door in her pocket, and even James had never succeeded in purloining a single sip of the delicious nectar.

The custom of making currant wine had been her mother's, and although at times the spinster's conscience condemned the beverage, she had never yet been able to look upon over-loaded currant bushes without the desire to confine the ripe, red, waiting juices.

This morning she took down a last year's bottle, placing it at the bottom of the basket, she tucked it quickly about with dissembling stores of cakes and tarts. As she sallied forth on her errand of mercy, Elsa and Rob Bruce left the grape arbor.

A flush of youthful excitement dyed the young girl's cheeks, and the elder sister half sighed as she turned into the street. After all something had been left out of her own life. She could not tell exactly what, although she was quite sure she had never wanted to go buggy riding with a young man.

Today a strange feeling of loneliness took hold of her, and for some reason the memory bureau was not working successfully. The old maid could not dwell upon one single exciting or romantic circumstance of her girlhood. She had once walked home from prayer-meeting with a young man, but the next day she heard that he gambled, and of course after that she avoided every advance.

Never before had it occurred to Miss Babcock to feel defrauded of her share in life's portion of romance. Today the pink roses on Elsa's chip hat filled her with sudden envy. She had worn drab and brown through so many seasons that she could not well imagine herself decked out in living color. Her little crinklets

were the one vanity of her career. Had she not said "the week of prayer" they appeared before her half determined to give them up. Daisy had valued, for she still wore the curls.

The son of Granny Maguire lived but a few miles away, and as Miss Babcock approached the grocery store she encountered the little foundryman and his two little boys. The father had just been firing crackers for his sons, and the children, Babcock in glowing words how the family was going to the "Grove," with the exception of one who couldn't get out of bed.

"Yes," Maguire explained, "my wife was speaking and even if a man can't see just what his next meal it's as well to make a good crowd as to mope at home."

Miss Babcock smiled approvingly. "I hope it will soon be over," she ventured.

"God only knows," the man answered, "I give in, but my word is out with the boys and kids don't seem to count with the boys. I had just gotten over a spree, but of this Babcock never dreamed."

"I am really very sorry for you," she said at hand she beheld the emancipated victim of morning; bespattered with mud and dirt, beyond recognition the black Daisy stood before her. Her white garments were wrecked as she had storm, while the beautiful new hat hung in shreds. Her once-crowning glory, a red ribbon, represented only a bunch of dismantled hair. Miss Babcock's reproachful eyes drew from her. "Daisy," she demanded, "how did you come to this condition?"

"Boy called me nigger," the accused girl replied, "not goin' to stan' dat on de Fourth of July."

"I am amazed," the horrified mistress said. "Go straight home," she added with sternness. As Miss Babcock spoke, the girl, Maguire with the basket. "Please carry my mother," she said. "I am sorry that I can't be the little offering myself, but you will see my son for not coming?" She left the man with her wrecked hand-maiden.

For an instant the striker watched the dejected recession, then, with a gruff, covered basket; at the bottom he saw a currant wine. Down the street his wife flashed in the summer glare. She was returning with the little boys. The baby and hisriage like a canopied flower protected in her tiny hand a flag waved the father.

Maguire saw the domestic picture flash before his wife flooded his mind; he saw within the bottle seemed to control his life. His eye glowed cunningly as he slipped beneath his coat, and stuffed the freckled pocket. "Do you run home to mother or Billy," he said to his eldest son, who understood considerable, and now glared at his father's bulging coat front. "Do you, Mikie and take mother and baby out?" Maguire continued with soft persuasion. "You all by the grand stand. Say he's got rooms of the Union on a bit of business, go on to the grove in good time for the speeches. Father'll join you later."

"Can't we carry the shootin' crackers?" suggested. He peeped into his parent's pocket. "Won't fire 'em off 'till you come," he asked.

Maguire's uncertain intentions dimmed, and he suddenly felt a self-righteousness well with his sons. He wished to play the indulgent father, yet selfishly desired to see crackers. He fully expected to rejoice in his father's bulging coat front. "Do you, Mikie and take mother and baby out?" Maguire continued with soft persuasion. "You all by the grand stand. Say he's got rooms of the Union on a bit of business, go on to the grove in good time for the speeches. Father'll join you later."

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In lieu of the determination to please, he went back to the grocery store and purchased a bag of candy. "Father'll keep the candy in his pocket," he explained, as the mollified wife away with his basket and sweets. "Tell me, worry," he called after them with gutty eyes. The little chaps went forward confident of misgivings of trustful childhood. On the way of their mother they read their first primer of life. What did it all mean? They pushed into mother's eyes as she trudged through dust and glare? Would she stop at the grove? Would the freckled boy in the pocket? Such questions stirred the children, men trudging like valiant knights down their sister's chariot.

But youth is youth. Soon the music of the little men waited at the foot of the grand arrival of Patrick Maguire. Like "The Under the Hill" they might have still been there, not gone home with the dusty, tired crowd. Meantime the idle foundryman held his rooms of the Union. Good Miss Babcock's currant wine had inspired his tongue when then lubricated his throat for any amount of whisky. As the day wore away, public cares vanished. When the righteous ceased to interest, the soft side of a hard requirement. It was long past midnight when Maguire remembered his young American son the frecklers in his coat pocket. When he got up and went out into the starlight.

For a moment he looked into the sky with shame. Millions of eyes rebuked him, his desire to atone for something came to him. He had disappointed his wife; all he had waited for the promised frecklers. He of his wife filled him with foolish fear, vision of his sleeping children hurried through the now silent streets.

When he reached his house his conscience and he sat down on the steps to justify his reprehensible conduct. The inquisition demanded him afresh and he got up and went

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boy. When he entered the silence in some way exasperated him. He was no longer in the mood for a cool reception, and with a sudden return of spirits he went into the little parlor and lit the lamp; the wick blazed up, but he did not notice the fact. The idea of post-celebration had entered his befuddled head. With one heroic effort he ignited the bunch of shooting crackers, then flung them wildly to the ceiling. They fell slanting and struck the fresh Nottingham curtains of the window. With dawning apprehension, Maguire lunged forward; the lamp went with him.

Thoughtful Miss Babcock stood before the mirrored washstand. She bathed her tear-stained eyes and there were no crinkles above her careworn forehead. The sacrifice had at last been made through deep humiliation. Now, with choking sobs, the little lady sat down for the first time in her life with an unfinished toilet. She would never crimp her hair again, and today the dark corner of the storeroom should be thoroughly purged of currant wine. The judgments of the Lord had fallen upon her; in her well meaning she had been confounded.

Miss Babcock lifted her sad, bewildered face, then let it fall upon extended hands. She felt very weak; she could not understand the trembling in her spine. Even in the early heat she shivered. A thin shawl hung over a chair back; she reached for it and put it on.

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" she gasped aloud. Could it be possible that through her own innocent instrumentality she had caused a horrible death and burned down a house? Tears streamed through her fingers. Was it true that the bones of poor old Granny Maguire lay blackened at the undertakers? Really true that the striking foundryman was open to reform, with the desperate problem of a homeless family still unsolved.

Poor little half-dressed Miss Babcock asked herself the ugly questions again and again. It was vain to deny her unintentional part in the disasters of the previous day—and yet she had meant to well. For once in her life Miss Babcock was late to breakfast; for once she missed pouring her father's coffee. When she finally went downstairs she saw through a hot, miserable flush, Elsie usurping the seat of honor. The girl had unconsciously taken on the charm of womanhood; she loved and in return was beloved. Rob Bruce had already taught her to handle coffee cups, and the family seemed instantly charmed with her correct dispensing of cream and sugar. The old maid gulped down a sob as she passed through to the kitchen.

THE ROSA BONHEUR MONUMENT.

[Paris Correspondence London Globe:] The inauguration of the monument to Rosa Bonheur, which has not been, like most monuments, raised by subscription, but erected by a private individual, took place yesterday at Fontainebleau. The monument in question is a colossal reproduction in bronze of a statue of an ox made by Rosa Bonheur, and it stands on a stone pedestal, the sides of which are decorated with baso-reliefs in bronze by Hippolyte Peyrol. The most important shows the artist dressed as a man, with working blouse and trousers, and wearing all her decorations. The others are reproductions by Isidore Bonheur of the principal works of his sister: the ploughing scene which was such a success at the Salon of 1849; the famous Horse Fair, and the hardly less well-known King of the Forest. The latter picture, the engravings of which are particularly well known in England, is in the possession of the gentleman who is erecting the monument, M. Gambart, the Spanish Consul at Nice. Visitors to Nice who have connections with French society will remember both M. Gambart and his house. The latter is one of the sights at Nice, the former a devoted lover of art and the most cordial of hosts. The house, which stands in the midst of one of those luxuriant gardens which are a specialty of the Riviera, is of white marble. It is built in the Greek style, and bears in gold letters the celebrated line of Keats, "A thing of beauty is a joy forever." Inside is a collection of masterpieces of modern painting. M. Gambart, whose health did not permit him to be present at the inauguration, was for fifty years a friend of Rosa Bonheur, and was one of the first to help her with his encouragement. The Bonheur family, who might be expected to feel some irritation toward their late relative, who left all her money to a complete stranger, were present to see the monument unveiled.

THE TITLE OF THE ENGLISH SOVEREIGN.

[London Chronicle:] The title of our sovereigns has undergone a good many changes in the course of ages. Even during the Heptarchy "Rex gentis Anglorum" existed, though the style King of England was first used by Egbert, in 828. The first person plural, now shared by editors, was adopted by John at the end of the twelfth century. "Defender of the Faith," still used, was conferred upon Henry VIII by Pope Leo X. The same gracious monarch altered the title "Lord of Ireland" into King. "Great Britain" was only adopted by Anne at the union of England and Scotland.

A further change was made by George III, when at the union of Great Britain and Ireland the royal title was appointed to run thus: "Georgius Tertius, Dei Gratia, Britanniarum Rex, Fidei Defensor." Then for the first time, just a hundred years ago, the addition "King of France," which English sovereigns had borne for centuries was omitted. "Hanover" was in like manner dropped in the Queen's style when she came to the throne. The latest change came on May 1, 1876, when "Empress of India" was added.

WAD.

[Detroit Journal:] "With us," explained the Scot, "wad means would."

I did not fail to observe that here was the opportunity to animadvert keenly, not to say wittily, upon the great and growing power of wealth in my own country.

"With us," I rejoined, therefore, "wad means might!" We parted at this, but I set detectives to shadow him, and they reported to me that three and a half hours later he smiled faintly.

TWELVE BOOK-KEEPERS.
KEEP TRACK OF OVER SEVEN HUNDRED
MILLION DOLLARS.

By a Special Contributor.

UNCLE SAM will spend about \$730,000,000 between July 1 and June 30 of next year. All of that immense sum is accounted for and ultimate record made of it by one set of book-keepers, twelve in number, in the Treasury Department at Washington. By these twelve men, Uncle Sam's daily cash account is kept straight, and every morning a balance is struck, showing how much cash the government took in the day before, from its various sources of revenue, and how much was spent by the several departments, and giving the total of the remaining cash in hand. Accompanying this daily balance sheet is a statement made up in another division showing the character of the money on hand, gold, silver and bank notes. It is an interesting place, this counting-room of Uncle Sam, where the state of the finances is exhibited. A dozen or so big ledgers and an immense daybook, known in business houses as a "blotter," contain the records. Their pages exhibit every day exactly the amount of business the government is doing and whether Uncle Sam's household expenses exceed his income or not. It must be understood, of course, that these accounts are a final summary of the business transacted and that a thousand-and-one other books are required for the detailed record in other departments.

Big figures are dealt in here. The book-keepers make an entry of \$250,000 as unconcernedly as a merchant would enter a ton of coal, or a grocer the sale of a pound of tea to a credit customer. The balances are jotted down in pencil and the book-keeper will report that "the Navy Department has only \$60,000,000 left today" in an off-hand way, as if that were a small item. Absolute accuracy is required, of course, and if one of these employes should make an error in addition or subtraction he would feel disgraced.

Here is a sample of the daily balance sheet, which is printed every morning and laid open to public inspection. This one was for May 2:

Receipts this day.	
Customs	\$ 819,222.24
Internal revenue	877,113.10
Miscellaneous	105,037.59
Total receipts	\$1,801,372.93
Expenditures.	
Civil and misc.	\$ 795,000.00
War	230,000.00
Navy	100,000.00
Pensions	500,000.00
Total expenditures	\$1,775,000.00
Excess of receipts	\$26,372.93

In other columns of the same sheet are the receipts and expenditures for the month and for the fiscal year up to date, as well as a comparative statement for the same period in the preceding year.

On another page of the exhibit is a statement prepared by the treasurer's office showing the cash in the treasury. The cash in the general fund was \$239,356,708.59. Against this were liabilities such as outstanding drafts, disbursing officers' balances, etc., amounting to \$83,326,415.01, leaving an available cash balance of \$156,030,293.58.

There at a glance is a statement of Uncle Sam's daily business and running cash account. Fortunately, it is a pretty good statement and shows a prosperous condition. Besides the available cash balance, what you might term the pin-money of the government, the statement also shows that the treasury contains a little matter of \$150,000,000 in gold coin and bullion, reserve fund, and a trifle of \$771,592,989 in gold and silver, held for the redemption of the paper money current throughout the country, making every piece of greenback as good as gold. Your Uncle Samuel is not contemplating "going broke" just yet.

This section of the Treasury Department, known as the warrant division, is a very important branch of the government service. It is the brake on the expenditures. Not a dollar of the taxpayers' money can be spent until one of these twelve book-keepers looks into his ledger, to ascertain that the account has not been overdrawn. Then, and not until then, the chief of the division, certifies the existence of a balance to the credit of the particular account.

When Congress makes an appropriation for the War Department, say of \$100,000,000, a ledger account is opened with the department, and the account is credited with that sum. Congress gives to each of the bureaus a stipulated amount, and the accounts are so credited in the ledger. When the Secretary of War desires to draw money to pay the officers and men, he sends to the treasury a requisition for \$100,000, for instance, on account of the pay and allowance of the army. The book-keeper looks at the requisition, which is in the form of a check, and turns to his ledger account to see if there is \$100,000 left. If so, he charges the sum to the account, and a warrant is signed on the treasurer of the United States, who turns the money over to the Secretary of War, who thereafter makes a proper accounting to the designated officials who admit and control the expenditures. It is therefore impossible for any department of the government to get more money out of the treasury than Congress has provided for it, as the watchful book-keepers know to a penny how the account stands every hour.

The work of the book-keepers is not only important but very arduous. The requisitions come piling in sometimes at a tremendous rate, and each one has to be scanned, the ledger consulted and careful subtraction made. The hours of labor are not long, from 9 a.m.

until 4 p.m., with half an hour for lunch. The two principal book-keepers receive \$2100 a year and ten get \$2000 a year. They are all experienced, careful men and most of them have served long in the department. The chief of the division gets \$3500 a year, and is a busy man. He has to initial every requisition and warrant, for the Secretary would not sign a warrant without the red ink initials showing that the paper had passed the careful scrutiny of the veteran chief of the division.

The division performs other functions besides keeping Uncle Sam's daily cash account. At the beginning of every Congress, a statement is made, showing the probable needs of the several departments for the coming year and indicating the estimated receipts of the government. This is sent to Congress, so that the lawmakers can tell readily how much money they will probably have to appropriate, and how much is demanded, for the next fiscal year.

A TREE THAT BEARS PAPER BAGS.

AN INTERESTING EXPERIMENT WITH A HARDY CHINESE ORANGE TREE.

By a Special Contributor.

A large crop of paper bags is the unique yield of a little tree which stands in the grounds of the Department of Agriculture at Washington, not far from the big red buildings where Secretary Wilson has his office. There are about fifty of these bags, each expanded like little balloons, and with the neck tied firmly, as close inspection discloses, about one of terminal twigs. The effect is rather grotesque. The tree is the particular charge of Prof. Herbert J. Webber, who with his assistant is responsible for its bagging. It is a species of orange tree, the variety having been brought to the United States from China about ten years ago, with the idea of using it for hedges. It is evergreen, grows about thirty feet high, and has sharp thorns. The fruit is small and runty, and quite unfit for food. But the fact that it flourishes as far north as Maryland, Kentucky, Indiana and Missouri, gives it a great value to the scientists who are experimenting with a view of securing a more hardy breed of oranges. And this is the explanation of the crop of paper bags. The blossoms of the tree have just been crossed with the St. Michaels and Sanguina oranges, which are the standard variety of sweet Florida fruit. Prof. Webber is trying to secure a hybrid which will retain the edible qualities of the sweet Florida orange, and at the same time preserve the hardness of the Chinese mother tree. One plant with these characteristics would be worth more than a bonanza gold mine. It would serve as the parent stock for thousands of plants which would be grown throughout the Gulf States, revolutionizing the agricultural industries there, and yielding millions of dollars to the growers.

Experiments with this end in view began several years ago. At the present time the department has about three hundred hybrid seedlings. It is expected that some of these will bear their first fruit this fall, though the majority of them will not bear much before next year.

The 300 hybrid seedlings which Prof. Weber has secured represent a deal of patient labor. To cross varieties which are closely related is a comparatively simple matter; but the Chinese orange and the Florida variety have been so long separated, and have been subjected to such different environments, that they have almost forgotten that they belong to the same genus, and they do not take kindly to each other. Consequently not more than one blossom out of a hundred fertilized with the foreign pollen bears fruit; and then not more than seven out of fifteen seeds in that fruit will germinate and produce a plant.

The paper bags are used to protect the flower which has been fertilized with the pollen of the sweet orange. The first step in the operation of cross-fertilization is the removal of the pollen-bearing or male element from the blossom. This is done with small scissors and pincers. The petals are also removed, leaving the stigma exposed. This is all done before the blossoms are fully opened; for by that time there is danger that bees or other insects might have carried the pollen from some open blossom and deposited it on the stigma. When the male organs have been completely removed pollen is gathered from the blossoms of the trees in the government greenhouses and shaken lightly upon the prepared flower. Then the bag is tied tightly in place to make sure that no pollen from the same tree becomes mingled with that already used. After the fruit has had time to begin forming the bags are removed and the twig is marked with a tag giving the name of the other parent.

As soon as the seedlings bud they are sent to different parts of the country, to be grafted on plants which have already been started. Thus it is soon discovered whether the plant is sufficiently hardy, and the only remaining question is as to the quality of the fruit.

MATERIALISM.

I have no soul, they find,
And brain's the whole of mind.

The body thinks and feels—
A thing of links and wheels.

A mill, it grinds as grists
Whatever it finds or lists.

No miller there, but mill—
Machinery rare—with will!

What handy folk they've planned
Grist mills that work unmanned!

J. S. WALLACE, Chaplain, U.S.N.

China, in spite of its seeming contrition, does not neglect any chance for an underhanded slap. A large consignment of Fourth of July goods has reached New York from Shanghai.—[Washington Star.]

The Old Missions of Southern California



San Luis Rey

Capistrano



Santa Barbara



San Luis Rey

Picturesque Relics of a Departed Civilization.



San Fernando



San Diego



San Antonio De Padua



San Luis Rey

A FOURTH AT LITTLE HORN.

By a Special Contributor.

DAY was breaking. In the valley of the Little Horn. Far up a westward glen two horsemen rode side by side. Their heavy spurs jingled accompaniment to the steady jog, jog, of the tough ponies following the trail which led to the Little Horn reservation. Sturdy, robust, good-natured fellows and considered two of the best cow-punchers on the big King Crescent ranch, were Scott Shepard and Jim Watson. At 3 o'clock this morning of the Fourth of July, they had left the ranch for the Little Horn reservation, intending to celebrate the Fourth at the annual feast and sun-dance of a tribe of Crow Indians. This sun-dance is one of the exciting features of Indian life in the Northwest and was formerly consecrated to the worship of the sun. To the degenerate Indians of today, however, it is of hardly any significance, simply an amusement to vary the monotony of their every-day life. The settlers and cowboys have found the celebration amusing and, to increase their own pleasure, have introduced certain features, such as faro and monte, usually ending the festivities with a white man's dance in the evening.

When Shepard and Watson rode into the reservation, preparations for the day were commencing. Whites and Indians from all parts of the neighboring country were riding in on ponies and mules, or in heavy, cumbersome lumber wagons. The couple from King Crescent dismounted at the general store, as the gang from the Big Diamond ranch loped in from a southern trail. Near them, his horse on the run, rode trusty "Shorty" Ladd, whose reputation as a bronco-buster was known the country round. Farther down the road was Budd McGuire and his family, seven in all, crowded into a jolly, single-seated cart. There, too, was Louie Jim, who hailed from the Lower Fork, and was registered as a civil Indian. Louie Jim rode beside a clumsy farm wagon, in the bottom of which sat a shy, soft-eyed Indian girl, whose graceful bearing merited more than passing notice. Her pretty face lighted with an impatient pleasure as she peered from beneath her black-fringed shawl from time to time, watching Louie Jim admiringly when he dashed from her side, spurring his pony on to jump ditch or brush pile that he might show his skill in horsemanship. Louie Jim, as he rode, flashed eyes that spoke love to her, and thought of the time when he would make Clear Eyes his wife. That time would soon come, he reasoned. For many months he had prospered; even the agent at the reservation praised his thrift, and the money he would win at the day's sports would speed the happy pair. Louie Jim had already selected the spot for their home. It was by a clear, cool spring, close to some willows, and near to good pasturage, where his cattle might graze. By this quiet spring he had first dared to pour love words into the willing ears of the winning Indian maiden, that afternoon when he had come silently upon her leaning over the clear water, shyly humming sweet love-chants to her own smiling face, reflected on the smooth surface. From that day Louie Jim had loved with all his soul.

On this Fourth of July a merry, reckless crowd had gathered about the general store. Presently all started for the race track, a cleared strip of level road some distance away. Shepard and Watson were loping toward the grounds when Louie Jim rode by. The latter glanced carelessly back over his shoulder until his eyes happened to rest on Shepard. For an instant a dark, fendish look of intense hatred transformed the swarthy, shining face, then Louie Jim reined his horse and loped moodily back to Clear Eyes's side.

The excitement attendant upon betting and racing had begun. Any Indian might enter his pony. Several animals and riders were lined up waiting for the start. The betting ran high, for good horseflesh was entered. Yonder stood a little calico, sound as a rock, head up, nostrils quivering, limbs tense. He had run before. Next with a pigmy of an Indian "up," was a lithe sorrel. Restive he stood; his first race. By his side fretted a nervous buckskin mare, in fine form, the picture of trimness. Then came a trembling, mettlesome black, and beside him a plump gray. These, with others, stood ready. The betting went on. Money, blankets, knives, saddles, horses and trinkets were staked. A half hour passed, then crack went the rifle; the signal for the start. The horses were off. Down the rude course they clattered, leaving a dusty cloud. The crowd cheered loudly. Clear Eyes and the other Indian girls clapped their hands, their low, guttural laughter intermingling with the shouts of the men. Another race was run and another. So on and on it went for a couple of hours.

When that sport was finished, many adjourned to a neighboring cottonwood grove in the midst of which a space had been cleared. Hee the dance, the event of the day, was to take place. A hundred warriors, stripped of all clothing, stood near the inclosure. Bedecked with feathers, beads, bells and gaudy paints, they hopped into the circular space. A steady, monotonous tum-tum was thumbed on skin war-drums, while aged Indians droned weird cadences. These noises were increased by wild yells from a younger set. The warriors danced with fierce eagerness. Round, round, round they ran in endless circle, each dancer striving to excel in endurance. For one, two, three hours under the parching sun they moved. As soon as one was overcome—and it was not uncommon for the participants to die from exposure in the burning July heat—his place was taken by another. Thus the dance continued.

Some distance from this scene a feast was in progress. Savory rounds of meat hung suspended from improvised cranes above fires. In small rock ovens over hot coals, black bread baked, and at the edge of the fire were large jars filled with coffee. Visiting this feast during the afternoon, Shepard made a "swap" with a cowboy from the Big Diamond ranch, trading a buck-

skin lariat for a knife, a shining weapon with a long, sharp blade. His own hung pointless in a case near the revolver at his belt; he had broken the point a day or so before at King Crescent. His belt being already filled, Shepard carelessly slipped his new possession into an empty sheath that swung loosely at his friend Watson's hip. After the two men had tired of seeing the savages gormandize, they left the feast and spent the early evening hours watching the faro, monte and shell games and chatting with the ranchmen.

Nine o'clock was now at hand. Near the corner of a rude booth, in which a rough floor had been built, a fiddler in buckskin sat beside a young half-breed, who held a guitar. Soon a lively jig was struck up. Groups of men about the little fires near by stopped their card playing and began to gather about the platform. Presently a small Irishman from the Buckstone region attempted a clog, while the delighted spectators looked on in wide-eyed admiration. Then, as the fiddler scraped a see-saw polka, Shepard dragged "Shorty" Ladd to the middle of the floor and, placing his arm around the doughty fellow's waist, together they took several turns over the splintered planks. The rough boards creaking and rattling, the heavy revolvers flapping against the leathery hips, together with the screechy music, furnished a novel accompaniment for dancing. When they had finished, another couple took a turn or two. But this was not allowed to go on, for the ladies were coming. Ah! the ladies. Wrapped in their protecting shawls, Clear Eyes and other sleek Indian maidens and vain half-breed girls, mounted the platform, shyly taking seats about the edge of the booth. The music started a shrill waltz. The self-appointed floor manager shouted in hearty voice: "B'lect yer partners boys; don't waste the fiddlin'."

A moment of awkward hesitancy, then each man whispered a word or more. The girl it may be replied blushing, as she reeled away in time to the music with sought the girl of his choice and, bending toward her, not, but slowly arose, her bronze face hiding the warm her burly cowboy partner. The expectant crowd felt the thrill. Pulse of dancers seemed transferred to spectators and caused restive feet to beat measured time. The quick music, the cool, exhilarating evening air, the constant cooing laughter of the girls, the boisterous crowd shouting, "Swing her full like, don't be scared; put yer arm clear round," and other similar banter, were all conducive to a reckless joy. Thus the dance went on.

Meanwhile how had Louie Jim used his time. Early that morning his ill-luck had begun. He had bet heavily on the calico in the first race. He knew the pony well and was sure he would win, and so he would if that little fool of a rider had applied the quirt at the right time. Louie Jim had lost his own pony and had heard the clinking of his money, as it had passed into the hands of another. This he had borne silently as became an Indian. But he was nettled, and to add to his further chagrin, Clear Eyes, to whom he had previously boasted of his knowledge of the pony, had twitted him about his judgment of ponies and he had taken offense. Then when he happened to lose on the next race, she had playfully taunted him the more. The result was a lovers' quarrel, and he quitted the racing sport unhappy. After gorging himself at the feast, he went to the monte table, where the same ill-luck followed. As the evening approached, his good humor departed. Leaving the table, he wandered aimlessly until he came near to a white man who was sliding colored shells about on a box in a dexterous, delusive manner. Louie Jim halted and the man with a wily twinkle called him. The young Indian drew nearer and showed interest as the man explained. He watched the pellet as it was placed under the shell and watched the rapid passings of the operator as his hands moved deftly over the table. The thing looked simple enough. Louie Jim could tell every time under which shell the pellet lay. Here at last he thought was a chance to win back some of his money. Then the white man treated him to some cheap, strong whisky, and Louie Jim decided to try his luck. His last dollar was broken, but a deal was soon made. He staked his revolver with his few remaining silver coins, so sure was he of winning. The white man made the alide and waited. The Indian pointed to the larger shell. Yes, he had reasoned correctly; a bright yellow coin was his. He snatched it eagerly; now his luck had indeed turned. The man next threw down a larger piece of money. Louie Jim might have that, too, if he would put up the newly won coin with his pistol. He tried again. A smaller shell had it this time; he had seen the pellet placed there and it could never have been moved from its place, for he had watched closely. The operator ceased his motions and looked up askance. Louie Jim indicated his choice. The shell was lifted. White-faced cheat! But the tricky gambler, seeing that there was nothing more to be won from his victim, quickly swept in his winnings and busied himself looking over the revolver. The Indian was furious and the liquor fed his anger. He turned in the direction of the dance booth.

When the dance had commenced, Watson, caring only to watch the fun, had settled himself comfortably against a corner post of the booth and, later, tiring of the proceedings, had sauntered over to Dalley's store. Shepard, on the other hand, had been one of the most lively of the dancers, and had just finished a rollicking polka, when the "Whirl-Around," a popular six-couple dance was announced. The music started a rapid, choppy movement and three couples took their places on the floor; another, then another. One more couple was needed to complete the set. The music sounded louder and faster. Shepard saw Clear Eyes. Remembering her as a girl, graceful, agile and just fitted for the "Whirl," he hastened over to her side. The next moment they were cavorting about the floor with the rest.

At this time, sullen Louie Jim slouched from the shell game to the edge of the booth. Quickly he discovered his Clear Eyes. There she was, whirling around in a white man's arms and plainly she was happy. All the events of the day surged through his mind. His anger rose to white heat. What could Clear Eyes see in the white man's dance, anyway, he wondered. How quickly she had learned the steps. Only last year she had tried for the first time and with that same cow-puncher.

Yes, he remembered well now; he had seen her in the morning. Louie Jim's brain had been burned, his temples throbbing. He had seen her in the paleface dancer last year for his improvement would do it now. He reached for his revolver, but he reminded how he had lost it. Then he saw the knife. Mounting the platform, he crept cautiously toward Shepard and Clear Eyes. In the flickering shadow of a cottonwood he stealthily drew his knife. The liquor had made him a trifle and for a moment he stood there at that time Clear Eyes, in the course of the dance suddenly between her lover, Louie Jim, and Shepard. An instant and Shepard saw the gleaming knife over the girl's round shoulder, aimed at his heart. In a twinkling he threw the girl, grappled the descending wrist, forcing her just as it grazed his breast. Then the two were more equal. Shepard's strength had a chance, a scuffle which followed, by an adroit movement drew his own knife. A strong, swift drive of the Indian fell bleeding to the floor.

The incident was over almost before the crowd knew what had happened. The music had stopped in confusion. Some Indians drew sullenly toward the white men, true to western instinct, others around Shepard. If there was to be a row, stand together. Then some bethought them to look at the fallen Indian. A knot of men gathered around him, examining the cut. An old Indian, feeling the pulse and muttering unintelligibly, partially raised the limp figure. Then Louie Jim, gazed feebly, gasped and slowly opened his eyes. A cowboy mumbled: "He ain't much blooded, ain't hurt much, nuther. Knife must get into a bone; more's the pity."

Next they dragged the wounded one from the scene. The groups separated and the fiddling began. The other dance. Shepard, after looking in vain for the doctor, started to see if the latter's pony was with Dalley's corral. Finding both animals, he went to the store and, coming upon Watson under the Big Diamond foreman under the lantern light on the front porch, he related what had happened and the heavy fall on the head had doubled the Indian.

When he had finished his story, Watson said: "Strange that new knife of yours didn't get into the drive you say you gave it. The fellow's keen; let's see it."

Shepard pulled the knife from the sheath. A flick of coagulated blood was on the flat end and was pointless.

"Not this one," said Watson, looking at the one you swapped for."

Then like a flash, Shepard understood what was going around toward the case at Watson's. The bright knife of his day's "swap" came to light.

"The devil," uttered Watson. "How'd he do it? And Shepard explained.

"Well," replied the other, "if that didn't do its proper place, that Indian girl would have one lover now. But come man, this won't do past midnight and we must clinch up if we reach King Crescent in time for chores."

ARTHUR MACDONALD.

THE FAITH OF THE CHILD AND THE ADULT.

I.
Little one, my little one,
When first you walked alone,
With eager trust you kept your hand
Held out to grasp my own—
Toward me was bent each step you took
And by your anxious, pleading look
Your faith was sweetly shown.

II.
Little one, my little one,
Since you are larger grown,
Forgetting to depend on me,
You run about alone—
Yet when your little troubles rise
Ah, you return with tearful eyes
And my protection own.

III.
Little one, my little one,
In weakness I am prone
To crave His guidance, to depend
Upon His love alone—
But when my step grows firm I let
My faith lie sleeping and forget
All glory save my own.

IV.
Little one, my little one,
Your childish ways have shown
That I am weak, that I am still
A child, though larger grown;
In woe I boldly cope with men,
In woe I turn to him again,
Afraid to walk alone.

[S. E. Kiser in Chicago Record.]

PORTRAITS OF THE KING AT WESTMINSTER.
[London Chronicle.] Mr. Fildes, R. A., has a sitting almost immediately from the portrait he is to paint. About thirty years of the replicas likely to be required for the and for the government houses of the colonies that Mr. Fildes himself can paint these is almost maddening in its monotony. Mr. Fildes, however, superintend the production of the "passing" them. The position of Mr. Fildes is one that is apparently a one, for much pressure in favor of this candidate has made itself felt at court.

THE MAGIC ISLAND.

A FEW LEAVES FROM THE HISTORY OF SANTA CATALINA.

By a Special Contributor.

WAY back in the sixteenth century, when Spain was at her zenith, and was one of the leading powers, her ships were penetrating to the uttermost parts of the earth, and her flag was being raised by adventurous explorers wherever land could be found. In the fall of 1512, Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo came this way and discovered Santa Catalina. It was claimed for Spain, as had been a large part of the continent of North America previously. Cabrillo named the island San Salvador, after one of his ships. The explorers spent several months cruising about in this vicinity, and in the meantime Cabrillo was taken ill, and died on one of the islands.

At this time the island was thickly populated by Indians, who were described by the historian of the expedition as a fine-looking race, very friendly, and of a higher order than those of the mainland. There were native villages at the mouth of nearly every cañon, and when the ships came to anchor in what is now almost certainly Avalon Bay, the natives rushed out shouting and dancing, and some of them put off in a large canoe, and, throwing down their bows and arrows, as an earnest of their peaceable intentions, by signs invited the Spaniards to land.

Sixty years later the island is again heard of, this time through the expedition conducted by Sebastian Vizcaino, who, about the first of December, 1602, came to anchor, in all probability, in the harbor of Avalon. Vizcaino, however, ignored the name of San Salvador, which Cabrillo had bestowed upon the island, and called it Santa Catalina. The historian of Vizcaino's expedition was Father Torquemada, and, according to his account, this expedition was also well received by the natives. He also says the people of the island were fine looking, and were dressed in well-cured skins, and had large dwellings and rancherias. The men were expert fishermen, and they were possessed of large canoes which held twenty men. The historian also describes a temple, a large circular place, gayly decorated with feathers, in the center of which was an idol, bearing upon its sides representations of the sun and moon. To this idol the natives sacrificed birds, but the ravens were held as sacred, and were so tame that they would snatch fish from the hands of the women, who, from superstitious fear, dared not retaliate on them.

But little is heard of Santa Catalina after Vizcaino's visit, until after the American occupation, although it is known that for more than a hundred years after that time the island was inhabited. The general supposition is that the Franciscan fathers of the mainland missions were responsible for the desertion of Santa

Catalina by the large population found here in 1602. The mission fathers were great proselytes, and it seems to have been their object to gather together at their missions the entire population of the country. Santa Catalina presents a rare field for study to the archeologist and ethnologist. Who and what were the early inhabitants and from where did they come is an absorbing question. Previous to the time of Cabrillo they were comparable to the sagaves of the stone age. They seem not to have known the use of any metal. Their implements were all of stone, bone, wood or shell, and in these relics is found proof of the statements made by the historians of the early days, that they were of a superior order, as the skill shown in the manufacture and modeling of their weapons, pipes, staves, mortars, abalone-shell jewelry, and fish-hooks, and their attempts at mosaics, show them to have been of high rank among savages.

At two points on the island the Indians have left a slight clue, perhaps, to their identity, in the form of writing or hieroglyphs. At Empire, where was per-



ENTRANCE TO CAVE.

haps one of the most populous of their settlements, and where is located the quarries of serpentine stone, from which most of their mortars were made, are two slabs, or flat rocks, with markings cut upon them. The other point at which writings have been found is in the interior of the island, about a mile and a half from Eagle's Nest, where D. A. Baughman, the island guide, one day in roaming about came upon a cave high up on a precipitous hillside, where he found numerous evidences of its occupancy by the Indians. Many relics of different kinds were scattered about, and glancing at the face of rock overhanging the cave he discovered a lot of markings in red, yellow and black colorings,

some undecipherable from the ravages of time, and others indistinct, while some, less exposed to the action of the elements, remain remarkably distinct. Santa Catalina having been deserted by its original owners, it may be of interest to know who were some of its more recent owners. The Spanish government, as a reward for gallant services, granted the island to Gen. Juan Ramirez. The chaos of mountain-tops and cañons evidently did not strike Gen. Ramirez as being a particularly munificent gift, for history relates that he traded the island off for a California broncho. It was in 1844 that he found a market for his 55,000 acres of real estate, which he traded to Don Nicolas Covarrubias of Santa Barbara (father of Nick Covarrubias, late United States Marshal for the southern district of California, for many years a resident of Los An-

gles.) receiving in exchange a horse, a silver-mounted saddle and bridle. About 1852, Covarrubias sold the island to a lawyer of Santa Barbara, named Packard, the consideration being \$10,000. The great increase in the commercial value of the island came from the knowledge that sheep would thrive on the island, with no care, practically, beyond the shearing.

The next purchaser was James Lick of San Francisco, the old pioneer whose will provided for the erection of the largest telescope in the world. At Lick's death the estate was sold to George Shatto of Los Angeles, in 1887, at the culmination of the boom, the consideration being \$200,000. Two years later Shatto consummated a sale with an English syndicate for \$400,000. The syndicate's basis of value was the mines of the island, which they believed to be exceedingly rich. They made a payment of \$86,000, and before the next payment was due they had become dissatisfied with the prospects of finding any rich mines, and defaulted in their future payments.

In 1891, the Banning company acquired title to the "Magic Isle," with the idea of making it the resort of the Pacific Coast; with what measure of success the public are the judges. They are not telling just what they paid, but the sum is said to have been in the neighborhood of \$150,000. The goats on Santa Catalina, says Capt. Frank Whitley, according to the best information, were placed here about one hundred and fifty years ago, by Capt. Deneman, of the ship Latonia, a whaling vessel, owned in London, Eng., a male and female being liberated here on the occasion of a visit to the island.

Sheep were first placed on the island, according to the same authority, in 1855, when five parties brought on small flocks. There were three brothers named Johnson who took possession of the east end, with a flock of twenty; Michael White located at White's Landing with thirty; Thomas Whitley, father of Capt. Frank Whitley, selected the isle as his headquarters, having 200 head, and John Behn, father-in-law of Henry W. Stoll of Los Angeles, with 400 head, took possession of the west end.

There are now estimated to be 20,000 sheep on the island and 5000 goats. S. J. MATHES.

THE SULTAN'S WORKSHOPS.

WHERE HIS COSTLY PRESENTS FOR FOREIGN PRINCES ARE MADE.

[London Globe:] During my last visit to Constantinople I had the opportunity of making a close study of the Sultan's workshops. They are situated on the right hand of the entrance to the Yildiz Kiosk, and consist of a mechanical workshop with a foundry, joiner's shop, wood carving and carpentry shops, and designing and modeling room, which give employment to from fifty to sixty workmen. The work turned out in these workshops is exclusively for the Imperial Palace, and in them are made the costly presents which the Sultan is so fond of sending to foreign princes. It is said that "the Ruler of the Faithful" often lends a hand in some special piece of work, but that is not quite true; the most that the Sultan does is to improve a design which has been made according to suggestions, and laid before him by the director of the workshops. The latter is no less a person than the general of a division, and he presents a very imposing figure with his face full of energy and his long white beard. With a kindly smile from his blue eyes his excellency received me with great courtesy and personally conducted me in my walk through the workshops. His thoroughly friendly reception, his blue eyes, and especially his absolutely perfect French accent made me doubt his nationality in spite of his Turkish name; however, I ventured to pay him a discreet compliment upon his perfect French, and the Pacha confessed to me with a smile that he was not a Turk but a Belgian. He told me that he had been a captain in the Belgian army, and that shortly before the outbreak of the Russo-Turkish war he had left the Belgian service and entered that of Turkey. He made rapid advance in his new home, distinguished himself in several battles, and finally was appointed a general of division and director of the Sultan's workshops. Highly esteemed by the Sultan on account of his services to Turkey, the Pacha is looked on askance by his former countrymen, for they cannot forgive him for having embraced the Mahometan faith with all the fervor of a convert.

I could scarcely restrain my surprise when my guide drew attention to the various workmen engaged in the Imperial workshops, for they turned out to be, in many cases, higher officers of the Turkish army on active service. Here was a colonel of infantry energetically planing a window frame for one of the rooms in the harem. At a little distance was a riding master busily occupied with a piece of raw iron on a turning bench, while in the smithy a commander of a detachment was working away and turning out iron stakes for use in the park. The other workmen are, for the most part, soldiers. The Turkish workman is uncommonly clever, and is especially conspicuous by the astonishing readiness with which he displays in imitating strange work. Thus, I was shown an imitation of a German orchestration, and the original could scarcely be distinguished from the copy. In the goldsmith's art the Turks are extremely adroit, and most of the Turkish orders are made in the Sultan's workshops. The objects destined to be sent to foreign potentates are generally cabinet work. Such pieces of furniture, which are often the work of many years, are inlaid most artistically with ivory, mother-of-pearl, ebony and precious metals, and they are thus of great value. In addition to these workshops the Sultan possesses a porcelain manufactory, which is managed by a French expert, and turns out very sterling examples of the potter's art.

"BOBS" AGAINST UNIFORM.

[London Express:] A first instalment of reform is promised at the War Office of Lord Roberts.

The new commander-in-chief will insist on the more general use of uniform by officers. The example will be set by himself and the members of the headquarters staff in Pall Mall.

Hitherto it has been the custom for all the great military officials to carry on their business in plain clothes.

How or when the practice originated cannot be positively stated. It certainly existed in the days of the Duke of Wellington, who never wore uniform except on State occasions.

The Duke of Cambridge made no change, and Lord Wolseley, who was anxious to do so, met with many obstacles. From the first, however, he insisted that all officers attending his levées should wear full uniform.

Now Lord Roberts means to carry this principle further, and will direct all officers who appear at the War Office, whether on duty to see him or formally report themselves, shall be in the proper uniform of their rank and regiment.

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AVALON SPORTS.

Catalina by the large population found here in 1602. The mission fathers were great proselytes, and it seems to have been their object to gather together at their missions the entire population of the country.

Santa Catalina presents a rare field for study to the archeologist and ethnologist. Who and what were the early inhabitants and from where did they come is an absorbing question. Previous to the time of Cabrillo they were comparable to the sagaves of the stone age. They seem not to have known the use of any metal. Their implements were all of stone, bone, wood or shell, and in these relics is found proof of the statements made by the historians of the early days, that they were of a superior order, as the skill shown in the manufacture and modeling of their weapons, pipes, staves, mortars, abalone-shell jewelry, and fish-hooks, and their attempts at mosaics, show them to have been of high rank among savages.

At two points on the island the Indians have left a slight clue, perhaps, to their identity, in the form of writing or hieroglyphs. At Empire, where was per-

haps one of the most populous of their settlements, and where is located the quarries of serpentine stone, from which most of their mortars were made, are two slabs, or flat rocks, with markings cut upon them. The other point at which writings have been found is in the interior of the island, about a mile and a half from Eagle's Nest, where D. A. Baughman, the island guide, one day in roaming about came upon a cave high up on a precipitous hillside, where he found numerous evidences of its occupancy by the Indians. Many relics of different kinds were scattered about, and glancing at the face of rock overhanging the cave he discovered a lot of markings in red, yellow and black colorings,

some undecipherable from the ravages of time, and others indistinct, while some, less exposed to the action of the elements, remain remarkably distinct. Santa Catalina having been deserted by its original owners, it may be of interest to know who were some of its more recent owners. The Spanish government, as a reward for gallant services, granted the island to Gen. Juan Ramirez. The chaos of mountain-tops and cañons evidently did not strike Gen. Ramirez as being a particularly munificent gift, for history relates that he traded the island off for a California broncho. It was in 1844 that he found a market for his 55,000 acres of real estate, which he traded to Don Nicolas Covarrubias of Santa Barbara (father of Nick Covarrubias, late United States Marshal for the southern district of California, for many years a resident of Los An-

gles.) receiving in exchange a horse, a silver-mounted saddle and bridle. About 1852, Covarrubias sold the island to a lawyer of Santa Barbara, named Packard, the consideration being \$10,000. The great increase in the commercial value of the island came from the knowledge that sheep would thrive on the island, with no care, practically, beyond the shearing. The next purchaser was James Lick of San Francisco, the old pioneer whose will provided for the erection of the largest telescope in the world. At Lick's death the estate was sold to George Shatto of Los Angeles, in 1887, at the culmination of the boom, the consideration being \$200,000. Two years later Shatto consummated a sale with an English syndicate for \$400,000. The syndicate's basis of value was the mines of the island, which they believed to be exceedingly rich. They made a payment of \$86,000, and before the next payment was due they had become dissatisfied with the prospects of finding any rich mines, and defaulted in their future payments.

In 1891, the Banning company acquired title to the



THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL.

By Kate Greenleaf Locke.

To Improve Two Pasadena Rooms.

MRS. G., PASADENA, has a parlor and dining-room which she wishes to improve. The parlor paper is green, she has Irish point curtains for windows, an oak table and oak and mahogany rockers, a rope stool, and one oil painting with a gold frame. She wishes to buy a Brussels rug and Morris chair, and would like suggestions for other furniture. She has terra cotta paper on her dining-room walls and does not know what color to use in rug and couch cover. One large arm chair upholstered in Oriental-looking stuff and two smaller chairs in the same general design would take the commonplace look out of this parlor. As you have both oak and mahogany already I would buy the new pieces in mahogany finish, as the oak never looks as rich as dark wood in a parlor. I mean, of course, to except the oak of Belgian or Austrian finish. The divans of rattan are usually so stiff and uninviting in appearance that even the addition of handsome pillows fails to correct this. I believe I would not recommend one here. Your Morris chair should be covered with some rich, softly-toned stuff, preferably green. I cannot understand why this comfortable, and rather artistic style of chair, should nearly always be sent out from the factories handicapped with the most awful and impossible upholstery. However, it is always possible to obtain them uncovered and you can select your own stuff. Would not a Brussels rug of green and white with plain green border look well in here? In your

through flowered paper of a soft plain pink on the walls and ceiling down to the picture mold. Get paper handsomely flowered with pink roses on a white ground. These should not be more than medium large, as your room is only 12x12. Buy two chairs in pretty graceful shape, dark-wood finish, with seats upholstered in old-rose brocade, and a footstool covered with same. I am not beguiling you to extravagance in this, for I have just seen the most beautiful old-pink brocade, 50 inches wide, for \$2.50. Two small chair seats would be a very small item of this material. This is at one of our leading furniture stores. Bind a square of this brocade with gold galloon and use on a small table, then set a tall crystal or cut-glass vase holding long-stemmed La France roses on this table, and your pink scheme will be complete. Let the tiling of your fireplace be ivory white, by all means. Unless you use the palest yellow, which is almost white, it would not work in well with your flowered walls. Heavy curtains of a cold shade of green in velour (double-faced, \$1.75 a yard, 50 inches wide) in the doorway leading to the dining-room. This rather neutral shade of green will go well with your pink walls, and dark green in the dining-room. An effective way to arrange Delft plates is in a row on open shelves of the cupboard. This can be safely done by tacking a little strip of wood in front of them. A slender bamboo rod also serves well here.

Tiling for Fireplace.

I wish very much that I could persuade my readers to select the tiling for their fireplaces according to certain rules. While rules covering the entire ground cannot, of course, be given, there are certain facts which cannot, artistically speaking, be ignored. I will make a few suggestions which will, I think, be helpful to those who are building and are perhaps bewildered by the possibilities, for good or bad effects which have not yet taken form in their houses. When a bad possibility has

the effect I fear would be rather gloomy, white black will brighten and give style to the whole.

M. A., Los Angeles, writes: "Your answer to my question in the Times of the 9th inst. was most helpful with much pleasure and your ideas and suggestions exactly. We did not quite understand, however, in regard to the curtains for the square bay in the dining-room. Did you mean to use the curtains of raw silk between the window and the curtains of d'aprit or as a drape above? There was another point about which we wished to ask you but forgot in the first letter. In the dining-room there is a closet, opposite the grate is the double doorway into the sitting-room. The china closet has drawers below and the glass doors above. The work around this closet is redwood like the door in the room, of course, and, unfortunately, the doors has been stained red. Would you kindly suggest some suggestions regarding it?"

I wish you to hang your curtains of yellow over those of point d'esprit, letting them be caught with the net ones or hang in straight scarves to decide look best. This arrangement brings the window over the shade, and the yellow curtains within the room. In your china closet difficulty affix two little brass rods at the top and bottom and drape thin silk on them so as to obscure the glass entirely.

Another Yellow Bed-room.

F. H. S., Santa Ana, writes: "My room is 12x12. There are two windows, one an ordinary window, the other is six feet from the floor and is four feet wide. This is a bedroom and the only thing I have is plain white matting and a white bed. I have a curtain with a border and scallop. Would this be one of the windows? The color I prefer for the room is yellow, because it adjoins my parlor and is low and golden brown. I have two tapestry sofas and two sofa pillows to match. The ground of these is low; would they look well in this room? What of a dresser would you use? If you will give me ideas and suggestions as to curtains, bedspread and anything else that would add to this room they will be gladly received."

I saw recently in a Los Angeles furniture store muslin curtains ruffled; just inside the ruffle under down the fronts, and across the bottom ran a band of yellow roses. I was much struck with the curtains and thought how beautiful they would be in yellow silk sash curtains under them, in a yellow room. I give you this idea and hope you will be very partial to those low, quaint little dressers which have one drawer and a swinging white one, with white chair to sit in when the hair, adds much to the pretty effect of a room. A white chiffonier is, of course, a necessity for dressing stands, as they have neither shelves nor drawers. Your rugs and cushions would be most useful here. Of your high window you need only use low silk. I think you could make a beautiful muslin spread for your white bed, by buying the curtains with yellow border and making them a spread with border on three sides.

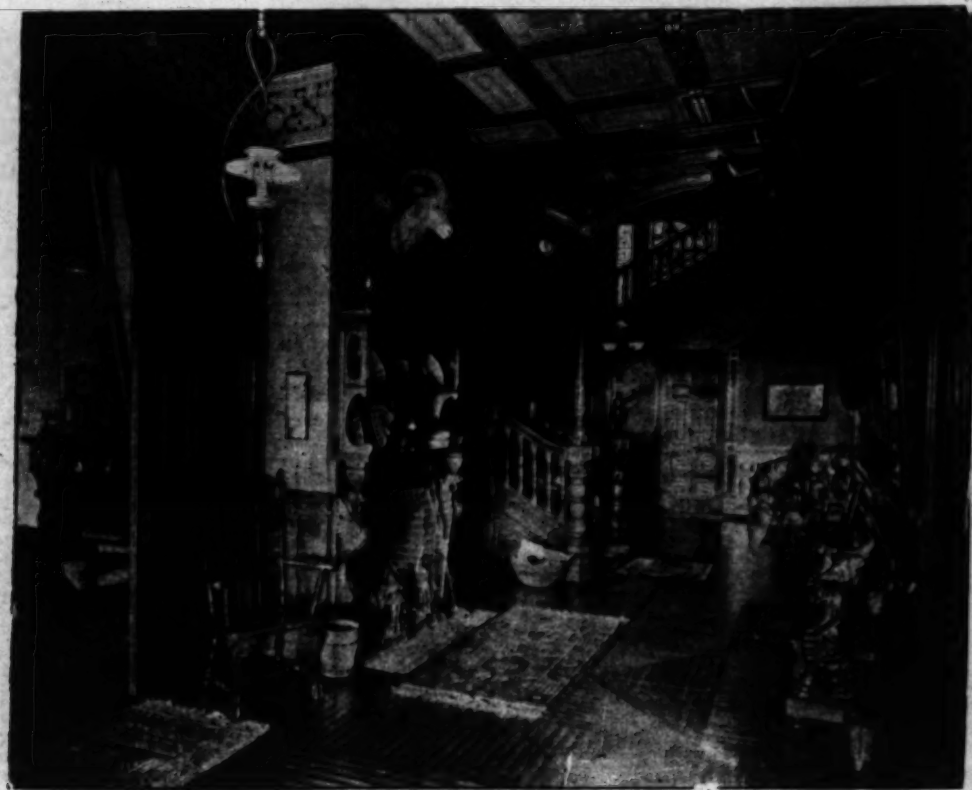
One Hundred Dollars to Spend.

M. L., El Cajon, San Diego county, says: "I much appreciate your valuable assistance in furnishing of a living-room of fair size, two windows, two doors. I have \$100 to spend. I wish to make a homelike and comfortable as possible. Would please give me a general idea to go by. I would like predominating color to be red, with colors mingled. What colors would be best for ceiling, woodwork, rugs and window curtains? Tell me what articles of furniture to get for the room and what kind of wood. I thought of covering floor with matting and putting up a shelf, in the mantel. How shall I drape it? Also, what color shall I use in dining-room and hall to harmonize this room, as they both lead off of it?"

A rich shade of crimson paper on your walls, a café-au-lait ceiling, and black woodwork, with hardware, will give you a setting which will reward making you a stunning room. Use white on the floor and small rugs (two, perhaps), of Brussels. Ingrain paper, which is not very expensive, can be found in a rich red. Velvet papers in red are also beautiful, but very high in price, and require much richer furnishing than you can afford here. Crimson burlaps, hung in straight swags over windows, with cream-colored muslin or net over will make cheap, yet artistic-looking window coverings. Cover your shelf smoothly with this burlap and a box-plaited ruffle, four or five inches deep, along the front and ends. Tack this on with large, heavy brass or old silver, putting a nail-head between two plaits. A wicker rocking-chair, with white-flowered cotton cushion, some simple dark wood, also cushioned and valanced with flowered cotton, and two plain chairs of dark wood furnish well. A couch, covered with the red stuff, and cushions mingled, of the plain white flowered, will add to the comfort and beauty of the hall would look well in golden tan, your room in a cold green or pastel blue, French gray, or any shade but violet.

The housekeeper of "The House Beautiful" will answer, possibly, all proper and clearly stated queries addressed to the care of The Times, from whatever source or locality. The writer has been a resident of California or not; and when the queries have been clearly understood on any particular point, the writer will be pleased to make necessary explanation. Answers are frequently, to be deferred for a week or more.

Just one year from the date of taking the census of 1900 its first completed volume appears. One of the vastness of the work this is commendable. The census report of 1890 was "a-bornin'."—[New York World.]



HALL IN A COUNTRY HOUSE.

terra cotta dining-room use rug of dark blue and dark-blue cover on the couch, or, a Bagdad curtain would look well thrown over the couch.

Green Walls for a Hall.

M. P. C., Los Angeles, writes: "Your articles I have read with great interest, they are so full of helpful hints to those who have slender and those who have full purses. My parlors are in tans and browns, the hall a narrow one and not very long. I have thought of tinting deep green, rather deeper than a medium shade. I have the silk for door-glass and transom, of green with reddish flowers; there is a white matting on the floor with a bright Brussels hall runner in greenish tan with red flowers. A small, and very bright bedroom opens from the hall and has the same Brussels carpet in here. The set is in the yellowish cherry, the water set is blue; also a few other smaller things. I would like to tint these walls light-blue but do not know how it will work with the green hall. Please tell me what I shall do."

I think your hall will look well with green walls, but I would have the ceiling down to the picture mold a deep cream or pale, creamy yellow; that is, if there is danger of its being too dark, if all is done in green. The light-blue in bedroom will open up well from the green.

Papering a Back Parlor.

Mrs. C. L. O., Los Angeles, writes to ask advice about papering her back parlor. It lies between a front parlor hung with paper in light, cool green, and a dining-room in dark green ingrain. The carpeting in both parlors is handsome dark-green moquette, with pink flower. She inclines to old-rose paper in the back parlor. I would use the old pink scheme, introducing it

once crystallized and embedded itself in one's house in the form of inharmonious color in the tiling which surrounds a fireplace, the ugly spot becomes an eyesore. This can always be avoided by using the small tiling in plain ivory white when a delicate and clean effect is desired. In a bedroom which has pink, green, yellow or pale blue walls with white paint the cream tiling always adds to the freshness and beauty of the room, while large, heavy-looking tiles in strong colors (sometimes even mottled or variegated to add to their horrors) would utterly spoil the room. In a dining-room with Delft blue coloring, plain blue, or blue and white Delft tiles carry out the suggestion effectively, and for a room with green walls and Flemish-oak woodwork these tiles in clear delicious greens can be made to look as if jade were embedded in the rich, dark framework of the Flemish-oak mantel. This is a jewel of a fireplace! Small cream-colored brick, unglazed, work up well in a room of light finish and are handsome enough to use with white enamel paint, is so desired. One of the richest mantels I have ever seen was finished with terra cotta tiles in dark, soft, red, six inches square. Each tile was apparently fastened in at each corner with a large wrought-iron nail head. The mantel was ebony finish and the fire irons, framing of fireplace, etc., of wrought-iron. A beautiful adjunct to this mantel was a pair of wrought-iron candle sticks which branched out from the wall on either side of the mirror on the chimney breast. The walls of this room were papered with ingrain paper in a soft shade of yellow tan.

Black Paint.

M. C., Glendora. When I advise painting the woodwork of a room black, I mean the doors as well as baseboard, picture mold, window-framing, etc. But do not forget that I always recommend the use of handsome brass hinges and knobs for brightening this treatment. With green wall you can use paint in a darker green, but

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Boy Took Ten Thousand Volts.

WALTER BUDDS, 9 years old, had a current from an electric cable carrying 10,000 volts of electricity pass through his body yesterday morning. That he was not killed was considered miraculous, but the physicians at the Hartford Hospital, where the boy is now suffering from the effects of the shock say that he will recover.

Young Budds started out with Johnnie Farrell and Willie Cosgrove, young chums of his, to see the circus parade. They went up to Main street near the Tunnel and after waiting for some time without the parade's coming in sight, they got uneasy. On Albany avenue, just above the Main street junction, the Hartford Electric Light Company has a terminal tub through which the cables that bring the electric current in from the Farmington River pass into the underground system of the company. One of the boys suggested that they climb upon the roof of the terminal tub to see if the parade was coming down Albany avenue. They made a run for the tub. A ladder stood in the rear of the tub, and the tub is built several feet above the surface of the ground. Young Budds was in advance of the others. He was the first to mount the ladder and as he climbed up the rounds he turned to the other boys and said that he could get to the top first. The parade was not in sight and that he might have a better view of the surroundings he reached from the top of the tub to one of the cables with the heavy voltage for the purpose of pulling himself on to the pole which carried the cables down through the tub.

In taking hold of the cable he instantly connected himself with the electric current. His feet were jerked from beneath him, his body became rigid and blue flames shot out from the cables underneath the boy's hands. Young Farrell, who was next to where the Budds boy stood grabbed his young friend, but the electric current was of such high tension that he was thrown down on the roof. There were several hundred people in the locality at the time. They saw the boy hanging from the cable and seemed to be unable to move. Policeman Vall, with others, was on the opposite corner. Mr. Vall's attention was called to the boy. He ran to the place and saw that he was suspended from the cable and that his feet were hanging over the edge of the tub. He picked up the ladder and with it broke the boy's contact with the cable and the boy fell on the roof of the tub. Several had gathered on the sidewalk about the tub. Mr. Vall climbed the ladder and handed the rigid body to those on the sidewalk. Everything indicated that the boy was dead.

One man who was in the crowd took off his overcoat and laid it on the sidewalk to protect the boy from dampness and several ran for a doctor. Dr. Tyler, who was in the locality in a uniform of the First Company, Governor's Foot Guard, with which he turned out in the afternoon, responded quickly and began to work upon the lad. He resorted to artificial respiration and after he had worked upon Walter about twenty minutes there was a slight evidence of breathing and the lad's mouth finally opened as the movement of the muscles was continued. What appeared to the crowd to have been a dead boy was brought back to life, and then the little fellow was taken to the Hartford Hospital in an unconscious condition. He was very weak on being received at the institution, but during the afternoon he gained more strength and had a long sleep. Both his hands were badly burned and the index finger of his left hand was burned off.—[Hartford Courant.]

Century-old Eggs from Li Hung Chang.

MOY KEE, the Chinese restaurateur and chop suey dispenser on East Washington street, received a royal gift yesterday in the shape of 100 eggs that had reached the remarkable age of 100 years. They were still good; in fact, according to the Chinese view, better than they were the day they were laid. They had been cured by some process known only to cooks in China, who cater to the mandarins and the higher classes exclusively.

The eggs came to Moy Kee from no less a personage than Li Hung Chang, and the inclosed card, a bit of queer paper half a foot long, expressed to Moy Kee the compliments of the Chinese Statesman and wished the son of the Flowery empire a long and happy sojourn through life.

The eggs were never cooked; they are still in the shell, the thin covering unbroken. Some hundred years ago they were laid away by some ancestor, who for this and other sundry acts of thoughtfulness, has a green grave and a worshipful posterity. They are food for the mandarins; therefore Li Hung Chang's preference for the dainties.

But they are equally good for anyone else. As Moy Kee argues, the age has given a flavor to the eggs that they could have attained in no other way. The eggs were doled out one by one to Moy Kee's friends until Mrs. Moy Kee put a stop to the indiscriminate liberality.—[Indianapolis Sentinel.]

He Does Fine Embroidery.

JOHNN KLUSER, an aged patient at the city hospital, has earned his livelihood for the last twenty years by doing fine embroidery work. He has been in the hospital for three weeks, and in this interval he has busied himself in designing and working out several elaborate embroideries. The corps of nurses, many of whom are skilled with embroidery, say that no woman could exceed his deftness with the colored silks.

Kluser is seventy-one years old and a native of Switzerland. His parents were poor and he grew up a laborer. But by great economy and self-abnegation he

saved money enough to begin his studies at a college in Geneva, Switzerland. While a student his thoughts turned to religion and he determined to become a priest. He entered a theological college, and after four years' work, was ready to be ordained.

At this stage in his career he was, he says, wrongly accused of having violated the rules which bind aspirants to the priesthood. He denied the charge, but the archbishop of his diocese refused to ordain him. He left his native land, came to the United States, and has since never communicated with friends or relatives in the Old Country.

While engrossed in his theological studies he became interested in the history of the monks of the Middle Ages, many of whom became painters, embroiderers of church vestments, or the illuminators of books. In imitation of these monks Kluser took up embroidery.

Immediately after leaving Europe, Kluser secured a position as instructor and for five years lived comfortably.

But the longing to do work in service of the church returned, and he moved from New York, where he was living in 1880, to Waukesha, Wis., where he obtained a position in the household of a priest and embroidered church vestments and church decorations. He moved thence to a town in Indiana, and thence, three years ago to St. Louis.—[St. Louis Republic.]

Living Under a Bush.

THE English census takers have made a remarkable discovery in Epping forest, where an old man has been living under a bush for nearly forty years, and has now for the first time been reckoned among the population of England.

A census taker said he could find somebody of whose existence England had never heard. On the strength of this invitation people accompanied him to the borders of the forest, where a wreath of smoke issuing from a holly bush gave the first indication of this modern Robin Hood's whereabouts. Under the bush was found a wizened old man, gnarled and crabbed as the bush itself.

A layer of leaves a foot deep formed the bed on which this wild man of the woods reposed. A few sticks placed upright formed the shell of his habitation, and the leaves of the holly bush served for the walls of his cave. The inhabitant was a taciturn old Irishman, whom even the offer of a whisky flask failed to thaw.—[Toronto Mail and Express.]

An Ingenious Camera for Birds.

AT A LECTURE on methods in bird photography Frank M. Chapman, assistant curator of the birds and mammals in the American Museum of Natural History, exhibited a most ingenious apparatus invented by two of his associates and himself. An artificial forked limb is connected with the camera in such a way that when a bird lights on the limb he instantly makes the exposure by pressure. In fact, the first exposure was made too quickly. This fault has been remedied by a system of weights, concealed in the limb, which gives the effect known to football as a "delayed pass," and the photography, perhaps, as a "deferred exposure." The only picture yet taken by the device is that of a bluebird with food in her mouth momentarily stopping on her way to her young. To the uninitiated the picture seems wonderfully good, but Dr. Chapman promises even better results.—[New York Correspondence Chicago Chronicle.]

A Kissing Fête.

THE ancient town of Hungerford, in England, is the scene of a curious fête each year on the first Tuesday after Easter. Under a primeval and time-honored arrangement the authorities exact a toll from every male and female inhabitant within certain boundaries—the masculine tax being two cents per head and the feminine levy—a kiss! Two burly bachelors carrying massive wands of office proceed from house to house levying these quaint taxes, and it is generally recognized that on the day in question any youth may with impunity embrace any maiden whom he encounters. The result is that a veritable carnival of osculation takes place yearly in Hungerford, and the business attracts various visitors to the quaint little town, many of whom participate, though not entitled to do so, in the delights of the day.

In the various Hungarian villages kissing fêtes are held from time to time, but a time limit is set for the bestowal of these amatory offerings, it being understood that promiscuous kissing is only to be indulged in between the hours of noon and 6 p.m. Lovers naturally flock in great crowds to these regular gatherings, being able, of course, to imprint salutes upon the lips of their fiancées to their hearts' content.

At a large fête held in Russia some years ago an edict went forth that kissing might be indulged in providing every youth who contemplated such practices wore a green feather in his cap. This was to be done to enable any girl who might not welcome strange embraces to take to flight on the approach of the would-be kissers. The fête attracted nearly 20,000 people, and was a huge success.—[Cincinnati Enquirer.]

Pictures That Anticipate History.

THE cleaning of the frescoes at Westminster has called attention to the fact that in the picture of the Pilgrim Fathers the good ship Mayflower is flying the union flag that first came into existence in 1800. This anachronism is not uncommon in naval pictures. In the collection of oil paintings of sea fights at the Royal United Service Institution there are many pictures of battles fought before 1800 in which the British ships fly

the union flag of today. The explanation of this anticipation of history is that some years ago, when the older pictures were cleaned and restored, the restorer "corrected" the flags by painting in St. Patrick's red cross over the white St. Andrew's cross of Scotland. The only picture which escaped this bringing up to date is that of the sinking of the Royal George, in which one sees the correct flag of the time flying.—[London Chronicle.]

Chased Down Stairs by a Safe.

HARRY MOORE ran a race with a big iron safe down a flight of stairs at Marietta, and he won the race. That is the reason he is alive, and well, barring a few bruises, today.

Moore lives in Williamstown, across from Marietta, but works for the Marietta Transfer Company. Yesterday he was at work with a gang of men drawing a heavy iron safe up a flight of stairs. Two horses were drawing the ropes that moved the big safe up the tracks, and Moore was below it, on the stairs, guiding it. Suddenly one of the ropes snapped and broke in two.

With remarkable presence of mind, he plunged down the stairs, pursued by the great bulk of iron that would have crushed him to death had it overtaken him.

He made the harrowing descent ahead of it, and got away alive. It struck against him and crowded him down, but, fortunately, he was not caught under it, but was buffeted by it out into the street. He received no broken bones, but was hurt slightly on the hip and leg.

He became deathly sick after his miraculous escape, and was taken to a hospital. The safe damaged the stairs and side walls considerably in its descent.—[Parksburg (W. Va.) Correspondence Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.]

Alabama's Four-legged Baby.

PHYSICIANS in Alabama are taking much interest in the case of the four-legged child to whom Mary Maddox, a negress, gave birth at Opelika on May 24. The baby is a well-developed male child.

One pair of legs are in the ordinary position, and, like the arms, are well formed. The extra pair of legs are near the arms, and while quite well formed, are small. The feet on the extra legs are regularly formed, with toes and toenails, but have the appearance of belonging to a sickly child. The child is robust and healthy, with all the faculties of an ordinary child.

The child has been examined by leading physicians of the State and pronounced healthy in everything except the extra pair of limbs. He has good use of his regular limbs, but seems unable to control the others. The physicians, after a careful examination, said that if the child lives, which seems altogether probable at this time, he will eventually get control of them, as there are about the same muscles and ligaments in them that are found in a cub bear the same age.

Thousands of people have gone to Opelika to view the freak, of whom the parents seem to be very fond.

Several theories are advanced to account for this monstrosity. One of them is that the mother was frightened by a great black bear during the street fair in Opelika last fall. Dr. Williamson, strong believer in the Darwinian theory declares that the case is simply a retrogression of mankind—a step backward—and that the child demonstrates that the human race came from the monkey family.

The features of the child are regular. They are those of the typical African, with the large mouth, flat nose and kinky hair.

Already the father of the child, John Maddox, is arranging to place him on exhibition, believing that he has the greatest human curiosity ever produced. He is awaiting the highest bidder, and as soon as the child and mother are strong enough they will take to the road.—[Montgomery Correspondence New York Sun.]

Tied Up the Road.

POOE lone widow Mary Kelly defied the Pennsylvania Railroad company, stopped the United States mails and tied up the Cleveland & Pittsburgh division of the Pennsylvania road by sitting on the track yesterday.

In excavating for an additional siding the railroad caved off some of Mrs. Kelly's back yard. All her efforts to get satisfaction from officials failed. Angry and determined, she sat down on the ballast between the rails of the main track and waited for trouble.

The first train along was a freight. The engineer stopped and tried to persuade her to move, although he was afraid to use any violence. Behind the freight was the flyer, and that had to stop, too. A railroad detective arrested Mrs. Kelly, who is 55 years old, and took her to police court, where Judge Kennedy, who used to be a blacksmith, said he was not going to fight the railroad company's battles, and let her go.—[Cleveland Correspondence Chicago American.]

An Accommodating Clock.

"DO YOU remember the old-time song about grandfather's clock that 'stopped short, never to go again, when the old man died,' asked a man employed in the clock department of a Chestnut-street jewelry store. "Well, there's a family living on South Fifteenth street that has a rather mysterious clock. It used to be on the sitting-room mantel, but some time ago it was moved downstairs to the parlor. It had never kept good time, and when changed to its new quarters it refused to go at all. For three months it has been purely ornamental, but one evening last week, while the master of the house was seated in the parlor, he was surprised to hear the clock strike 9. He pulled out his watch, and found that it was 9 o'clock to the fraction of a minute. He got up and wound the clock, and it has been keeping good time ever since. Strange, isn't it, that when it did make up its mind to start it should have started exactly at the right time?"—[Philadelphia Record.]

Fresh Literature. Reviews by the Times Reviewer.

FICTION.

A Story of St. Louis.

FOR some months the novel-reading public has awaited with interest the publication of "The Crisis," as a literary event. The first great edition of the book, it is said, was sold within a week. Mr. Churchill's story of the Revolution took a leading place among the recent romances, and the readers of "Richard Carvel" will be pleased to find a grand-daughter of Richard Carvel and Dorothy Manners in the beautiful and imperious Virginia, daughter of Col. Comyn Carvel. This only daughter, who was loyal to the South, was still able to see the nobility of the leaders of the Union cause, and her scorn and rebellion were subdued by her faith in the young Bostonian, Stephen Brice, who went from that city to St. Louis to study law with Judge Whipple. The man is a hero, who spent his last dollar at a slave auction to save a quadroon girl from an ignoble life, and he rises to noble heights whenever occasion calls, in sharp contrast to Eliphalet Potter, the villain, on whom the curtain is rung up in the first act. The latter "worked like the industrious mole underground, contrived by execrable methods to enrich himself from the misfortunes of his fellow-men." In Col. Carvel is a type of the gentleman of the old school, who thought that slavery was a "divine institution." One of the strong pictures in the story is the friendship between Col. Carvel and his old political enemy, Judge Whipple. The types of southern men include Col. Carvel, Clarence Colfax and Mr. Brinsmade. Young Colfax was "swift to ride, and quick to fight," and Gen. Sherman was made to say of this type, "These young bloods are the backbone of the rebellion." Mr. Brinsmade's sympathies were with the South, but he was convinced of the justness of the cause of the Unionists. There are numerous subordinates, soldiers, servants, etc. Moreover, there is the important historic background, for the time was that of the outbreak of the Civil War. Lincoln, Grant, Sherman and Douglas move in the swift drama, which throughout is one of warm Union sentiment and expression. These figures lend their own air of reality and interest, and give a marked quality to this notable creation. The love element is strongly delineated. Virginia is loved by Stephen Brice, by her cousin Colfax, and persecuted with the attentions of Eliphalet Potter. The climax of the story is reached when Stephen wins Virginia from other rivals.

The historical background is not profusely lighted, if one remembers that the time is the most conspicuous in the national history. The author has chosen some noble representative types of the North and South, and the idealism of locality has been shown on a broad canvas. Lincoln is the principal figure. He is presented in various attitudes of moral power, and last as "A Man of Sorrows." As the greatness of his life and the tragedy of his death have made him one of the pivotal heroes of history, one might wish that the artist had more idealized the picture than to remember his "coarse speech and person unkempt." That Mr. Churchill has presented true pictures of the great leaders of the North and South, its men and women, and the rank and file of the conflicting elements with semi-historical vividness can but be fairly claimed. While some of the important events may not in every respect be considered as more than historical traditions they are told with spirit. A representation of these various types so profoundly faithful, without caricature, and withal so small a proportion of commonplace, evinces penetrative insight and versatile art.

[The Crisis. By Winston Churchill. The Macmillan Company, New York. Price, \$1.50. For sale by Fowler Bros., Los Angeles.]

A Literary Struggle.

A young newspaper man of talent who makes ladders of his disappointments is the theme of this American story. The seemingly inconsequential incidents of returned manuscripts furnish for a long time the dark shadows in the drama of the hero's life. But for the light in the eyes of Muriel, "the woman who trusted," and had faith, the troubles would have reached a more crucial significance. The young man was also beset by the attentions of an elderly designing woman, anxious to share her fortune and future with the young genius, and only the well-balanced influence of Muriel prevented the not uncommon consummation of an ill-assorted marriage. The elimination from these complexities having been effected, the reader is dismissed in the last chapter with the convincing assumption of the future success and happiness of the literary husband and the heroine of the title rôle. Mr. Harben, it will be remembered, is announced for a new novel in the Harper series of this month.

[The Woman Who Trusted. By Will N. Harben. Henry Altemus Company, Philadelphia.]

A Tale of Long Island.

This story, which is one of dramatic experiences, gives the heroine an uphill journey. The characterizations include Sarah Jarvis, whom the gentle rector's wife took to her home. There the young girl's life developed in an atmosphere of refined surroundings. When Capt. Jarvis took his daughter away to his own environment the girl was forced to meet rough and half-savage men. Capt. Jarvis never understood his daughter, and the girl prayed not to hate her father.

The winter passed, the spring came, "with the yellow creeper like perpetual sunlight on the dunes, when white violets were in the marshes, and blue ones in the woods." A torn companion of Capt. Jarvis held a mortgage on his home. The man had always been a spendthrift. Then it began to be whispered that Devine

Strong had been selected as Sarah's husband. The father regarded marriage from the economic side as an obligatory and material covenant. The struggle of the girl in her torturous hesitation, her repugnance, and a fugitive quality of her father's disposition which dominated her sometimes with a dash of almost superhuman power, are a part of the story. The real hero is Ben, who had a worshipful, true heart, and whose partisanship for the girl reached back into his boyhood. His love guided him through labyrinthine networks in the heroine's service. The characteristic ability which led him to be on the ground in the hours of the girl's greatest need is a feature of the novel. For a long time, without apparent territorial foothold for his faith, he proved his allegiance. He followed Sarah to prison, and he found the clues to her innocence. Although rough and unlettered, he recognized the vast difference between material force and spiritual freedom.

There are pages of inconsequential dialogue, but the story, while too lengthy, shows analysis of motive and inventive skill.

[The Story of Sarah. By M. Louise Foreslund (M. Louise Foster.) Brentano's, Union Square, New York.]

In the Times of the Regency.

The author of this romance has chosen the theme from that period when questions of honor were settled at the point of the sword. The incongruous and exaggerated characteristics of these tragedies would in this day, many of them, be denominated as melo-dramatic.

The heroine of the title rôle was the light of Poins House, and the joy of the heart of her old uncle. Her lover, Sir Sydney Neville, considered the maid blameless for the errors of her father, which had left her without an inheritance. In addition to all this Kate's father had taken the life of Sir Sydney's father in a duel, and his forgiveness reached over this obstacle. The brave lover was also able to overcome the villain De Broissac and put his schemes to rout, and win the allegiance of the maid and comfort the last hours of the noble old uncle.

The tale is one of adventures, in which the personae



HAROLD MACGRATH.

go whirling along over perilous roads, where duellists meet and clash swords, and the way out of the dilemma is one of heroic exploits. Notwithstanding the period of extreme exaggeration and absurdity from the perturbed elements, the author has contrived a spirited story.

[The Curious Courtship of Kate Poins. By Louis Evan Shipman. D. Appleton & Co., New York. Price, \$1.50.]

An American Story.

Portia Van Ostade was a Chicago girl of the modern independent type, on whom had come the care of an invalid mother and an aged grandfather. The family had lost their possessions in the Chicago fire. A relative of North Carolina had left them an old mansion and a few hundred dollars in that State, and there Portia, who was self-reliant and had come to a region frequented by tourists, opened a boarding-house. She employed numerous servants, heard many sad chronicles, and was led to consider the many-sided perplexities of the race problem.

The experience which came to her gave her the interpretation, according to her own lights, of "neither bond or free, black or white," and the development of the theme will elicit conflicting views. The story is one with a purpose, has some spirited and tragic descriptions, and is said to be the work of one writing under an assumed name.

[When the Gates Lift Up Their Heads; A Story of the Seventies. By Payne Erskine. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. Price, \$1.50.]

A Gulf Coast Idyl.

The scene of this story is laid in Bay St. Louis, on the Gulf Coast of Mississippi. The book gives a series of pictures of the idyllic life of the coast, and its in-

pressions on a northern hero who with a few other admirers was captured by the typhoon on the Gulf Coast.

The author in this tale has not reached the "Alice of Old Vincennes," but has written a readable story.

[Sweetheart Manette. By Maurice Thompson. Lippincott, Philadelphia. Price, \$1.25. For sale by Fowler Bros., Los Angeles.]

Under the Veil.

It is said of Joseph Sharts, the soldier author of the book, that while he was still at Harvard, and the outbreak of the war, he tried to give his life to Gomez, and ally himself with the Cuban revolution in New York. He was not permitted, however, to join the destruction of the Maine, to join the Cuban revolution. His record through the sharp struggle is said to have been a gallant one. The story of Ezra Caine, of an only son in a lonely house, who was his gentle mother the secret of his father's death. The gloom of the silent rooms and the isolation of the boyhood are the long minor strains of the story. The mournful degeneracy of the mind goes on until he reaches the moment which has only the ray of mother love. The mother died the lamp of the boy's reason. The story is a vivid illustration of one of many ways of sorrow, and will evoke pity and sympathy.

[Ezra Caine. By Joseph Sharts. Herbert & Co., Elbridge Court, Chicago.]

Another Dark Picture.

This story is that of a Polish Jew who was incarcerated in an insane asylum under false charges. The chronicles are vouched for, but the work is in too sensational a style, and the illustrations, harrowing to be introduced into the province of literature.

[Fighting Against Fate. By Moses Dancy. The Abbey Press, New York. Price, \$1.]

Social Contrasts.

The relation of two young men is described in this story. One of them was a man of dissolute habits, whose confessions are not edifying, although he is reformed through the influence of a friend. The second is said to be a Virginian, who was for several years the newspaper work and connected with the Hull House, Chicago.

[Two Men and Some Women. By Walter Raymond. The Abbey Press, New York. Price, \$1.]

Illusions.

Elizabeth, a girl of 17, who had been the daughter of a widowed invalid mother, went among her relatives. There she met her fate in London. The letters reveal undesirable descriptions of her social life, though written with a facile pen.

[The Visits of Elizabeth. By Oliver Gray. Lane, New York. For sale by Stoll & Thayer, Los Angeles.]

IN THE FIELD OF LETTERS.

Reply Letters.

This collection of letters claims to be the answers to "An English Woman's Love Letters," which are written in the same hyper-rapturous style, and leave the cause of the final separation in answer to letters are asserted to be popular in England.

[An Englishman's Love Letters. Being the Answers to An Englishwoman's Love Letters. F. Lovell Book Company, No. 33 Chambers Street, New York.]

Other Letters.

The editor of these letters asserts that they were written by a man to a woman, both of whom are there are 115 of the letters. Any one of them have been sufficient for an ordinary lifetime.

[His Letters; The Passion of Love. By John Don. D. Appleton & Co., New York. For sale by Fowler Bros., Los Angeles.]

More Letters.

The romance of a young life, its dream of perfection, many pages of sentiment, and a real life, are told in this series of letters. The hero finally goes as a nurse to Cuba, and dies hearted. The personae are southern. The story is said to be an ardent club woman.

[A Romance of Meditation. By Elaine L. Lane. Abbey Press, New York. Price, 50 cents.]

Still More Letters.

"Love and Politics," by Neile Bevano. Famous known. A series of hysterical, peralicious letters chronicle a suicide.

HAROLD MACGRATH.

A New Orleans exchange says that "Mr. MacGrath" is a good old Celtic name is not altogether unknown to the reader of fiction. Newspaper readers in the larger cities have had the pleasure of his acquaintance through the medium of his serial stories, and this is only the second book he has published, the first, in spite of its solid merit, did not

Advice.

This is regular written "Church" work among the formists, number [Life's J. N. Fr York. H

Building.

The for sacrifice this book Henry V given to custom for "Landma" tribulation connected book is in the ill has given this work whose investigation [Found By Lewis Price, \$1.]

Popular A.

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The Prophec.

The series intended to p of the ancien of the ancies to Jacob wa present time erudite stud in Canada London, whe W. H. Smith [The Doom By E. Middl 50 cts.]

The Words o

The public call attention said to have Trench, in h Lord's teachi His words as

among the 'best sellers.' Mr. MacGrath bears to us somewhat the relation of a newcomer.

A review of Mr. MacGrath's novel, "The Puppet Crown," appeared in this magazine recently.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Advice for Conduct.

This book can be commended for its earnest quality in regard to home and school duties. The author has written on many familiar themes, "Friendship," "Church," "Books," "Words," "Conscience," "Duty" and "Work." The essays might be profitably read aloud among associations of young people for their character-forming influence. The author, the Rev. Dr. Fradenburgh, has, in addition to his pastoral duties, written a number of books on historical and religious themes.

[Life's Springtime, or Life—Its Aim and Method. By J. N. Fradenburgh, D.D., LL.D. The Abbey Press, New York. Price, \$1.]

Building Sacrifices and Ceremonials.

The foundation rites beginning with traces of human sacrifice furnish the subject for the initial chapter of this book. Only a generation before Shakespeare wrote Henry VI, the blood of a Christian captive was literally given to "lime the stones together." The changes in custom from barbarous superstition, a chapter on "Circular Movements and Symbols," "Sacred Colors," and "Landmarks and Boundaries" are a part of this contribution to the study of beliefs, customs, and legends connected with buildings, locations and landmarks. The book is one of unusual interest, and should be preserved in the libraries of students for reference. The author has given an erudite list of publications referred to in this work, and the index adds value to this unique book whose every page will have value to the antiquarian investigator.

[Foundation Rites With Some Kindred Ceremonies. By Lewis Dayton Burdick. The Abbey Press, New York. Price, \$1.50.]

Popular Amusements.

The terse idiom of off-hand dictation has been consistently retained in this account of circus life, and the stocking and management of a menagerie. The notes were taken from the dictation of C. W. Coup at odd moments in his tent or car. The enthusiasm of the profession, adds an interest to the history of the old-time wagon show. The perilous business of securing animals for the menagerie, the adventures of the professional animal hunter, the panics among the animals, the education and training given them, are a part of the chronicle. The book is a curious insight into the fakes and fashions of popular entertainment. The student will find an interesting insight into domains of natural science in the accounts of processes of animal education.

[Sawdust and Spangles. By W. C. Coup. Herbert G. Stone & Co., Eldridge Court, Chicago.]

The Swing of the Pendulum.

The author of this book has collected an account of the seeming chance factors which have influenced success, and quotes Emerson as saying, "Opportunity is America." The book is illustrated with numerous portraits of men who in military life achieved success by "Chances in War," the office-seekers who were the toys of circumstance, and the chances that have come to lawyers and men of various professions. The writer shows how many of the most successful authors have been the possessors of many rejected manuscripts, and tells of the uncertain gauge of critical estimate when Milton and Shakespeare received small pay. Col. McClure's relation with journalism is said to have been due to a two-line item in a morning paper, which read that "Col. McClure was thinking of starting a newspaper." The book has an entertaining quality in the presentation of the records of numerous opportunities which were determining factors in human destiny. The author in his preface has given a brief study of the seeming vagaries of chance, the so-called happenings in the actualities of life. "A glass of water on one occasion, an individual act of heroism on another changed the history of the world. A maid pilloined Aspasia's jewels, and a quarrel over the culprit led to the Peloponnesian war." The author quotes the Arabian proverb, "Pitch a lucky man into the Nile and he will come out with a fish in his mouth." The book is the work of a critical observer, who knows the amazing importance which may attach to seeming trifles.

[If; Turning Points in the Careers of Notable People. By James W. Breen, Pittsburgh, Pa.]

The Prophecies.

The series of ten essays which compose this book are intended to prove that the modern Turk is a descendant of the ancient Esau, and the British are the descendants of the ancient Jacob. The birthright which Esau sold to Jacob was foretold in the eastern question of the present time. The books shows the author to be an erudite student who is an English writer now residing in Canada. Previous to the year 1883, he resided in London, where he was connected with the book firm of W. H. Smith & Son.

[The Doomed Turk. The End of the Eastern Question. By E. Middleton. The Abbey Press, New York. Price, 50 cts.]

ETHICS.

The Words of the Wise.

The publication of a new book of proverbs can but call attention to an interesting theme. Aristotle is said to have made the first collection of proverbs. Trench, in his sketches, reminds us that many of our Lord's teachings appeared in this form, and many of His words as faithful sayings have in this shape lived

on the lips of men. Trench has finely written of the antiquity of the proverbs in everyday use, some of which are older than St. Jerome, the Latin father of the fourth century. The author quotes the ancient proverb, "Many meet the gods, but few salute them." Trench adds "How often do the gods meet men in the shape of a sorrow which might be a purifying one, of a joy which might elevate their hearts, in a sickness or a recovery, in a disappointment or a success, but how few salute them or recognize their august presence in joy or sorrow."

From the fact that proverbs, emblems and parables throw so true a light on old customs, history and ethnology, they have claimed the attention of world-wide scholarship. Although the proverbs of this anonymous author are arranged according to subjects treated, he has given the list of authorities quoted, which include national and individual names.

It has been said that a student of proverbs can almost distinguish a Chinese proverb by a certain quiet and keen long-headedness, and a somewhat cynical and worldly view of human nature, but a piercing insight into it; and that Chinese proverbs "turn more upon the foibles of humanity than upon their excellencies." Unlike these proverbs, those of Andalusia illustrate a kindly and benevolent spirit, "Who is not complaisant is not well born," "Do good, and do not look to whom," are examples.

A typical Persian proverb is that "A stone that is fit for the wall is not left in the way." This is a consoling saying for those who have unrecognized capacity, which will eventually be found acceptable.

In Bohn's "Polyglot of Foreign Proverbs," with English translations, are given fine examples of foreign proverbs. Christy has written of "The Proverbs, Maxims and Phrases of All Ages," and the subject has enlisted numerous other pens, but this recent book comes in the form of everyday wisdom. The anonymous compiler has omitted proverbs which were considered only half truths, and by the method of classification and the list of authorities quoted has compiled a valuable popular work.

[A Hand Book of Proverbs. New Amsterdam Book Company, No. 156 Fifth avenue, New York. Price, 75 cents.]

NEW MAGAZINES.

The Scientific American (June 15) contains an interesting sketch by M. Proctor on "The Expected Return of Eucles Comet," due about the middle of September, 1901. The paper urges the government to purchase and preserve the wonderful redwoods of California.

Health Culture, New York, is a magazine devoted to practical hygiene, and is publishing a series of papers on "Sleep and Dream Life," by Cyrus Edson, M.D.; "Hygiene of the Home" is a contribution by Mrs. M. K. Buck.

The Outing number of the American Queen for July has a series of brief stories, directions for the toilet, and domestic science, and artistic designs for needle work.

The Dial for June 16 is a typical number, with its reviews of books, notes on recent literature, and articles of general interest on educational and ethical subjects.

The Saturday Evening Post (June 15) contains "The Platonic Love Letters of Charles Dickens," Emile Berliner's "Ideas Worth Millions" and "The Friendship of Foster," by Arthur Hobson Quinn. "Men and Women of the Hour" is a notable illustrated page of this paper.

The celebration of the King Alfred millennial prompts an illuminating estimate of the great work of the Saxon King in the July Atlantic, by Louis Dyer. Albert C. Phelps writes on New Orleans. "Cardinal Virtues" is a discussion of practical ethics by President William D. Hyde of Bowdoin. Some notable out-of-door poems are the contributions of John Burroughs, Duncan Campbell Scott, Meredith Nicholson, L. S. Porter, Richard Burton, Arthur Ketchum and others.

Harper's Magazine for July is a delightful midsummer number. Mary E. Wilkins, in "The Portion of Labor," has brought Ellen to the time of her college valedictory. Gilbert Parker, in "The Right of Way," tells in a vivid way of "The Passion Play in the Chaudière Valley." A sketch which will enlist a wide interest is that by John Freyes, LL.D., on "The Buddhist Discovery of America." The author is professor of oriental languages and literature, University of California. The theory is that this discovery was made a thousand years before Columbus, and the ancient monuments of Mexico are in the illustrations, and comparisons are made with Buddhist temples. Charles Mulford Robinson writes of "Municipal Art in Paris." The number, with its clever sketches and charming verse, reaches in every department the standard of literary quality.

Scribner's Magazine for July is a number of fine literary excellence. The initial number, "A Tour in Sicily," is the contribution of Rufus B. Richardson. G. P. Putnam gives an interesting sketch of "The Delta Country of Alaska." W. C. Brownell writes of "Matthew Arnold," in a sketch of value. John La Farge tells of "Tahiti," in his "Passages from a Diary in the Pacific," which is illustrated by the author. Ernest Seton Thompson, Francis Parkman and numerous other popular names are on the list of a table of contents of delightful interest.

Success for July contains Henry Loomis Nelson's "Story of the Republic," "Recent History-Making Incidents," "Highways That Lead to Happiness," by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, and is illustrated with portraits of "The new members of the United States Senate."

The midsummer number of the Strand Magazine has an interesting article, "Have You An Old Print Worth A Fortune?" with illustrations. "Japanese Botany" is an enlightening sketch of the number. "Some Old Riddle Books" has a curious charm, as it is illustrated. Sir George Newman writes of "The Silent Angels of Anglet."

McClure's Magazine for July has a cover design by Charles R. Knight. Ica M. Tarbell writes "The Story of the Declaration of Independence." Walter Wellman has a sketch on "Long Distance Balloon Racing." Frank H.

Spearman tells "The Striker's Story." Clara Morris tells of "Recollections of E. L. Davenport." William Davenport Hulbert writes "The Loon," which is illustrated by W. M. Hardy.

The July number of the Century is a summer fiction number, and the names of Mary E. Wilkins, Frances Hodgson Burnett, Irving Bacheller, Seumas MacManus, Josephine Dodge and many others are in the list. Louis Dyer writes of "The Millennium of King Alfred at Winchester," with a full-page reproduction of Thornycroft's statue. This sketch contains a hitherto unpublished vignette of Alfred from a manuscript of Matthew of Paris. The magazine, with its varied and delightful table of contents is one of special charm.

Ainslee's Magazine for July contains an illustrated sketch by Anna Northend Benjamin on "Women in the Far East." "College Men and Others" is a contribution by John Gilmer Speed. "Railroads" is the subject of a sketch by Carl Hovey. Harvey Sutherland gives the methods of "A Work-a-Day Balloonist." A number of bright stories and poems make the issue an entertaining one.

An account of reenactments of scenes in "New Russia," by J. A. Hourwick, is one of the features of the July number of Frank Leslie's Magazine. The history of the Kentucky Trappists and their vow of silence, and Mr. Merwin's "The Road to Fontenac" are notable numbers of this issue.

Collier's Weekly (June 22) tells of "Our Business Outlook With Cuba," by Senator John M. Thurston of Nebraska. Frederic F. Culver writes of "A New Yorker in Porto Rico." Dr. Alvah H. Doty of New York tells "How a Quarantine Station is Conducted."

Current History for June contains a sketch on Lord Salisbury, by William Clark, which is an opponent's estimate of the man and his work. "Russo-Japanese Relations," "The Cuban and Chinese Question," "Pan-American Exposition" and "The British Budget" are portions of a number of the instructive articles which distinguish the number.

PEOPLE AND THINGS LITERARY.

An interesting literary discovery is reported from Oxford, where a number of hitherto unknown poems of King James I have been found in the Bodleian library. They are stated to be undoubtedly genuine and bear the royal autograph.

McClure, Phillips & Co. will publish next autumn an illustrated reprint of "Christopher in His Sporting Jacket," by John Wilson (Christopher North,) author of "Noctes Ambrosianae."

The news that Henrik Ibsen has sustained a second shock of paralysis and that his life work is probably ended, will be heard with wide interest and regret.

"The Tribulations of a Princess," the second book by the anonymous author of "The Martyrdom of an Empress," was recently published by Harper & Bros.

The most famous historians of modern time have contributed to G. P. Putnam's Sons' series, "The Story of the Nations."

The announcement is made that Lord Rosebery is at work on another Napoleon study. His new monograph on the career and character of the Emperor is expected to be published in 1902. He is said to have obtained valuable material during his recent tour in Italy.

"Frederic Mistral, Poet and Leader in Provence," by Charles Alfred Downer, and "A Search for an Infidel," by Jenkin Lloyd Jones, are among recent publications of the MacMillan Company, New York.

Charles F. Lummis left recently for Chicago, where he will be engaged for some time editing and annotating Mrs. E. E. Ayer's translation of "Benavides's Memorial," an interesting contribution to early western history. An edition de luxe, soon to be published, will be illustrated with many photographs, taken in New Mexico and Arizona.

Lovers of the woods will be interested in the announcement of W. H. Boardman's "Nature in the Woods," which is said to offer campfire studies. McClure & Phillips have also issued Selma Lagerlöf's "Tales from a Swedish Homestead," and Frank T. Bullen's "A Sack of Shakings." "The Craze of the Petrel," by T. Jenkins Hains, is also said to be a clever story of the sea.

The Outlook for July will begin the publication of a serial story by Ralph Connor. It is called "The Man from Glengarry," and will be published in book form by Fleming H. Revell, October 1.

Maxie Gorky, the Russian novelist is to be reprinted by books from three different publishing houses. Messrs. Scribner will publish his latest novel, "Forma Gordz el," translated by Miss Isabel Hapgood; Little, Brown & Co. announce a novel by him, while McClure, Phillips & Co. will publish a volume of his short stories.

Dr. John H. Latane has been awarded the John Marshall prize for 1891 at Johns Hopkins University for his work on the "Diplomatic Relations of the United States and Spanish America."

Eden Phillpotts has completed his collection of Devonshire stories, to be published August 17 in America and Great Britain by F. A. Stokes Company, under the title "The Striking Hours."

A memorial to the memory of the late Prof. Henry A. Rowland is to be prepared by members of the faculty of the Johns Hopkins University.

Augusta Foote Arnold is the author of "The Sea Beach at Ebb Tide," published by the Century Company. Such a work, as a guide to the sea and the lower animal life found between tide marks, should have a special charm for dwellers along the Pacific seacoast.

James Ford Rhodes, who is to receive from the Russian Academy of Sciences the Loubet prize for the best United States history published during the last ten years, is an Ohioan by birth, a graduate of the University of Chicago, and a brother-in-law of Senator Hanna.

George Barrie & Son of Philadelphia are making a specialty of the publication of Dumas's novels, which include translations of the Crimes, which are pictures of the dark ages. These historical writings are said to introduce nearly eight hundred personages, places and authorities mentioned.

The Development of the Great Southwest.

IN THE FIELD OF CAPITAL, INDUSTRY AND PRODUCTION.

Compiled for The Times.

[The Times will be pleased to receive and publish in this department brief, plainly-written articles, giving trustworthy information regarding important developments in Southern California, and adjoining territory, such articles to be confined to actual work in operation, or about to begin, excluding rumors and contemplated enterprise.]

Santa Monica Forestry Station.

AN INTERESTING place, which is less known to residents of this section than it should be, is the State forestry station, in Santa Monica Cañon. Here may be seen growing about one hundred and fifty varieties of eucalyptus, and many other interesting plants. The ground of the station embraces twenty acres of rolling and hill land, giving a great variety of climate and soil, most of the land being free from frost. The station is under the charge of William Shutt, who was formerly at the agricultural station, near Pomona. The location of the forester's cottage, on a mesa overlooking the cañon, with its cottonwoods, and the Pacific Ocean in the distance, is exceedingly picturesque.

Mr. Shutt has been conducting experiments as to the adaptability of various forest trees to different conditions. He has come across some which he thinks would be well suited for use on the slopes of the Sierra Madre Range, which have been swept by fire. Now that we are taking up the question of preserving the forests of the mountains in this section, which have such a great influence on our water supply, this forestry question assumes great importance. There is only one other station in the State, located at Chico, in Butte county. The appropriation allowed by the State University for keeping up this station has been small, so that it has not been possible to accomplish so much as might be wished.

Visitors are always welcome at the station, and the forester is ready at all times to impart information to students and others. The station is about fifteen minutes' walk from the Southern Pacific line, at the mouth of the cañon, and about twice that distance from the end of the electric road, on Ocean avenue.

Beet Topper and Loader.

FRED ARNOLD writes to The Times from San Bernardino that he has invented and submitted plans to patent attorneys in New York of a machine for topping and loading beets. He claims that these machines would earn a good profit by doing the work at 20 per cent. less than is now paid. He says the machines could be made in Los Angeles. The costliest part of the machinery would be a six-horse-power gasoline engine, which runs the belts, and twelve sets of knives.

Mr. Arnold desires to interest capital for the purpose of manufacturing these machines, and putting them on the market. His address is No. 530 C street, San Bernardino.

Lower California Copper.

ALMOST every steamer going to or from Lower California has on board one or more passengers interested in the mining industries on the peninsula. The San Diego Tribune says, in a recent number:

"Gen. Humphrey was among the arrivals from that country this morning, and says that so far as the copper industry is concerned that it is now beyond the prospect stage, and several good mines are now working. Morris McCarty is another mining man recently returned from Lower California and in talking of the resources of that country said: 'The public have been deceived so many times on the gold propositions in the peninsula that they are rightly suspicious. Now, while there are a number of good ledges there, that country does not appeal to me as a gold proposition at all. I think it has greater copper prospects than it has of the precious metals.'

"Up in British Columbia and Spokane they appreciate this, and people from there are the heaviest operators in copper in the peninsula. Even here the public do not seem to know there is any copper here.

"Copper mountain, as we call it in English, is the biggest individual showing there, and it is bigger than the whole United Verde put together. It is about 300 miles south of Escondido, in entirely virgin territory, and development work in the section has just commenced. The outcrop of this property is 1700 feet long, and there is a pay-streak in the middle, 20 per cent. copper, 40 feet wide. The whole vein, 100 feet wide, will run 6 to 8 per cent. At one point there is a pay-shoot, 400 feet wide of 5 to 6-per-cent. copper. There is, strange to say, no lead in this Lower California copper. A little silver and gold only are found with it. Most of the stuff is carbonate ore.

"The next largest property is the Esmeralda, and it is about a mile long, though not so wide. The ledge is from 10 to 200 feet in width; not so regular as the other, but the ore is higher grade, and they have sunk a few holes into the ore body. The owners have a hundred of those Mexican 247-acre claims that they got from the Lower California Development Company.

"One concern down there is busily at work, and it seems to be in earnest. That is Daggett, Grosse and Fiedella Vicencio. This firm has developed this Esmeralda property. The ore is copper glance, and there is a 45-foot shaft in it. The ore body is 76 feet wide at that point, and the showing is one of the best."

Developing Northern Mexico.

THE El Paso Herald recently published the following, in regard to important development enterprises that are now under way in Northern Mexico:

"The Stilwell combinations in Mexico have grown to

proportions undreamed of by the original promoter until very recently, and certainly never thought of by the general public.

"Three mammoth companies have been organized with enormous cash capital by the noted promoter, Stilwell, that promise not only to make his railroad a success, but to develop Mexico to an extent not hoped for by the most sanguine prospectors of the republic.

"While the railroad proposition was the foremost thought of the chief promoter, he learned that it could not stand unaided and to make it a success he took in other matters that bid fair to make his combination one of the greatest in the country.

"After the organization of the railroad company, Mr. Stilwell organized the United States and Mexico Trust Company, with a large capital, chartered in the United States and Mexico. This company was organized that the bonds of the railroad could be floated with greater ease. He then looked into the future and discovered a plan that would not only make the building of his road a certainty, but would make it a success after the construction was complete.

"On his present visit to Mexico the promoter organized in Chihuahua a few days ago the Chihuahua and Sinaloa Development Company, with capital of \$7,000,000, and with sufficient cash to proceed to work at once. The purpose of this company is to develop the country along the railroad from the Rio Grande to the Pacific Coast. In the concession granted the railroad, several million acres of fine timber lands were included. The company just organized has for its purpose the development of the oil lands in the Rio Grande Valley, 40,000 acres of which have fallen into the hands of the company. It will also develop the lumber interests of the Sierra Madre and the coal fields of the Pacific Coast in the State of Sinaloa.

"The capital of the company was raised principally by Mexican capitalists, who realized at once that in this proposition Northern Mexico had an opportunity never before presented. The wealthiest men in Chihuahua, Culiacan, and the City of Mexico are interested with the directors and builders of the Orient Railroad. The company proposes to begin at once developing the timber interests of the mountains and as soon as a track can be laid from Chihuahua to the oil lands wells will be sunk in search of oil. The coal on the Pacific Coast is already being prospect and developed to some extent. The company will also take up mines of different kinds and do a general development and town building business.

"The other company organized by Mr. Stilwell is the United States and Mexico Construction Company, which will build the road. This company is now well organized and has the contracts for building the road in Texas and Mexico.

"Arthur E. Stilwell has been made president of all the companies and has the management of everything connected with them. When his plans were presented to President Diaz, the Governors of the States the road traverses, and the principal capitalists, they took to the scheme at once and offered every encouragement possible and far more than Mr. Stilwell had hoped to get. They subscribed for a great amount of the stock besides the concessions granted which made it easy for the promoter to place the rest of the stock with American investors and get all the support needed.

"Vice-President Sylvester, who was in El Paso Saturday night, has also been interested in the development of the country and has taken a number of Texas cattle-men over the route, where they have bought ranches. They are also interested somewhat in the development companies and all the various interests of Northern Mexico will operate together to make the railroad and development companies a success.

"These facts have come from the promoters themselves with an explanation of the details that makes it sound plausible. The financial forces of Northern Mexico are pitched with the Stilwell companies to make it a success, and those next to the operations contend that Northern Mexico will develop faster in the next two years than in all the history of the country before. The region traversed by the Orient road has never been in touch with the business world and it is said that the best country in Mexico lies along the route. The mining country in the Sierra Madre has never been developed and it is the opinion now that some wonderful work will be seen on the Pacific Slope during the coming year."

The Value of the Cactus.

THE City of Mexico Herald thus discourses on the commercial value of the cactus, which grows so plentifully throughout the desert regions of the Southwest:

"In Southwestern America, in Arizona, Nevada and Southern California in particular, there is a wide stretch of arid, sandy desert land consisting of plain and foothill which, according to the saying popular in the West, 'will raise nothing but sand and cactus.' Formerly this arid district was much larger than now, but irrigation has taken away the terrors of some portions of it, and the reclaimed districts have been made to blossom like the rose. But great stretches of the original desert, hundreds of square miles in extent, still remain, on which nothing will grow but the various kinds of cactus.

"For so many years has the word cactus conveyed to the minds of Americans the idea of something utterly worthless, that it is only now, after decades of familiarity, the residents of Southwestern America are beginning to realize that in the cactus they have a potential source of immense wealth. Almost daily are new uses being found for the products of the cactus, and the possibility of cultivating the plant is being seriously considered. Although the different kinds of cactus are found in fair abundance all over the great desert, nowhere do they grow in luxuriance. When propagated, however, by cuttings or seed, they grow readily, and the raising of a large crop of cactus would be quite feasible if earnestly undertaken.

"There are in the Southwest more than 500 different

cacti, but the principal are the giant Opuntia tuna, or cochineal cactus; the yucca, or agave, and the maguey, or agave. They are of various shapes, being of almost any shape. The giant cactus has some branches upward and some that droop. The barrel cactus consists of a thick stem covered with thorns or spines. The yucca looks like a stunted oak, with bunches of leaves at the end of the branches, while the maguey consists of a series of great, fat, spiny blades issuing from a central bulb.

"The commercial value of the giant cactus is its adaptability to use as paper-making material. The cochineal cactus, American has been the insatiable maw of the paper machines, and the fact of several States is threatened. The giant cactus supply a way out of the difficulty of obtaining suitable paper-making material, since their stems in many cases admirably suited to the purpose. They would be much lower than that of any other material.

"The principal peculiarity of the yucca is the character of its 'wood,' which possesses an unusual consistency of an intricate and compactly-interwoven of wood fibers. An inventive Yankee has discovered that the yucca wood can be molded into any shape desired, and he is utilizing his discovery in the manufacture of surgeon splints and other articles. The yucca are also peculiarly adapted to the manufacture of an indestructible variety of paper for the printing of bonds.

"When in bloom, the cactus bears beautiful and some of them edible fruits. The giant cactus produces a delicious fruit, from the cream of which the Indians have for centuries made a drink of great excellence. That of the cochineal cactus, Opuntia tuna, is possessed of certain medicinal properties, being used to allay fever and as a remedy for cholera. From it also a valuable pigment is manufactured. The cochineal cactus is so-called because on it grows the valuable cochineal dye insect. The root of the yucca is known as the prickly pear, or Indian fig, and is esteemed in Southern Europe, the Canary Islands and Northern Africa."

A Flourishing Arizona Town.

CLIFTON, in Eastern Arizona, is one of the most prosperous towns in the Territory. The Phoenix Herald says:

"F. L. Blumer returned yesterday morning on a business trip to Clifton, and says a visit to the Eastern Arizona city is a sort of eye-opener to him. He has never seen a prosperous mining camp, and matter to many who have. He was one of the first to go in on the first passenger train on the new broad-gauge railroad. It was a hard journey, and took all day, for the reason the thing was new and the train was run very fast. On arriving they found a lively town, dressed in array, and ready to give a hearty welcome to the train service.

"He says the only trouble with Clifton is that the land is all too valuable to build houses on, and to anchor them safely. The whole gulch was whittled out between mountains of ore, and now five big companies are engaged in working it, preparing to do so. There are yet other big companies that only await development by their owners, and that will be reached in due course of time. A Colorado man who went in on the same train with Mr. Blumer, the purpose of reporting on a property, told him there was enough ore in sight to keep the mines running for the next 500 years, which is probably as any present resident of the Territory will be particularly interested.

"Mr. Blumer says he never saw a place where the employees of a big company were more satisfied with their work and their treatment by their employers than in Clifton, and they are a happy and prosperous people. While the big companies own the large mines, there are a number of mercantile establishments conducted by men not connected with the companies, all seem to be doing a good business. The wages are good, and prices in general are rather high. The railroad is constructed on the old narrow-gauge road, new rails being laid on the side of the old ones. As for the business in the town, he says there were 500 cars on the road at Lordsburg, loaded with freight, and awaiting transportation to Clifton and adjacent points. "Just now there seems to be a little real estate boom. Someone who owned a few acres of level plain, far from the town, has platted it out and made a town of it, and lots are selling rapidly at the rate of \$100 per acre. From the appearance of things he thinks the boom will be gone soon, and that values will advance a good deal."

Los Alamitos Beet Crop.

ACCORDING to the Santa Ana Bulletin, the beet crop in Los Alamitos is to the effect that the crop will be larger than was expected a few weeks ago. The recent cool foggy weather, together with the fact that the prospects are encouraging for a fair yield, the prospects are encouraging for a fair yield. The beet crop is being drilled for the factory at Cerritos ranch. All the wells' tap an artesian depth of from 300 to 800 feet.

Clay.

LARGE quantities of clay are being shipped from the Ferris Valley to the Colton cement works. Four-horse teams haul an aggregate of over 1000 per day.

CARE OF THE BODY.

VALUABLE SUGGESTIONS FOR ACQUIRING AND PRESERVING HEALTH.

Compiled for *The Times*.

Is Rheumatism Infectious?

ACCORDING to the present trend of medical ideas, we shall soon be forced to believe that a most every known malady is infectious—that is, if we believe all the doctors tell us. The latest theory along this line is that rheumatic fever is an infectious disease. Such a standard publication as the Philadelphia Medical Journal is inclined to adopt this view.

As infectious maladies are all attributed to bacteria, a search has of course been begun for the "bugs" which cause rheumatism, and English investigators, according to a report in the *Lancet*, think they have discovered them.

It should be noted that these researches do not apply to what is known as muscular rheumatism, the nature and cause of which are much of a mystery to the medical world.

Adulterated Seasonings and Sauces.

A PORTION of the Connecticut Agricultural Experiment Station report, previously referred to in this department, is devoted to the subject of adulterations in seasonings and sauces.

Of forty-five samples of pepper sold in bulk packages examined, twenty-seven were found to be pure, while others were more or less adulterated with a great variety of substances, including ground olive stones, ground mustard hulls, buckwheat hulls, charred coconut shells, various wheat products and fruit stones or nut shells.

Of thirty-four samples of ground cloves, seventeen were found to be pure, the others being adulterated with clove stems, coconut shells, wheat, charcoal, wood and other substances.

Of twenty-three samples of allspice, twelve were found to be pure, the others containing clove stems, coconut nut shells, wheat products and other adulterants.

Of thirty-four samples of cinnamon sold in bulk, twenty-eight were found to consist of cassia bark. The report states that true cinnamon is practically out of the market, as a spice, cassia being substituted for it. Many other adulterants used in ground cinnamon are cereal products, sawdust, various kinds of bark, nutshells and exhausted cassia.

Of forty-one brands of tomato catsup examined, only six were found free from benzoic and salicylic acid, most of them being adulterated with the latter. The bright red color seen in many tomato catsups is produced by cochineal, carmine, eosine acid, magenta and various other coal tar dyes.

Among miscellaneous food products examined by the Connecticut Agricultural Experiment Station were sausages, salt codfish and oysters. In twenty-seven of the forty-two samples of sausages examined borax was found. All the samples of salt codfish examined, eleven in number, were found to contain borax. Of the oysters sixty-two samples were found to be free from borax, and thirteen contained it in varying quantities.

Bacteria in Salads.

A MEDICAL publication prints the following in regard to the living organisms that were found by a physician in salad vegetables. If they are half as bad as their names appear, they must indeed be deadly:

"Dr. Ceresole bought specimens of lettuce, endive, radish and celery in the market at Fidia, such as would be used for eating after a rough washing. He then washed them in sterilized water and examined the sediment. A simple microscopic survey revealed a fauna of fifty-two species, comprising amoebae, anguillulae, and the eggs of tænia, oxyuris or rides and ankylostoma. Bacteriologic investigation added a rich flora of varied microbes, including micrococci, staphylococci streptococci, sarcinae and a wealth of bacilli."

In view of all these disclosures, we may well ask: "What are we to eat, anyhow?" Perhaps it would be better for us to just shut our eyes and open our mouths, and let nature take its course, bacteria, bugs and all. At least, however, we should demand that men be prevented from adding to our food artificial dangers in the shape of adulterations, in addition to the natural organic bodies which Providence seems to have spread about so liberally. Perhaps, after all, they are not anything like so deadly as we sometimes suppose. Indeed, it must be so, or otherwise very few of us would be alive today, for we are told that in every breath we inhale there are thousands or millions of these microscopic creatures.

Injurious Drinks.

A LIQUOR man has been talking to a New York Sun reporter on the subject of certain drinks, from a hygienic standpoint.

"The call for carbonated drinks of all kinds has fallen off," said one of the greatest bartenders in this town the other day. "A year ago at this time we were using three times as many limes as we are now, and double the quantity of seltzers and carbonated waters. The decline in the popularity of the rickey has been steady and sure. The reason for it is not hard to find. The doctors were against it from the start."

"They said that the man who put such a large quantity of acid into his stomach as the rickey drinker did would have all kinds of trouble on account of it. The men who drank the rickies found out the truth of this prophecy in time, and there are a lot of men who wish that they had never heard of the rickey. Their stomachs were eaten out by the lime juice, and they are suffering from the effects of their drinking now."

"All of these men have stopped drinking rickies, and

many of their friends have followed their example and advice. This accounts for part of the falling off in the consumption of this particular drink, and then, of course, the rickey got to be an old story and the men wanted something new. Lots of men used to drink the rickey because they thought it was the proper drink. They quit because some one else did."

"The doctors were against the highball, too. They said that it did a man harm to swallow so much gas, and that he would be better off if he would take drinks that had no gas in them. Lots of men have told me that they found themselves uncomfortable after two or three highballs, and they wondered why it was. They had too much gas in them. That was the whole trouble. The father of the highball was the English whisky and soda, but the men in this country made the mistake of drinking too many of them and drinking them too fast."

"The Englishman will spend a lot of time in consumption of one Scotch and soda, while he is at it the American will drink a half dozen highballs, one on top of the other. The Englishman knows how the drink should be taken, and it does him no harm. The American wants to get his drink and get it out of the way, and so he hurries through it. He gets all the bad effects and none of the finer effects, and so he doesn't get so much enjoyment out of his liquor as the Briton."

"It is all right to drink the cocktail that one takes before dinner at one swallow, but the highball, if one is to drink it at all, should be sipped. A man should take at least fifteen minutes to drink a highball made in one of the ordinary glasses. But most men do not know how to drink, anyway."

The Hot-air Cure.

THE London Chronicle refers as follows to a treatment for the curing of stiff and deformed joints, which doubtless possesses much merit. Some time ago a Los Angeles practitioner imported an appliance for the administration of this remedy, a brief description of which was given in this department:

"In all cases the Tallerman treatment is applied under the direction of medical men and of a nursing staff, but it is an open secret that Mr. Tallerman (whose headquarters are at No. 50 Welbeck street, London, W.) has had an uphill fight for the recognition of his system. I have been going through the reports on the work of the free institutes, and have also perused a series of hospital reports of cases treated at home and abroad, and I have no hesitation in saying that there is no other mode of treatment known to science which can effect the cure of stiff and deformed joints in the fashion accomplished by the Tallerman system. It is a very simple affair, so simple that, as usual, one is given to wonder that medicine did not think of it ages ago. Mr. Tallerman incases the affected limb or joints in a special case or copper chamber. Hot air is then laid on, as it were, by means of gas or oil, so that a temperature of from 250 to 300 deg. or more can be generated without any discomfort. The effect of the application of this hot, dry air is literally marvelous. Joints which were practically immovable become useful, and patients, from being cripples, have the use of their limbs restored to them. It is not claimed that the Tallerman treatment will cure every case. Some are beyond its aid, but, from what I have seen of its effects, I have no hesitation in saying that it should be made widely known, and especially among the poor, to whom the loss of a useful limb is a calamity of no mean order. Nothing, to my mind, has been more disgraceful than the tacit boycotting of Mr. Tallerman's treatment in certain medical quarters. Against this, of course, he has the satisfaction of seeing his treatment applied in certain of our big hospitals, but I have thought that if Mr. Tallerman had been animated with the desire to make money he could by this time have acquired a considerable fortune had he regarded his own pocket more decidedly than the relief of the sick poor."

One Cause of Melancholy.

IN THE Medical Record, Dr. M. Allen Starr has a suggestive article on "The Toxic Origin of Neurasthenia and Melancholia." An exchange says:

"In some cases it is true, as he shows that neurasthenia is due to anxiety and worry; in some, it is due to mental or physical over-exertion—but in the majority of cases it is probably due to a toxic, or poisonous agent, evolved in the stomach or the intestines from the improper assimilation of food. This is the natural inference, inasmuch as the doctor says that activity in the digestive process appears to aid in the elimination of the poison. Such being the case, we may set the most prevalent form of neurasthenia and melancholia down as being simply a form of dyspepsia or indigestion."

"For treatment, Dr. Starr recommends a course of diet, which cannot be laid down in a uniform manner for all patients, but must be prescribed by one's physician or by one's own experience. Patients differ very radically from each other in their ability to digest various articles. The old saw, that 'what is one man's meat is another man's poison,' still holds good."

"For medication, Dr. Starr recommends calomel, Carlsbad salt, or other saline mixtures, in mild doses, also oil. The use of a hot bath on rising, at a temperature of 104, is recommended, and an increase of exercise, but not to the point of exhaustion."

"The doctor does not recommend the starvation cure, but this is undoubtedly the most efficacious in all diseases resulting from poisonous gases in the stomach or intestines caused by indigestion. If the stomach and other digestive apparatus are not performing their work properly, give them a rest. Give them a chance to catch up with their work."

Grain Foods.

THERE is quite a rage just now for various cereal preparations, a great number of which are upon the market under various names. The chief difference between these preparations and the grains from which they are made is that they cost ten or fifteen times as much. It is true that the partial cooking to which some of them are subjected, changing the starch into dextrine, renders them more acceptable to a weak stomach, but

that can usually be done by a housekeeper, with little trouble or expense.

On this subject, Woman's Physical Development says: "Every one of these so-called health foods (I except none) lose delicacy and deliciousness of taste, and are of less value in nourishing elements than the simple grains from which they were prepared. They are in every way—taste, nourishment, ease of digestion, etc., simply poor imitations of the real food."

"This is a startling statement, and, if proved, will save many households hundreds of dollars per year, and even the poorest can also save by lessening or entirely discarding the use of flour, if they so desire."

"Now, follow my words closely, and the reader can have an opportunity to prove to his own entire satisfaction the truth of the statements made."

"Wheat, the entire grain, just as it comes from the field, is the best and usually the most appetizing food in the world, when properly prepared, and it can be prepared at home without the necessity of grinding or any other process."

"Buy some cleaned whole wheat, just as it comes from the field. Soak it in water over night. Add just enough water so it will all soak up. In the morning salt to taste, pour milk over it and simmer (not boil) for from three to five hours. The longer it is simmered, the softer it will become, and the more delicious it will taste when first placed in the mouth, though chewing will bring out the full delicacy of flavor, even if not cooked until soft."

"This wheat can be eaten with butter, honey, cream, or cream and sugar, though, if the taste is not accustomed to 'palate-tickers' of this character, it will be found palatable without any addition whatever. If it is desired to make the dish especially rich, it can be soaked in milk instead of water over night. If milk cannot be had, water can be used for boiling instead."

Christian Science Pays.

WILLIAM G. NIXON, who for several years published the books of Mrs. Eddy, the Christian Scientist, but afterward left the community, when he found that he could no longer approve of Mrs. Eddy's methods, recently gave an interview to a reporter, in which he made some statements that should be interesting reading to Mrs. Eddy's followers, although, to judge from past experience, it is extremely doubtful whether this or any other disclosure will have much effect upon the faith of Mrs. Eddy's disciples. Following is the interview referred to, which is from a Boston correspondence of the Philadelphia North American:

"I was drawn into the movement, like others, because I believed that Christian Science had the power to heal. I was never healed of anything myself, but I had friends who attributed their cures to the science. When I became a Christian Scientist I firmly believed that it could do in the way of healing diseases all that Mrs. Eddy said it could. I was cashier of a bank at Pierre, S. D., and I was induced to come on to Boston and take \$300 worth of Christian Science lessons from Mrs. Eddy. Then I went back to Pierre, and after the lapse of several months, when I saw a favorable opportunity to pull up stakes, I did so, and came to Boston to accept the proposition of Mrs. Eddy to publish her writings."

"In September, 1889, I took hold of the publication business for her, and conducted it until January, 1893. When I took hold the concern was in a bad way financially. It had several hundred dollars of liabilities outstanding against it, and practically nothing to meet the payments. When I quit—for conscientious reasons—I left a balance of \$7000 in the treasury. Of course, all that was published did not go to Christian Science."

"Mrs. Eddy's 'Science and Health, With Key to the Scriptures' was published by real Christian spirit that might be supposed to be in the movement, that is illustrated by the way in which Mrs. Woodbury was treated."

"I am not here to defend Mrs. Woodbury, but I do say that in dealing with her they did not imitate Jesus of Nazareth. They did not try to throw any Christian mantle of charity over this unfortunate woman. They did not even treat her with the rudimentary justice of an Indian. I have lived among the Sioux Indians and I verily believe that the Sioux Indians show more genuine justice in dealing with their victims than did the Christian Scientists with Mrs. Woodbury; for the Sioux Indians always grant to the accused the right of speech to state his side of the case. In Mrs. Woodbury's case she was excommunicated forever without any opportunity to be heard."

"Believe me, as one who was once on the inside, one who went into the movement honestly and could not conscientiously remain in it—Christian Science is a monumental humbug. It has seen its greatest prosperity as a money-making enterprise, and a few more trials like this will lay bare its skeleton closets."

"Mrs. Eddy dares not, in my opinion, go through the ordeal of a cross-examination. She is old and feeble, in spite of her constant teaching to the contrary. Concord is only a two hour's trip from Boston. According to her Christian Science teaching, she cannot be ill, or old, or feeble, and should have nothing to fear. Yet she will not come to the trial, hoping that by staying away she may win because the burden of proof is on Mrs. Woodbury. If she should dare to show herself in court it will, in my opinion, be her undoing. She will never give the public an opportunity to see how near she is to dissolution and collapse."

"Yet her followers, still blinded by their belief in her divine mission on earth, are swayed by her slightest wish. The fiat has gone forth that when she sent the message about the Babylonian woman she did not mean Mrs. Woodbury, and although every Christian Scientist who heard that message knew full well that Mrs. Woodbury was the woman intended, one after another will be called to the stand before the close of the trial, and will testify that they hadn't the slightest idea that Mrs. Woodbury was intended. Some of them would just as lief say that they had never heard of Mrs. Woodbury, if they thought it necessary to win the case. For they believe the end justifies the means, and thus far Mrs. Eddy's wish is to them as a divine law."

The Youths' Own Page—Our Boys and Girls.

THE ANIMATED WAXWORKS.

ROBIN TAYLOR SHOWS SOME LONDON LADS WHAT AN AMERICAN FOURTH IS REALLY LIKE.

By a Special Contributor.

WHEN Robin Taylor left Oldham with the Animated Wax Works he did not expect to be gone more than a month or two, but the new building that his uncle was putting up for exhibition purposes took longer to build than he had expected, owing to a strike of the curtain cord makers, and Robin found the Fourth of July approaching and he was 3000 miles from Maine.

At first it worried him a good deal, because the Fourth had always seemed to him the very best day in the whole year, and he knew that English children did not observe it, but the fairy godmother said to him one day:

"You know Robin that it will be perfectly possible for me to provide you with plenty of firecrackers and fireworks, and if you want you can invite a lot of English boys to help you celebrate.

"But," said Robin, "won't English boys get mad at being asked to celebrate a victory over them?"

"Robin," said the fairy, "I think that you are not very progressive."

"What do you mean?" said Robin, bridling.

"Why, you're behind the times. You weren't alive during the revolutionary war, and neither were these English boys. I can understand that you are glad the Americans won the revolution, but all the people who fought in it on either side are dead and gone and it's time that you stopped being so 'cocky' about it. You go ahead and invite a lot of English and American boys and we'll have a Fourth of July that will make Londoners think there is no country like the United States—except England."

"But there is no exception—"

"Oh, run along," said the fairy, giving Robin a push and laughing at him. "Invite your friends and I will do the rest."

Robin thought it over and finally decided that he was treasuring up resentment for a pretty long while, and so he went out and invited a lot of English lads and all the Americans that he knew were sojourning in London. He told them that he wasn't quite sure what the programme was to be, but he'd back the fairy to do what was right and the only thing necessary was to get the Lord Mayor of London to permit them to have their fireworks on the Thames Embankment right by the Houses of Parliament, where water would be handy in case of accident.

The Lord Mayor had traveled in America and had been handsomely treated and he was only too glad to allow Robin to do anything in reason.

"Don't point your rockets in the direction of the Parliament building or Westminster Abbey, and whatever you do, don't set the Thames on fire," said he with a jolly laugh.

Fourth of July dawned clear and bright and at 5 in the morning the guests met outside the Houses of Parliament and watched Robin set off a salute of 100 enormous cannon crackers.

"Now," said Robin to the English boys, "at home I buy my firecrackers at a store before the Fourth, but the fairy told me she would bring them direct from China as fast as I wanted them, and she also said she would let us see the store that she gets them at."

"Oh, how jolly," said most of the English boys. The Americans said: "Bully boy, Bob." Both of them meant the same thing.

Cinderella and the rest of the company were on hand of course; in fact, Cinderella enjoyed firing off crackers as much as any of the boys, but Red Riding Hood was afraid she would burn holes in her cloak. I suppose she had heard about the fate of Pussy Cat Mew.

The salute having been fired, the fairy drew a large cloud from the sky and caused it to settle just over the Thames Embankment. Then she pointed at it, and right in the middle of it appeared a queer little Chinese store. The boys looked closely and saw the fairy come up a Chinese street and walk into the store. They could see right through the walls, and a Chinaman took down box after box of firecrackers. The fairy then pointed toward London and the Chinaman nodded his head, there was a loud explosion, and out of the cloud twenty large boxes of firecrackers dropped, right at the feet of Robin and his friends.

"How'll I open these?" shouted Robin, and straightway found himself with an ax in his hand.

It did not take him long to open the boxes and each one disclosed forty packs of first chop firecrackers.

"Haven't any punk," said Robin, looking at the fairy who had returned.

Have you ever seen asparagus grow? Out of the grass like asparagus a thousand heads of punk pushed themselves. They grew until they were a foot long and then the boys broke them off.

"I say!" said the English boys, completely mystified.

"Oh, that's nothing," said a little American from Chicago; "at home the punk grows a great deal higher than this," but for the credit of American truthfulness, Robin explained that punk grew in very few gardens in America, and that this was the quickest and highest growth he had ever seen.

The boys now had punk and firecrackers, but no matches.

"Where are the matches?" asked Robin.

The fairy pointed to the bushes that grew here and there, and lo, and behold, on the end of each branch was a twig tipped like a parlor match. The boys broke the twigs off as often as they needed them and they lasted all day long.

The people on board the sailing craft that passed up and down the Thames opened their eyes and ears at the sights and sounds that day, and the opposite bank of the Thames was lined with people watching Robin and his friends celebrate the Fourth. Pop, pop, pop went the crackers and twice during the forenoon the fairy had to go to China for more of them.

Once while she was gone the boys noticed a shrub that looked as if it were about to burst into bloom. In a few moments the buds opened and disclosed themselves as little American flags. Robin picked them and gave them to the Americans and then the English boys said they wanted some too as souvenirs, so he went on picking them until they were all supplied. Robin said afterward that he felt then as if the battle of Bunker Hill was a long way off.

At noon the fairy drew another cloud from the sky and the boys saw within it a fort on an island. The New York boys in the crowd burst into cheers. "It's Governor's Island," said they. The fairy now appeared on the island and went up to an officer and spoke to him. He nodded his head and smiled, and she then went up to two soldiers, who saluted her and then walked with her to a cannon. The next instant the cloud settled on the ground and cannon, soldiers, and fairy were all in London.

Then the two soldiers, who did not seem to know that they were anywhere but on Governor's Island, saluted the day in 100 guns.

"Three cheers for the United States," said Robin, and all the Americans took off their caps and cheered.

Then a handsome little English boy shouted, "Three cheers for Robin Taylor and the United States and the Fourth day of July," and the English boys gave three cheers that sounded very like the American article.

Then an American boy said: "What's the matter with England?"

"She's all right," answered Robin.

"Who's all right?" asked the other.

"England," yelled every American, and the English boys burst out laughing. They had never heard this curious American catechism before.

As soon as the salute had been fired, the soldiers were enveloped in the cloud and went back to Governor's Island again, and what proves that they did not know they had been to England, is the fact that if you ask any of the soldiers on the island if they ever heard of that London salute, they'll think you're crazy.

The afternoon was filled full of surprises like this, and the English boys all said that they wished that England had such a holiday and such a fairy.

But it was in the evening that the fairy provided the best things. To begin with, as soon as it was dark, she told the giants, Blunderbore and Cormoran, to set off some enormous Roman candles. Well, I should say they were enormous. Each one was forty feet long, and as large round as the trunk of an elm tree. And the balls that came out of them were much larger than cannon balls, and as much brighter than ordinary Roman candles as the sun is brighter than ordinary American candles.

They lighted up the country for leagues and leagues around London, and country folk were sure that the world had come to an end. Some people always think when they see a great light or hear a great noise, that the world has come to an end.

After the candles there were rockets that went up into the air seventeen miles, and showed a million stars each, in colors that had never been imagined before by anyone but a fairy.

The final thing on the programme was a set piece which the fairy put up in the air so that it could be seen by all London. It represented the President of the United States and the King of England, and it was 500 feet high—"more than life size," as one youngster remarked.

CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS.

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ELECTRIC PLANT RUN BY A BOY.

A TWELVE-YEAR-OLD LAD OF ST. LOUIS WHO RUNS A SIX-HORSE-POWER DYNAMO.

By a Special Contributor.

If there are younger electricians, that is, practical ones, than the six boys who form the American Electric Power Company of St. Louis, Mo., the scientific papers have overlooked recording them. Of course, boys all over the country are as much interested in electricity as their elders, and very unfortunate indeed is the youngster who has not had a toy electrical apparatus of some description; either motor, dynamo or electric car that runs on real rails by real electricity. But here are a half-dozen and one bright school boys, none of them being over 12 years of age, who own a practical dynamo and a real steam engine and boiler.

Think of it, boys! A six-horse-power boiler which furnishes steam for a compound vertical engine, which in turn runs a forty-light dynamo. Isn't that fit?"

The owner of this complete plant is Edward Field Goltra, of No. 3882 Delmar boulevard, St. Louis. He is the son and only child of Edward Field Goltra, vice-president and general manager of the American Steel Foundry Company, and the business partner of Mayor Rolla Wells of St. Louis. Mr. Goltra is himself a practical electrician, capable of taking the place of any one of his 3500 employees and filling it satisfactorily. He is also a crack amateur athlete, and it was to foster his son's interest in gymnastics that he got the electric plant.

Mr. Goltra was watching his son perform on a horizontal bar which he had just had erected in the back yard. The boy was new at the game and it was all the

little fellow could do to get his chin over the bar.

The father watched his boy a thought struck him. "My son," he said, "you have always been an electric plant. Now, when you learn to do yourself six times without touching the ground, I will buy the plant."

In one month's time Field began to pull above the bar not only six times, but seven. Then he announced that he was able to do so and invited his father into the back yard to referee. Mr. Goltra gravely took a seat on the stoop and bade Field go ahead. Field started, for he had stopped had chinned the pole and

"You have not only won the electric engine," said his father, "but you have done what I asked you to do, and for that I will give you a box of tools and everything else that is necessary."

The next day a load of bricks was dumped



THE YOUNG ELECTRICIAN AND HIS

alley back of the house and workmen began the erection of the machine shop. In a short time, and then the brand new machinery, boiler and dynamo, were installed and connected. The plant, equipped as well as the great company. Mr. Goltra is manager, was turned over to the boy to get a number of his playmates and form a company. This was done, and the company is now as follows: Edward Field Goltra, president; general manager; Bob McCaig, chief engineer; John Tausig, assistant engineer; Charley Inman, assistant engineer; John Tausig, carpenter, and George McKee, keeper.

Being organized, the next thing to do was business. The members of the company as long as Field was general manager, it was to get business. Accordingly, he approached with a proposition to light the Goltra home, which was already wired and using the harnessed a several million dollar company, but this proposition didn't hinder Field one bit in his work as the boy had quite a "pull" with his father, and now the house is lighted entirely by the American Electric Power Company's lights. Of course, Mr. Goltra, being a business man, desired to antagonize the powerful rival of the city, and hence he has not disconnected them, but doesn't use their power, and that is new to the new company.

The engine-room is a model of cleanliness. It is in its place on the walls or in the tool box of waste used in keeping the machinery fully packed away in a box especially for that, and the whole concern looks as spry and as efficient as a gentleman's yacht. Once he heard a steam fire engine plowing down the street, he dropped a saw where he was using it to cut a hole in the wall. When he came back the general manager told him that, as a fine for his carelessness, he would have to use the engine-room for a day. Needless to say, he has been no more careless since.

The theoretical, as well as the practical, of electrical engineering, is being looked into by the corner of the shop. Whenever a question arises regarding wiring, repairing the dynamo or other guess work is indulged in, but the books and the work is executed along approved lines, and the thing is done in a practical manner.

The installation of this company has many other things being formed, and it was for this reason that the Goltra yard is called No. 1. The intention of these boys to form a trust for the benefit of St. Louis' fashionable West End.

W. H. H.

DISCOVERY OF A NEW ANIMAL.

HAS THE HEAD OF A TAPIR, THE TAIL OF A MONKEY AND THE BODY OF A MAN.

By a Special Contributor.

The English journals contain accounts of a discovery which has just been made in the vast equatorial region which extends in Africa, between Congo, of an animal until now unknown, and considered as disappeared for many centuries. It is the famous antediluvian halibut, which inhabited Greece and Asia Minor in the

period study. It is a tapir, these traor red; the neck legs spots upper is ve This is called forest Stanley Sir I was co receive among wore th At last the Stan who bro The s British prevent

THE ST

Wee-Wee the little boy a much-too girl took a good deal together, very hand There w appearance Now this So much a Hair Vigor and alack there were carried his He had vouring all of them. H and you ne Wee-Wee complained Everybody the train; c too had fri to make fri through the A nice, fa way, the litt incognito, th peanuts and me, the little himself. Of nice, fat gen take all he w That night lost. Mama a had not seen sleep. The re and there sto on his should force of detec was no use, fo coat pocket or pocket to get because he was or because he B with all He used to sleeve. It w ber around to do was to crawl to bed. hours, and the bed, but he w a comfort! Sh behind the doo when he felt in the baby's bottl fast at the same Wee. He just gr Ten miles from ranch, which is part of the 7 man in th big brother—w wonderful lot of pack of bounds with Wee-Wee a called one of the Waltz, because he quaked equally, whatever piece th was there. And sh always rode with lawn trotted beh to; it was dend. One day, the D Monkey's name wa down than stand Wee-Wee had fre afraid, but after Monkey's ears and But one day the Dan's, Wee-W and him. The lit

periods and of which nothing was known except by the study of some fossil remains.

It is certainly a very strange animal. The head of a tapir, neck of a horse, ears of an ass, body of an ox—these are its characteristics. But what is most extraordinary is its coloring. The forehead is a bright red; a narrow black band follows the nose and around the nostrils. The ears are also a bright red, also the neck and the shoulders with dashes of crimson. The legs and the paws are striped like those of a zebra, with spots of orange on white lines. No front teeth in the upper jaw, the animal being a ruminant. The tongue is very mobile and extensible, like that of the giraffe.

This mixture of horse, zebra, ass, ox, tapir and giraffe is called by the natives okapi. It lives in couples in the forests of Itouri, and on the banks of the Semliki. Stanley had heard of it, as is seen by a note in his book.

Sir Harry Johnston, Governor of English Ouganda, was commissioned to search for the strange animal. He received much information about the unknown beast among the natives whom he visited. Many warriors wore the skins or fragments of the skin of the okapi. At last M. Eriksson, a Swedish officer in the service of the State of Congo, sent hunting some native soldiers, who brought in several of these animals.

The skins and the skulls will soon be placed in the British Museum. No doubt measures will be taken to prevent this curious creature from becoming extinct.

WEE-WEE.

THE STORY OF A PET WHITE RAT WHO DID MANY FUNNY THINGS.

By a Special Contributor.

Wee-Wee was the white rat a little boy in Chicago gave the little girl, and that a man in Florida gave the little boy. So you see, in the beginning, Wee-Wee was a much-traveled person; and then, after that, the little girl took him to live on a big ranch in Texas. To see a good deal of the world is a liberal education; so, altogether, Wee-Wee was a very bright rat, not to say a very handsome rat.

There was only one thing objectionable in Wee-Wee's appearance, and that was that he had no hair on his tail. Now this was a great source of mortification to him. So much so, indeed, that he was seen to eat the Ayer's Hair Vigor advertisements out of the papers. But alas and alack! it was no use, hair wouldn't grow where there were no roots planted; and so, poor Wee-Wee carried his bald-headed tail through life.

He had a voracious appetite for reading matter, devouring all the books he could find—leastwise, the edges of them. He was especially fond of the Literary Digest; and you needn't tell me there is nothing in a name, for Wee-Wee digested every copy he ate. Well, he never complained of dyspepsia, anyway.

Everybody was Wee-Wee's friend, even the porter on the train; everybody but the peanut boy. It did seem too bad about the peanut boy. Wee-Wee tried so hard to make friends with him. Every time the boy came through the car, Wee-Wee tried to jump into his basket.

A nice, fat gentleman across the aisle—who, by the way, the little girl felt sure was Santa Claus, traveling incognito, the resemblance was so marked—bought some peanuts and put them in his pocket. If you'll believe me, the little girl saw Wee-Wee walk right in and help himself. Of course, she took the peanuts back; but the nice, fat gentleman said that he had told Wee-Wee to take all he wanted, so that made it all right.

That night when they reached the hotel, Wee-Wee was lost. Mama asked the bellboy and the porters, but they had not seen him, and the little girl cried herself to sleep. The next morning come one knocked at the door, and there stood the nice, fat gentleman with Wee-Wee on his shoulder. He said he had intended putting a force of detectives at work, but when he woke there was no use, for there sat Wee-Wee, peeping out of his coat pocket on the bed post. He had crawled in the pocket to get more nuts, and had either fallen asleep because he was tired—which is usually reason enough—or because he had eaten so much he couldn't get out.

But with all Wee-Wee's faults he was a dear child. He used to sleep in the little girl's nightgown sleeve. It was a full sleeve fastened with rubber bands around the wrist, and all Wee-Wee had to do was to poke his nose under the rubber and crawl to bed. To be sure he kept scandalously late hours, and the little girl never knew when he came to bed, but he was there in the morning, which was such a comfort! She used to hang his nightgown and all, behind the door, and Wee-Wee descended to breakfast when he felt inclined. Breakfast consisted in nursing the baby's bottle. If the baby happened to want breakfast at the same time, it made small difference to Wee-Wee. He just grabbed the bottle and ran off.

Ten miles from where the little girl lived was another ranch, which is a very near next-door-neighbor in that part of the country. On this ranch lived the most famous man in the world—excepting one's own papa and his brother—who was called Dan. The Dan knew a wonderful lot of stories, and had the most beautiful pack of hounds and a music-box. The Dan fell in love with Wee-Wee at once. He wrote poetry to him, and called one of the pieces on his music-box the Wee-Wee Waltz, because it squeaked so. All of the pieces squeaked equally, so the Wee-Wee waltz happened to be whatever piece the box was playing when the little girl was there. And she happened there quite often. Wee-Wee always rode with her in the carriage. The polka-dotted fawn trotted behind. The lame grasshopper couldn't go; it was dead.

One day, the Dan gave the little girl a donkey. The donkey's name was Sooner, because he would sooner lie down than stand up, and sooner stand still than walk. Wee-Wee had five rides on the donkey. At first he was afraid, but after a while he would sit up between the donkey's ears and run down his tail to the ground.

But one sad day, when they were coming home from the Dan's, Wee-Wee was lost, and no hunting could find him. The little girl remembered seeing him last at the

fork of the roads, when he ran under the carriage seat and climbed into the lunch basket. As soon as the Dan heard of the calamity, he came over. He said he had put Sorco, the big hound, in mourning, by tying a black necktie around his neck. The little girl hoped Sorco wasn't hypocritical. She remembered how he had chased poor Wee-Wee into a hole, and then stood guard, his tail sticking straight out like a crowbar. The Dan said he felt sure Sorco was honest in his grief, for he went around with his head and tail hanging down in a very depressed way. The little girl had her suspicions that Sorco's woe-begoneness was more because he wasn't used to being dressed up. She knew from experience that being dressed up made one feel uncomfortable and not-a-friend-in-the-world-y.

And Wee-Wee was dead. There was no doubt about it. The Dan saw his ghost running up and down the stump at the fork of the road, every time he passed. The little girl said she thought it might be the sure 'nough Wee-Wee; but the Dan said no, that every time he tried to touch him, he disappeared like melted moonlight, and the Dan was a very truthful person, the little girl knew. He told the little girl that now they could have a graveyard, with a real tombstone, and Wee-Wee's name on one side and the lame grasshopper's on the other. This would be very comforting, but how could it be done? You couldn't have a graveyard where there were no graves. No one knew where Wee-Wee was buried, and the lame grasshopper wasn't buried at all; Tom-tit had swallowed him. The Dan had to agree to the impossibility of the thing, and so instead of starting the graveyard he took the little girl riding on his queer South American saddle, that was so wide the little girl's feet stuck straight out. SUSIE C. OTT.

BUMBLE BEE AND RED ANT.

AN EXQUISITE NATURE STORY CONCERNING INSECT LIFE.

By a Special Contributor.

Overhead a bright blue sky; the trees swayed in the soft breeze, while the bees and insects hummed and droned a tender noontide lullaby to all nature. A little stream purled lazily along and then made quite a dash, as though to make up for lost time. Across the hot sand of the road a great bumble bee guided his awkward body. He must have been a very sleepy bumble bee, for he bumped his head and yellow-striped body against a large tree—bump—buzz—buzz—buzz—and he was on his back making his wings work very fast, as though he was trying to fly on his head.

He was choked with the land, the accident had been terrible to him. Soon he ceased struggling, and the fuzzy legs and black hips stood up in the air—still—no longer protesting against fate.



Now, during these struggles, a small, red ant had been wisely waiting to know the result. A live bumble bee singing away in the air was one thing, but a dead bee on the ground was something else altogether. A few moments passed, and still no movement. The bumble bee was evidently dead.

The ant, with the true instinct of her kind of "putting by for a rainy day," quickly approached the fallen prize, and, with her tiny feelers and legs went to work with a will.

Gracious! how that little red ant worked—never stopping to think she was trying to carry something many times her size; but pulled away, now as a straw lay across her path, and again attempting to lift her burden over a dead leaf, or forcing it through a forest of moss.

She would stop every now and then to rest; then she would look all around the great body, wondering what she was going to do with it when she got it home.

A big black ant roaming around looking for his dinner espied the little red ant and her bee, and instantly concluding that "might was right," he shortened the distance between himself and the feast. The little red ant paused. What should she do? She had tried hard to do her work bravely, not calling for help, though her burden was heavy. Now here was a foe to face.

The black ant came nearer and—the red ant ran away as fast as her small legs could carry her.

Deserting her work? Well, it looked like it. Oh, my little red ant, don't give up because it is hard—go back!

The little red ant knew what she was about, however. In two minutes she had collected a small army of relations—back they all came—by twos and threes and dozens—some so eager that they tried to walk over the backs of those in front.

The big black ant was getting uneasy, and really did not want that bumble bee, anyway!

Each red ant had his own work. Some went to help

with the bee, while others drew themselves around the now-vanquished enemy; and not until the bee was quite safe in the ant's nest did the black prisoner obtain his freedom.

The bee safely stored, the ants did not even stop to admire their own industry, but went to work at something else. What would you have? Do you not know there is such a thing as winter.

HARRIET E. WRIGHT.

"THE COLLAR OF HONOR."

HOW THE BRAVE CANINES OF FRANCE ARE REWARDED FOR LIFE-SAVING.

By a Special Contributor.

A "collar of honor" is awarded in France to dogs that have distinguished themselves by deeds of bravery. The collar is a work of art, and among the dogs already decorated in this way is Faccus, a large bulldog, which has saved the lives of many people by stopping runaway horses. The dog jumps up and seizes the bridle of the fleeing animal. Another intelligent heroic beast is Pantland, also a bulldog. He saved his mistress from the attack of a footpad and has received a collar from the Order of Merit, which, by the way, was founded by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Turk, a splendid Newfoundland, has also been decorated for saving three young children from drowning on different occasions.

Sultan, also a Newfoundland, wore the collar of honor, in recognition of several acts of bravery. He rescued a child from drowning, saved a man who attempted suicide, arrested a thief and captured an assassin. His last heroic deed was preventing a castle being robbed, but he was poisoned, it is supposed, by those who attempted the robbery.

LIPTON SAYS AMERICAN BOYS ARE ALL RIGHT.

[Chicago Chronicle:] Sir Thomas Lipton, who is preparing the Shamrock II for a race for the American cup in September next, has been writing of American and English boys. He says: "I think the American boy is ahead of the English boy. I find that in America the managers of large concerns are often very youthful. In England a man must look old before he is thought to look wise." Then follows a statement which, coming from so high an authority as Sir Thomas Lipton, will challenge the attention of those who are responsible for the education of the "ingenuous youth" of our nation. "I hold," says Sir Thomas, "that it would be a good thing to send every English boy to America when he is 17 and keep him there for a couple of years." Sir Thomas himself, one recalls, came to this country at that age and, his experiences here constitute, in his opinion, the best training he ever had.

CASH OF THE ANCIENTS.

[Cornhill Magazine:] The little brass cash, the Chinese coins, are the lineal descendants, in unbroken order, of the bronze ax of remote celestial ancestors. From the regular hatchet to the modern coin one can trace a distinct, if somewhat broken, succession, so that it is impossible to say where the one leaves off and the other begins. Here is how this curious pedigree first worked itself out: In early times, before coin was invented, barter was usually conducted between producer and consumer with metal implements, as it still is in Central Africa at the present day.

At first the Chinese in that unsophisticated age were content to use real hatchets for this commercial purpose, but after a time, with the profound mercantile instinct of their race, it occurred to some of them that when a man wanted half a hatchet's worth of goods he might as well pay for them with half a hatchet. Still, as it would be a pity to spoil a good working implement by cutting it in two, the worthy Ah Sin ingeniously compromised the matter by making thin hatchets of the usual size and shape, but far too slender for practical usage. By doing so he invented coin, and, what is more, he invented it far earlier than the claimants to that proud distinction, the Lydians, whose electrum staters were first struck in the seventh century, B. C.

EDUCATION.

[Detroit Journal:] No, indeed! Regret having cultivated the art of boxing at college? The idea!

"Why, I can put my baby to sleep with one punch in the solar plexus!" exclaimed the young mother, glowing proudly.

Secretly we envied her her savoir faire, but still we felt it incumbent upon us to affect misgivings as to the expediency, not to say propriety, of the higher education, so-called, for women.

Woman and Home—Our Wives and Daughters.

SUMMER FRIVOLITIES.

HER BOAS AS LONG AS THE WOMAN WHO WEARS IT AND REACHES THE TOP OF HER HEAD.

From a Special Correspondent.

NEW June 24, 1901.—In these days of fluff neck fixings, sashes and scarf ends, no woman need be at a loss for a smart toilette. For if she has only one gown, and that a simplish pompadour silk, a black canvas or a tobacco brown laine—all popular materials of the hour—a bunchy, gauzy collet of tulle intermingled with artificial flowers, poppies, roses or violets, will make the plain frock outshine Solomon and his glory.

On the other hand, if the costume is too fine for the occasion, or in a color too startling for the wide eye of day, a collet of black net and velvet ribbon will add just the touch of sobriety needed. The ultimate result all depends on the choice of the neck ruche. It must fit the case, as it were, be sharply contrasting or else blend gracefully in color with the rest of the toilette, and it were better you had never known such things existed than to wear some pitiful piece of this finery after its pristine freshness has departed. To fulfill its mission, which is that of glorification, a collet should present always the appearance of immaculate freshness. Otherwise it seems bitterly ageing, as if the wearer as

pillar. Only a little more than the crown of the head could be seen over it from the rear.

"Oh, yes," said the dazzling creature who was showing off this bewildering, but simple confection, "it is from Paris, of course. But only Frenchwomen know the value of chic simplicity, so American ladies think my beautiful boa expensive because it has no trimming. See how it crossed the water!" And she showed "a proper boa box," a pasteboard coffin of almost human length, with tissue paper inner walls and a curve at one end to accommodate the caterpillar, and certainly \$35 did not appear dear after this, for it was a mansion spacious enough for the very queen of collets. It seemed a potent reminder of how carefully the fragile treasure needs to be kept, for exposure on one damp day would mean its finish.

Pretty Shoulder Capes and Scarfs.

For young matrons the fashion mongers are displaying just now some short shoulder capes with the same ends and throat ruffle as the boas, and which, when made of black French lace or taffeta with net frills, seem delightful additions to a light toilette.

Many sorts of scarfs are seen, those of painted Liberty silk being much used out of town as evening mufflers, and sometimes with a garden party or summer hotel evening frock there will be a long affair of soft mull, made to tie about the shoulders with a graceful quaint-

WHAT HOUSEKEEPERS WANT TO KNOW.

HOW TO KEEP THE COMFORTABLE WICKER FURNITURE CLEAN, ETC.

By a Special Contributor.

Wash willow and wicker, in the natural finish, with a scrubbing brush and plenty of warm water, and dry quickly—in the sun if possible. But if you have thoroughly and look after stains and spots with a clean varnish or enamel wicker by rubbing with a swab of prepared chalk, and very fine sawdust, tied tight in a square of cheese cloth. The cloth gets dirty put its contents into a bucket. After the rubbing brush hard with a soft brush. Rub very dirty places with a swab of tripoli at the end of the thumb, dipped as lightly as possible in boiled linseed oil.

To clean upholstered furniture, cover the same with a towel and whip with a rattan, shaking whenever it grows dusty. Wash all visible parts with tepid soapuds, dry it very quickly, then rub with a flannel and a few drops of kerosene. This gives a cherry and oak in finish. Mahogany needs to be wiped with a damp cloth, then rubbed for half an hour with a clean flannel. Brush the upholstered hard, then wipe them quickly with a cloth wet with dry out of clear, hot, water. Follow this with a white flannel dipped in alcohol. As soon as the shows dirt, wash it clean in tepid water, then the alcohol will dissolve the dirt, and deposit streaks upon the surface of the fabric.

Clean out tuftings with a little swab of cotton on the end of a stout skewer and wet alcohol. Clean away the cotton as soon as it gets dirty. Clean lightly used will not mark the most delicate. The swab must not be wet enough to trickle. Be sure. Clear the intricacies of carved work with the same sort of swabs, but take especial pains to keep them too wet. With very delicate carving, sometimes have recourse to a sandblast, using tripoli and small hand bellows. Direct a gentle blast of sand against the carving. In flying back the sand brings away the dust.

Clean gilt furniture with a sifted whiting and a cream with alcohol. Cover a small space with the whiting and rub off before it hardens. If a spot still remains, lightly with clear alcohol. If there is much tarnish, wash quickly with borax soapuds, then cover with the wet whiting, and let it dry off with a stiff brush and polish afterward with soft leather.

This is the very best way of cleaning all gilt frames. With very big ones, cover with the whiting, then lay the frame flat, and leave it thus until brushing. A gilt frame speckled but untarnished, to be rubbed with a flannel wet in alcohol and afterward with a soft leather, stretched smooth on a palm.

Brasses, as knobs, handles and such as are modern furniture, are commonly lacquered, and cleaned with alcohol and a soft cloth. Dampen in place of wetting it and rub quickly. Unlacquered brass can be cleaned in various ways. One of the best is to wash it well in warm soapuds, then rub with vinegar, using a flannel swab, and polish afterward with a clean cloth. Take care not to use acid and salt touch the wood. If the brass is open or intricate it is better cleaned with turpentine, to a soft paste with sweet oil. Rub hard and polish afterward with tripoli in powder.

To clean matting, sweep it twice—first with a broom, working along the grain of straw, and then with a soft broom dipped in warm water, with clean water. This brightens all sorts of matting, and also saves it, in a measure, from being soiled.

Very light matting is best washed, after it has been swept, with weak borax water or rather wiping it with a cloth wrung out of it. Anything whatever matted floor makes the last estate of it and than the first. Dust invariably collects underneath, and once wet, shows through in ugly, dark spots. Grease spots a grain of prevention brats a mat, but if they exist, cover them quickly with a chalk wet with turpentine, let the mixture dry two days, then brush off with a stiff brush. Grease spots are very big and very greasy, put on much washing soda as chalk and mix with the thickness of putty.

Little used matting, as in spare chambers and summer rooms, should be swept very clean, and with a cloth wrung out of sweet milk. Do this yearly—it keeps the straw live and to a degree the milk-wash is used in a living-room or a bedroom, follow it by a wiping with very hot clear water, and the floor from drawing flies.

STYLISH WOMEN RIOT IN THE EXTRAVAGANCE IN DRESS SEEN IN APPROACHING THE LIMIT.

From a Special Correspondent.

NEW YORK, June 24.—It requires more than a set of fingers these bright summer days to make the red gowns that can be counted on at a clubhouse or casino veranda. For the past few weeks women wore red a good deal for safety's sake, and having thus formed a pleasant contrast with that royal color they have lavished it to the requirements of full dress toilette.



well as her boa had too long breasted the storms of life.

Women May Make Their Own Boas.

A batch of summer collets here pictured will provide excellent hints for the woman who cannot afford the expensive shop novelties—for these ruffles are frightfully dear in the shops—and since their mechanism is of the simplest, a fair knowledge of how to baste and box or triple pleat is all the handicraft necessary for their construction. Black and white chiffon, French lace, tulle with raw edges, silk muslin and point d'esprit are the chief materials employed in this direction.

Edges are outlined with narrow velvet or satin ribbon, or if lace is used here the long scarf ends to the throat ruffle will sometimes be striped or barred with tiny ruches of it, producing an effect of richness that would glorify any frock. However, the most delightful of these collets, are daintily simple.

One of white brussels net with tucked scarf ends flouncing some five inches at the bottom—where the tucking stops, you know—depends entirely on black stitching for ornament. This outlines in nine rows the inch-wide hem of the ruffle and that of the ends, which in the approved fashion fall below the knees. Another very smart collet seen in a Fifth-avenue shop was of scarlet tulle, with edges of ruffle and ends left raw, the latter folded in long, loose pleats, and coming almost to the feet. The ruche part of this was in itself a creation. It was much wider at the back than front and, doubled to stand out like some immense, strange cater-

ness. A dainty scarf of this sort is made to wear with a garden party frock of tucked white taffeta and black dotted Swiss. The scarf proper is of the plain Swiss with dotted ruffles, and the note of black is further repeated in a heading to the skirt flounce, a girdle and neck band of lace in clover-leaf appliques.

Low-necked Dresses Very Popular.

The low neck of this bodice, by the way, is a feature of many of the French frocks in airy midsummer textiles, and for a round, young throat, nothing could be prettier, but alas, for those which are long and thin! Parisiennes even wear the stockless bodice shopping, it seems, but here the few seen about hotel corridors, en volture, and on summer-garden roofs, are generally accompanied by the partially shrouding boa or scarf, which only slips away long enough to tantalize masculine eyes. We must be modest in town, but for country use, where gloves are not thought of and bare heads go everywhere, the low-throated bodice is perfectly admissible.

MARY DEAN.

NOT THE USUAL DESTINATION.

[London Globe:] An amusing story is told which bears upon a case of mistaken identity. A man went up to an acquaintance and began to talk to him. In the course of conversation he said: "I heard your father made such an excellent speech in the House of Lords." "I am so glad," was the reply; "we lost him about ten years ago, and I am highly gratified to hear that he has gone to so respectable a place."

bestimates any longer to wear, for example, a hyacinth blue foulard, figured over with huge scarlet poppies, and on top of all this riot of color she will perch a hat of poppy red straw, trimmed with hyacinth blue foulard that is powdered with poppy-red dots. When she raises and opens her parasol it unfolds as a cloud of tulle and her jeweled ornaments are usually ruddy rubies, garnets or other bright sanguine stones.

Where these startling frocks do display themselves to the greatest and most appropriate advantage is on the croquet lawn and on the seat of the private automobiles. Nothing short of a décolleté ball dress is considered too elaborate for the croquet lawn and red is the proper color in which to honor this revived and lady-like sport. It is in the cool of the day when a game is under full swing that a fashion chronicler gets her best chance to observe the mode, and so far as the croquet lawn makes revelations the excessively long skirt, spreading out prodigiously at the feet, is the shape to be followed for sometime to come.

As the exquisitely clad women step about after their balls it is essential to lift the front of the skirt sufficiently to permit safe locomotion. There is a great art in doing this, for many of the skirts are of satiny surfaced foulard, sun-pleated, ten yards wide at the foot and then supplied with a thick, gauze ribbon ruche at the tip edge of the trailing garment. The sun-pleating is so accomplished that the skirt clings close as far down as the knees and then flares like a double petunia below. With such skirts the proper under petticoat is made narrowly to the knees of taffeta. Below this is gathered and accoridian-pleated flounce of soft tulle, set on and over this falls a flounce of white lingerie tulle that is entirely concealed by over-lapping frills of lace. It is very much the fashion to carelessly cut the rear of the dress skirt a suspicion shorter than the trailing, lacy under-petticoat, the glories of which peep forth with luxurious effectiveness. This point is particularly emphasized in lawn party gowns.

Just now there are two distinctive styles of summer automobile dress. One is frou frou, rosy red, and long skirted, and worn when the groom handles the lever. The other is red and simple and becoming, and worn when the owner of the trap drives herself. A smart and grained voile is sketched to indicate on what lines the later type of gown is nearly drawn. This pretty suit is set off with white mohair braid and very dark mahogany red velvet ribbons. The undersleeves and chemise are of white wash lawn, while the hat is distinctively something new. Its straw is almost rust red in tone and its two big pom poms are made of countless loops of dark red chenille. These are chauffeur's cockades and are almost the last word in millinery.

Among the recently developed variations in fashions is the fancy for wearing lace hats to informal summer dinners. When the dining is large, very formal and at the house of a mere acquaintance, the hat is not de rigueur, but for less ceremonious feasts it is not only proper but approved for an airy fairy species of head gear to be assumed with the low-necked and short-sleeved evening gown. The hat is any size or shape one may please to wear, and is all of lace. Flowers, feathers and ribbons are not permitted, but jeweled ornaments are liberally employed, and the most elegant of these trifles are founded of heavy lace of one tint and trimmed with a light net lace of another tint.

Numbers of women who are swift, handy and tasteful with their needles, make their own dinner hats by buying a few white wire frames and utilizing on them the lace and jewel odds and ends from their boxes or drawers of hoarded treasures. The hat must not be so large or heavy as to interfere with the display of a particularly nice or elaborate coiffure. We seemed to have reached a new stage in ornaments for the back hair. The pins we so long have used are disappearing, and in their places we have a long comb of shell supplied with very short, widely set teeth. This comb is so long that it almost clasps the rear of the head from ear to ear, its top is studded solidly with fresh water pearls, or turquoise and when set in place the teeth sink quite out of sight, the wild hairs that will stray out at the back of the neck are held neatly in place and the head appears to be clasped by a curved band of solid jewels.

BABY'S "PEN."

A NEW DEVICE DESIGNED TO AFFORD RELIEF TO BUSY MOTHERS.

By a Special Contributor.

The busy mother who adds to her cares the charge of an active little toddler or mischievous runabout will find the greatest assistance to her necessary vigilance in the construction of a "pen."

There used to be an old saying that a boy should be kept in a hoghead and fed through the bunghole, between the ages of 8 and 15—which was a trifle severe; but the little explorer of either sex, who has just begun to enjoy the freedom of toddling legs, and who cannot be provided with a constant companion in a nurse or some older child, cannot be made happier or safer than in a pen, particularly if this play spot is made as attractive as it easily may be around and about Los Angeles.

There is no country in the world where civilized children are able to spend more time in the open air than here in Southern California. The wise mother appreciates this fact, and her children live out of doors. A mother, if she is also housekeeper and seamstress, or even if she is obliged to devote some portion of her day to social duties, cannot spend the major part of her time in the dooryard, nor can this be expected of the one servant so frequently employed. Neither is it safe for baby to wander about alone. Consequently the eager, restless little one is often housed, when birds, flowers and sunshine are all calling him; and he becomes irritable and "such a bother." In a pen he will play safely and happily for hours.

In a Los Angeles dooryard a most attractive inclosure of this kind for a child is constructed in the vicinity of a high cypress hedge, which does not exclude the sun,

but softens its too great brilliancy. It is fifteen feet square, one side being formed by the house and three sides by chicken wire about three feet high, fastened to heavy posts driven solidly into the ground at the corners.

If such an inclosure can conveniently be built around a tree, it will be rendered more attractive; and the shade is desirable, if not too dense.

Putting a child alone in a barren inclosure would savor somewhat of the old hoghead method; but the modern pen is a fairy garden, a perfect treasure trove of pleasures. First is the light hammock, hanging low enough for the baby to climb in alone. The difficulty which attends this feat is just sufficient to keep the child entertained with the effort and delighted when he has accomplished it; and if he rolls out there is no harm done. Such a desirable place, too, to swing dolly to sleep in; and when one's family includes all the animals contained in Noah's ark, just consider how much time is consumed in rocking all, from the elephant to the guinea pig, "by by."

In one corner is a generous heap of sand, fresh from the seashore, shovel and pails for digging, and great iron spoons, which every baby knows beats any other "digger" ever made. Near by is an old dripping pan sunk in the ground, into which fresh water is poured daily. This makes an enchanting lake (water an inch and a half deep) upon which to float leaf and chip boats. The joys of this sheet of water cannot be exhausted in an hour, and then there is a tin cup which will drain the reservoir to its bottom, and the water is just the thing for mud pies or to fill a newly-dug well.

In another corner stands old Racer, the worn-out hobby horse, although he gets little attention when at his feet is a real train of wooden cars, and nice hard



THE CHILD IN THE PEN.

earth out of which to dig tunnels and upon which to construct a railroad.

The fourth corner is devoted to a small spaded-up square, where a flower bed is planted out daily with simple flowers mother has dropped over the edge of the pen. That these are stuck in heads down and rootless makes no difference to baby, who is absorbed so long in his garden that he quite resents being taken from his playground for his lunch and afternoon nap. A nice smooth board securely fastened, one end upon a cracker box, at a gentle incline, makes a fascinating slide which never palls upon the infant taste, and a few blocks for house-building offer an inexhaustible fund of amusement.

An active, healthy child will play from 8 o'clock in the morning until 12, in a properly-outfitted inclosure of fifteen feet, contented and happy, every day in the week, unless he has been already accustomed to constant attention and personal service or the companionship of other children. Even in this case, with a little judicious management, most children will soon learn to amuse themselves in a spot where their choicest treasures are gathered and new entertainment suggested.

The proper costume for the pen, for either girl or boy, is a pair of overalls of denim over the ordinary clothing. In this costume, with sleeves well rolled up, underneath, a daintily-dressed child will be presentable for even company luncheon when brought in and peeled of the protecting garment, and properly washed as to hands and face.

Happy both mother and child who know the uses and delights of the pen and have one in the back yard.

ISABEL BATES WINSLOW.

CORRECT COLLEGE COSTUMES.

VASSAR, SMITH, WELLESLEY AND BRYN MAWR ARE UP WITH THE TIMES.

By a Special Contributor.

Dressing at the women's colleges has undergone some marvelous changes since the early days of Vassar novitiate thirty years and more ago. When at some of the almshouses reunions the pioneer Vassar girls, now mostly staid matrons get together and talk over old times amid the "classic shades" they laughingly recall how in the beginning, when the beloved Miss Hannah W. Lyman was the first lady principal, "print frocks" of scant dimensions and simple manufacture were largely utilized even in winter's frostiest season, and the gentle lady in charge would say as an especial argument that these calico garments might be counted as a single piece in the allotted weekly dozen sent to the laundry.

It was Miss Lyman, however, who introduced the innovation of dressing for dinner, which consisted in changing the print frock for a stuff gown equally plain in cut, but embellished at throat and wrists with muslin ruffles. Full dress amounted in most cases to taking out the muslin frills and substituting lace ones, though oc-

asionally some ultra-fashionable girl made so bold as to appear in a silk dress.

During the régime of Miss Terry as lady principal, dressing at Vassar made rapid strides and the students began to array themselves more like the outside world. But even then on occasions such as Philanthropic and Founder's Day, or during commencement week, each girl was ordered to appear before Miss Terry and enter into detail as to what she intended to wear. Not only were low neck and short sleeves tabooed, but not even a low-necked or short-sleeved underwaist with muslin over-dress was permitted.

Perhaps the most noticeably "dressy" dressing now is observed at Smith College, though it is hard to discriminate too closely, for at Vassar, Wellesley, the Woman's College of Baltimore, Bryn Mawr and the other prominent feminine seats of learning, full evening dress is noticed at large functions.

At Smith the cap and gown have not been adopted, and scarcely any headgear at all is worn by the students on the campus, except in very severe weather. A favorite out-door garment at Smith is the easily-adjusted golf cape, with its picturesque hood. The cap and gown are not worn at Vassar; but at the Woman's College of Baltimore the cap and gown are in high favor and are worn by freshman, sophomore, junior and senior. The freshman starts out on her college career in a spick and span cap and gown, the former of black cloth, the latter of black alpaca, which she clings to during the whole four-years' course, and not for worlds would the senior part with her battered cap and rusty gown. In all the years to come will they be treasured almost as dearly as the diploma which certifies that she is a "Bachelor of Arts." These scholastic regiments are worn all the time as the girls pass from lecture to class-room, from residence hall to chapel, or anywhere within the college environment, but it is not allowable to wear them in going down through the city, nor are they worn in the residence halls.

No college makes so strong a point of the cap and gown as Bryn Mawr. There all four classes wear them, the gown of black serge being put on in the morning only to be laid aside at dinner. The gown is modeled after the English Oxford scholar's gown, having an open front and a short open sleeve. The bachelor's gown has long, pointed sleeves and a hood trimmed with fur. The master's gown has a hood trimmed with white velvet, which is twelve inches longer than the bachelor's hood. The doctor's gown is the only one that may be made of silk; it has bands of velvet down the front and a round, open sleeve with three bars of velvet. All hoods of doctors of philosophy are edged with blue. The fellows of Bryn Mawr College wear bachelor's gowns and yellow and white hoods, these being the college colors. These various gowns are worn on all State occasions.

The seniors alone at Wellesley sport the cherished cap and gown, this custom having been introduced of late years.

At Mount Holyoke, too, the flowing black robe and suggestive mortarboard adorn the senior only. She prizes them immensely, and her younger colleagues regard them with mingled longing and respect.

At Barnard College these academicals are adored, and the seniors wear them even on class-day. At Radcliffe they are not customary. Much diversity of opinion exists concerning them in all educational circles.

At all the centers for the higher education the various forms of exercise and athletic sports call for the regulation costume. For regular gymnasium work the students wear the bloomers and blouse, nearly always of plain dark blue, in all the colleges.

Four years of college residence often educate the girl up to high standards in dressing as thoroughly as in scholastic affairs. Especially is this true if she comes from some quiet town or village. Her provincial ideas are revolutionized by contact with recognized good form in her up-to-date colleagues, and the graduate departs from her alma mater with a very different "cut to her jib" from that innocently supposed to be altogether correct on entrance.

In reality, however, fine clothes count for very little at the women's colleges. Brains are the important desideratum, and the all-round clever girl is the most popular with the college world. Not the rich girl nor the "dig," but she who can turn her hand to everything—is quick in the class-room, ready at athletics, dramatics, social doings and the possessor of a winning personality—is the one to make her mark in college life.

SPENCER OGDEN.

FIRST WHITE WOMAN TO CLIMB THAT TRAIL.

[Washington Star:] Miss Mary Aughinbaugh of this city, now in South Africa, recently wrote to a friend in Washington, giving an account of a trip made afoot across the Andes Mountains from Caracas to La Guayra. Miss Aughinbaugh is said to be the first white woman to make the journey over that trail. She says: "In the eastern cordillera of the Andes, nestled in the heart of the beautiful Chacao Valley, over 3000 feet above the level of the sea, lies picturesque Caracas. The capital of Venezuela is often called the Paris of South America, for nature has been lavish with her gifts."

La Guayra is the seaport of Caracas and has the reputation of being one of the three hottest places on earth. As the crow flies, La Guayra is about eight miles from Caracas, yet the steep mountain trails necessitate our walking over thirty miles to accomplish the trip, and, from what the natives say, no white woman ever made the journey before."



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MEMORY.

COMPLEXITY OF MODERN LIFE AND ABUNDANCE OF BOOKS ARE CAUSING THE DECAY.

[Chicago Evening Post:] Not many years ago a slate was part of the apparatus of the schoolboy. When the little chap sidled along the street leading to the temple of learning—

"With his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like small
Unwillingly to school."

the satchel held perhaps two books and a slate; to the latter was attached a string from which dangled on one end a slate pencil and on the other a sponge. The day came when the nerve-worn American schoolma'am demanded a woolen cover for the frame of the slate, and mother's bag of patches was drawn upon and her busy hands cut and sewed the refractory strip in place.

Later this task was taken from her by the factory; but she did not foresee the end. Modern invention was to take away more than the slight task of covering the slate. It went on rapidly to cheapen the making of paper and pencils until the slate itself was banished from the schoolroom. Even then the shrewdest prophet could not have foretold the very serious loss which this was to bring upon the nation—the loss of a well-disciplined memory.

For with the neat, convenient little tablet and pencil always at hand, and with an ever-increasing mass of detail pressing for mental assimilation, it soon became the habit of the schoolboy to lay the charge of remembering upon the serviceable pages. He no longer bothered himself to remember things, but jotted them down to refer to when needed. This was sure and easy. Will humanity ever become wise enough to look with suspicion on anything that is temptingly easy? Not until we learn by sad experience that disuse of a faculty means the approach of atrophy. The first generation of writers of memoranda has at last lost the faculty of remembering anything with precision. A list of three or four items must be committed to writing; we shrink from the effort of memorizing it.

Here the uneducated peasant of Europe has the advantage. The aboriginal redskin could hear farthings and see farther than his white successor. We are dropping behind European or Asiatic ignorance in the faculty of memory. An Irish servant some years ago surprised her mistress often by remembering with unfailing accuracy the five, ten or even twenty items of an order at the grocer's. She was tested again and again, with lists which required choice of judgment, directions as to what to select and what to reject. She declined to wait for a written list, but never made a mistake. After several weeks the secret of her unusual memory was revealed, much to the poor girl's discomfort; she could not read!

What youth of today can listen attentively to his mother and store up temporarily in his memory twenty items? Where is the man, woman or child who would start out to hunt up a strange house with only a mental memorandum of its number? Few are the teachers or parents who have recognized the evil and are attempting to meet it. These few are convinced that forgetfulness and laziness are own brothers, twins that should be forbidden entrance to good society.

As an auxiliary agent to the pencil and tablet in the injury of the power of memory the daily newspaper stands first. We take it up and read and forget; we have no distinct object of attending closely to the page for the purpose of storing the memory with its manifold details. The indolent diversion of the hour is our sole object, unless we are on the lookout for some special

item or class of news which perhaps is necessary for our business.

It may be remarked in passing that the multitude of small things nearby has destroyed our sight for large things in the distant perspective. We thus lose not only memory, but the sense of proportion in things spiritual. The material presses upon us on every side, insistent for notice, of almost infinite variety and detail, and as a result often we get our truths strangely mixed. Financial reports, stock quotations, bank deposits, seem to us the all-important things, the real, practical facts, as we say, of the business world; whereas the only unchanging verity and beauty in it all is the great fact of credit, of human character and integrity, the confidence which man places in man, and without which our whole financial system would crush together like an empty eggshell.

There is no doubt that the great complexity of modern life has much to do with the decay of the memorizing power. One need only compare the book trade of the day with that of fifty years ago to realize the injury we are doing ourselves by attempting too many little things. We must revert to the world-old metaphors of the leaves of the forest or the sands of the sea to find an adequate expression for the output of printed matter, which is justifying day by day the remark of the preacher. It is a small crumb of comfort to reflect that, although there may be no end to the making of many books, the limit of profitable manufacture may some day be reached and recognized.

Fewer books in earlier days meant a deeper deposit in the mind from each one. Not all of those earlier books were better than many we can boast in each decade now; yet proportionally fewer ventures rushed in where angels feared to tread; it was a serious matter and worthy of long and earnest consideration whether one should baptize the child of his invention with printer's ink. Therefore, our forefathers read slowly and reread, storing the mind with the thoughts and enriching the fancy with the graceful language of the author. It is related that Thomas Gray kept his famous "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" in manuscript for twenty years, making now and then a little change, before it reached the printer's hands.

Right here is a hint for the recovery of our lost faculty. Let each one of us deliberately resolve to learn "by heart" every day, or at least every week, a few lines from one of the great masters of literature. There was a time in the early days of the Sunday-school when it was considered an obligation resting on every member to commit to memory a group of verses in the week's lesson. As the English of the King James version and of Shakespeare is the corner-stone of all of modern English literature, the reader who has grown up without an intimate acquaintance with these great founders often must miss the point of an allusion or illustration that is packed with meaning to the initiated.

Let such a reader, with no other object than a cultivation of the power of memory, take up his Bible now and then and commit a few verses, and he will have gained an inestimable benefit beyond the increase of a useful faculty. Let him take some of the grand psalms, the nineteenth, twenty-third, forty-fourth, ninetyeth or one hundred and twenty-first, for example; or in the New Testament, the Sermon on the Mount, or one of Paul's outbursts of eloquence, as in I Corinthians, xiii; nowhere can be found such materials for growth.

Memorizing of favorite passages from Shakespeare is of similar advantage, an advantage which must be tried to be appreciated. Not that there is not an abundance of riches in later masterpieces, but these are fundamental. There is true cause for rejoicing in the return of the old custom of committing to memory of

passages from the classics all along the grade of the schools. This step will help to restore our threatened, the art whose loss has torn us apart.

GEM-SET LACE IS NEW.

[Unidentified:] Gem-set lace is the latest thing, one which has certain points to recommend it. There are those who hold that any attempt at imitating lace is a case of gilding the lily, and the purest art when left alone. However, that may be the hands of a competent artist the fairy-like fine lace certainly shows up and is enhanced by precious insertions here and there of delicate stones, such as sapphires in their various shades, amethysts, topazes, emeralds and garnets. For a look on a painted-gauze evening gown jeweled with lace look well, and it sounds attractive as a collar, a of lace round the throat inset with precious stones is also adaptable for diadems and ornaments of hair. Both lace and stones are real and of value quite distinct from what we have been accustomed to call "jeweled lace."



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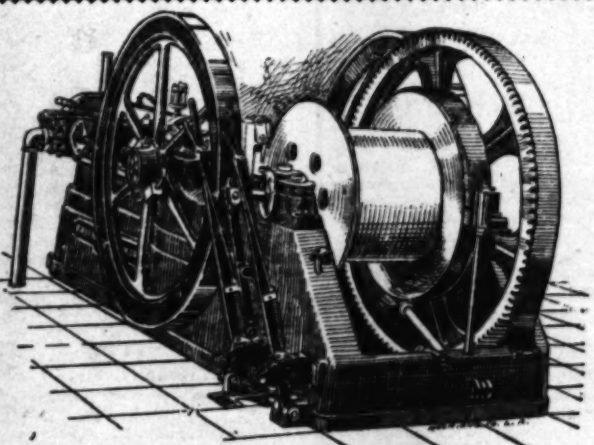
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A HOME RESORT.

A SUGGESTION FOR WOMEN WHO CANNOT GO TO SEASIDE OR MOUNTAIN.

By a Special Contributor.

In spite of its close proximity to seaside and mountain resort, or perhaps because of it, a good many people will spend the entire summer in Los Angeles with only a day now and then at some of the beaches.

Such people are deserving of less sympathy than those who are obliged to remain in almost any city of the United States, for where can one find the general climatic conditions more delightful than in Los Angeles—at least in its suburbs?

Those who live away from its crowded streets, possess wide vine-hung verandas, a pleasantly-situated and shady back yard and the leisure to enjoy them need no commiseration if forced to spend the summer here. In fact many prefer to do so and their comfortably furnished verandas fitted up with well-cushioned lounges, easy chairs, rugs, hammocks, tables for books, work and often the chafing dish show how much outdoor living is appreciated, and then one need only step inside to be confronted with all the comforts of home which are never found at the summer resort.

There are, however, some few who must remain at home during the summer, who have not extensive grounds nor shaded yards, whose tiny grass plot with its narrow flower border is the only green thing about the uncomfortably warm cottage perhaps huddled in among others of its kind. The burning southern sun beats upon it and the tempering sea breeze scarce reaches it till nightfall. The back yard is an uninviting spot, given over to clothes drying and a chicken yard and it is, moreover, the only place where the children may play.

The overworked mother, tired of the stuffy house, longs to be out in the fresh air and in desperation carries out her rocking chair to the shady corner of the narrow little porch, where she sits only half comfortable, dreaming of the dancing waves and a stretch of sandy shore.

To such shut-in housewives the home-made cosy corner is recommended and its restful comfort, all summer through, will repay for the few hours' time and trifling expenditure necessary for its arrangement.

It is adapted to any porch and may be made to present a really elegant appearance if the lumber room or attic affords extra material.

In its simplicity one was recently made by an ingenious woman, who constructed the framework from two wooden coal oil boxes, placing on top of them a discarded door. Four gunny sacks were ripped and sewed together forming a mattress case two and a half feet wide and six feet long (the length of the door). This case was generously stuffed with hay, making a fragrant and most inviting couch. Over this a faded and worn portiere was thrown, being less expensive than the new denim which would have been prettier. Two more gunny sacks stuffed, not too full, with hay, formed back pillows and were covered with a pretty brown and red calico, which corresponded with the colors of the portiere and cost 3 cents a yard.

As there were no extra pillows in this very humble little home for the lounge, the bed pillows, six in number, which were in use every night, were slipped and buttoned daily into cases of bright, easily-washed calico and piled about in luxurious disorder at back and end.

A more inviting corner and lounging place it would be difficult to find on the veranda of a handsome residence.

A little table discovered in the attic and provided with a new leg was pressed into service and covered with a small denim table cover. Here books and papers lay ready to hand and a bit of rag carpet on the floor added a touch of real living outside. When a pitcher of lemonade and glasses were placed on the table and a rocker dragged out from the sitting-room the cosy corner had an air not only of hospitality but actual festivity.

Practical, durable and particularly appropriate porch cushions can be cheaply made from plaited matting used for the protection of rolls of carpet in shipping. This can be obtained at any furniture store for the asking or by writing to us. When cut to a proper size, stuffed, not too lavishly, with excelsior and finished with a cord made of hempen rope, two or three of these stout and comfortable porch accessories piled together form an inviting seat or restful back support in any cozy corner. The tired mother during the hot summer days will find many a quarter of an hour to throw herself down comfortably in some such attractive spot and enjoying the balmy air, fragrance of flowers and song of birds will almost forget that she is confined within the close confines of a busy city, borne down with the weight of tedious household cares.

ISABEL BATES WINSLOW.

—Half Rates at—

Bekins Van & Storage

244 S. Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.

Shippers of Household Goods to and from all points at nearly Half Rates.

In their own private cars, receiving better care and only half the handling. Tell your friends about it and save them money, much care and worry. For further particulars write or see nearest Main Office, 38 Market Street, Chicago; 725 Mission Street, San Francisco, or above address. Agencies in all important cities of the United States.



Live Stock Shipping a Specialty.

Our local business is Packing, Moving and Storing everything in the Household, Pictures, China, Bric-a-brac, Furniture, Pianos, etc., in city or country, in rain or shine. Our new brick warehouse is the best on the Coast. The second floor has 100 separately locked iron rooms, exclusively for Household Goods. The only firm whose operations are sufficiently large to allow of shipping at REDUCED RATES.

Bekins Van & Storage,

Telephone Main 19 - 244 S. Broadway.

Moore Floor Co.

Hardwood Floors, Parquet Floors, Wood Carpet, Fancy Borders, Floor Wax, Brushes, Venetian Blinds, Metallic Ceilings, etc.
TEL. JOHN 221. 618 SOUTH BROADWAY.

Reichenbach.

Manufacturers of Artistic Grilles, Quint Furniture, Fine Cabinet Work.
PHONE JOHN 221. 618 SOUTH BROADWAY.

Jones' Book Store

226 and 228 West First St.

Imperial Atlas, containing last census, 1900. Large quarto, beautifully bound, \$1.50. Latest novels rented 10c a week. Libraries purchased. "Meet me at Jones."

..Fancy Grilles..

Add much to the home—many new designs at low prices. Hardwood floors cheaper and far better than carpets. Manufacturer of Wood Novelties, Parquet floors.

JOHN A. SMITH, 436 South Broadway. Tel. Main 427.

WELTNER method of healing represented in Los Angeles by PROF. GEO. A. WEBB, 314 West Fourth Street.



GEO. C. PITZER, M.D.

Late of St. Louis, where he has practiced his profession for the past twenty-eight years, is now located in Los Angeles. Dr. Pitzer successfully treats people suffering from all kinds of acute, chronic, nervous and organic diseases, by SUGGESTION alone, and without medicines.

It is the knowledge of the law of suggestion that enables us to control and cure disease. By suggestions properly made, we lift people from conditions of despair and distress, exhaustion and disease and start them to living new lives. People who are actually sick, or who suffer from habits or vices of any kind, no matter what their ailments may be, or how long they may have existed, if a cure be possible, can be certainly and radically cured by suggestion—by suggestion alone; no drugs of any kind employed. Suggestion, as acknowledged, taught and practiced by masters in this science, is a peculiar method of cure, unlike any other. That it is a success is no longer a question. It is an absolute victory, and takes rank as a leading method of cure among the highest scientific authorities in America and Europe.

Absent Treatment a Specialty and a Great Success.

Consultation Free; and free personal interviews or correspondence with all people interested in mental methods of cure earnestly solicited.

Send for our 16-page Booklet, No. 2. This contains a partial list of diseases and habits we successfully treat, and clearly explains how we cure people by suggestion, in our office and at a distance, with terms of treatment. All sick people should read this booklet. SENT FREE TO EVERYBODY.

We also teach this science of healing to others, and hundreds of good men and women have been sent out from our school of Suggestive Therapeutics, and are now doing successful work at this practice. Send for our School Announcement for terms. Sent free. For Booklets or School Announcements, address

GEO. C. PITZER, M. D.

935 West Washington Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

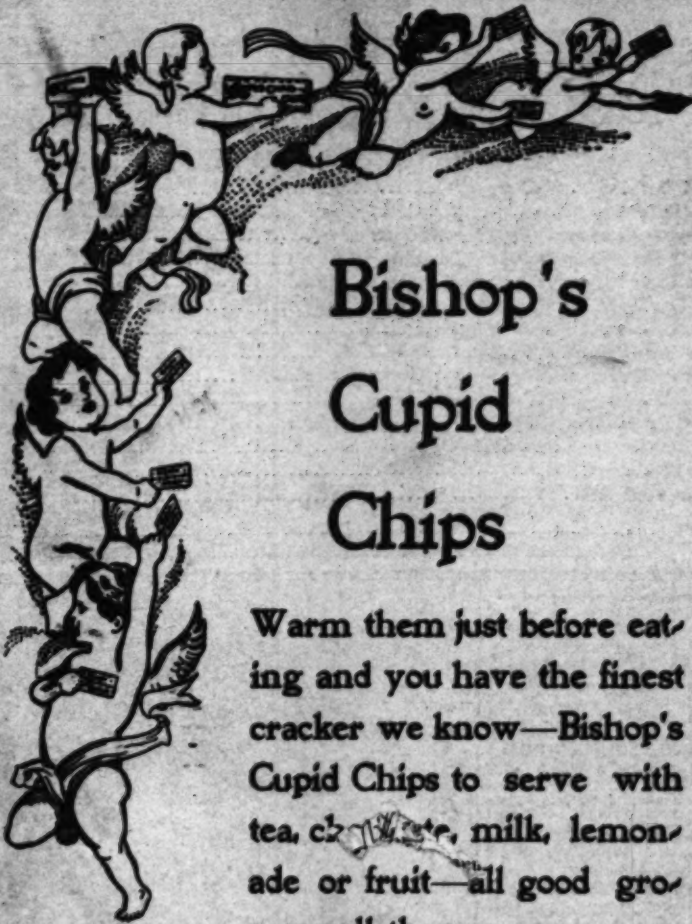
CURSE OF DRINK

Drunkenness Cured by
White Ribbon Remedy.

Can be Given in a Glass of Water, Tea or Coffee Without Patient's Knowledge.

White Ribbon Remedy will cure or destroy the diseased appetite for alcoholic stimulants, whether the patient is a confirmed insomniac, "a tippler," social drinker or drunkard. Impossible for anyone to have an appetite for alcoholic liquors after using White Ribbon Remedy.

Sold by druggists, and in:—
Los Angeles—Owl Drug Co., 230 South Spring Street. By mail \$1.00. Trial package free by writing MRs. T. C. MOORE, Dept. W.G. T. U., Ventura, Cal.



Bishop's Cupid Chips

Warm them just before eating and you have the finest cracker we know—Bishop's Cupid Chips to serve with tea, coffee, milk, lemonade or fruit—all good grocers sell them.

BISHOP & COMPANY,

Crackers.

Candies.

Jellies.

Preserves.



Be patriotic. Drink the greatest American coffee on the greatest American day—

Newmark's Hawaiian Blend

For Fourth of July morning, and morning after. Rich. Aromatic. Delicious. One pound packages 35c. Imported, roasted and packed by

NEWMARK BROS., Los Angeles



There is Stamina

In every loaf of bread made from
CAPITOL FLOUR.

In choosing the wheat and in grinding it the best and muscle qualities are carefully looked after and preserved. Capitol Flour is always best. Every sack guaranteed.

CAPITOL MILLING COMPANY, Los Angeles.



Rubidoux Chocolate

There are no chocolates made in any part of the world can compare with Bishop's Rubidoux Chocolate. The fruit flavors of California fruits give them a delicacy unlike in other chocolates. As a gift Rubidoux Chocolate is always proper and acceptable. All dealers.

BISHOP & COMPANY,

Candy.

Crackers.

Jellies.

Preserves.

THE CITY IN BRIEF.

AT THE THEATERS.

THE TIMES AT THE BEACHES.
Patrons of The Times desiring the paper delivered to them at any of the beaches may leave the necessary order at The Times office, or with any of the following named agents:

A. E. Jackson, Santa Monica, 238 Third street.
Mrs. Thacker, Ocean Park, corner Hill and Second streets.
F. J. Schinnerer, Long Beach, Bank Building.
W. F. Clark, Catalina.
S. R. Commander, foot of wharf, Redondo.
Mrs. D. Samples, postoffice, Terminal Island.

Arrangements have been made for special summer delivery of The Times at all resorts, and patrons will confer a favor by reporting any irregular or unsatisfactory service.
THE TIMES-MIRROR COMPANY.

NEWS AND BUSINESS.

Mattingly's Ambition.
Charles H. Mattingly was admitted to practice in the United States Circuit Court yesterday on motion of W. F. Fitzgerald.

Stag Party.
The Union League will give a stag party at the rooms, No. 2304 South Third street Tuesday evening. There will be a supper and other "exercises."

Slowly Recovering.
Patrolman Orlando Rohn, who has been at the California Hospital for several weeks, is slowly recovering from his illness.

Back on Bonds.
A suit was filed in the United States Circuit Court by R. Percy Wright, a British subject, for payment on bonds issued by the East Riverside Irrigation District. Judgment is asked in the sum of \$500, with interest and costs.

Los Angeles Camera Club.
At the Friday evening meeting of the Los Angeles Camera Club, Dr. L. H. Johnson gave a graphic description of his ascent and exploration of the high Sierra, showing about 150 slides. The rooms were well filled, and clever musical renderings at the intervals of the trip, both being well applauded.

What We Read.
The Sunset Club had a merry-making at the banquet held Friday evening. The subject for discussion was "What We Read and Why." Papers were read by F. A. Gibson, J. S. Blanton and Frank P. Flint, while the discussion was taken up by Homer C. Parker, Henry O. Melvyn and others.

Picked Hand.
George Stevens of No. 633 North Bunker Hill avenue, was treated at the receiving hospital yesterday for a cut on the back of his right hand. While at work in Merriam's confectionery store, a fellow employee accidentally struck him with an ice pick, inflicting a cut nearly two inches long.

Swirls in Lanes.
Frank Baker, a switchman employed in the Southern Pacific yards, and residing at No. 402 Downing avenue, has been taken to the hospital to be examined to determine his sanity. He has been ill for some time and although he was able to work the illness is supposed to have afflicted his reason.

Avalanche Burned.
A lighted cigar, thrown from one of the upper stories of the Byrne building, Third and Broadway, ignited two small awnings on the south side of that building at 5:10 o'clock on Friday afternoon. An alarm was given and turned in from box 15 and the fire was quickly extinguished. The loss will not exceed \$25.

"White Wing" Hurt.
W. W. Shelden is a white uniformed street-sweeper, at the corner of Sixth and Spring streets. Early yesterday morning he was run down by a car, and thereby sustained a painful scalp wound and a broken rib. He was treated at the Receiving Hospital and then went to his home at No. 125 South Johnson street.

New Institution.
A new educational institution, the College of Commerce and English, will open its doors tomorrow at the Devon Hotel. The school will be conducted by W. J. Kennedy, R.E., one of the founders of the Los Angeles Business College, and who has spent over twenty years in the work, with successful results.

Woodmen Memorial Service.
The Woodmen of the World will hold Memorial service today at 11 o'clock in Santa Monica cemetery, where a monument over the grave of Frank W. Parker will be unveiled. Delegates from all chapters will attend. The service will be held at 11 o'clock. Over three hundred Woodmen will march in the procession.

Good Day for Me.
Miss Mary Leydard, superintendent of the Los Angeles kindergarten schools, received a handsome gold jewelry brooch last Wednesday, a gift from the various kindergarten departments of this city, as a mark of appreciation. The presentation was made by the Board of Education, and the token was a gratifying surprise to Miss Leydard.

Franchising on Socialism.
Rev. J. Stitt Wilson of Chicago, beginning this evening, will preach a series of four sermons in Elmer Hall under the auspices of the Christian Socialist League. He was formerly a Methodist clergyman, but is now devoting his oratorical powers to declaring that any one can be a socialist without being a Christian, but cannot be a Christian without being a socialist.

Water-rights Suit.
A bill in equity was filed in the United States Circuit Court yesterday by the San Diego Land and Town Company, against Frank B. Marriam and over a hundred others, asking for an injunction restraining defendants from interfering with water passing through the company's pipes. The suit has caused a great deal of excitement, and the main question is the priority of rights.

Jumped from Moving Train.
Mrs. Jose Rivera, an elderly Mexican woman who lives at Corinto, jumped from a moving San Pedro train at Commercial street early last evening and sustained a severely bruised thigh. She was taken to the Receiving Hospital for treatment. The woman desired to return home, and boarded the train at River Station for that purpose. When she discovered she was on the wrong train, she became excited and jumped off.

Long Beach's New Hotel.
On July 1 the Hotel Riviera, Long Beach's elegant new hotel, will be thrown open to the public. Ed Dunham, the proprietor, has made every arrangement to have his house complete in every detail, and up to the standard of a first-class seaside hotel.

An immense pool garden and ballroom are among the attractions. The house is electrically lighted, and the piazzas command a fine view of the ocean and Catalina.

Too Much Racket.
The rumble and roar of vehicles passing up and down the cobblestone pavement in front of the City Jail building yesterday afternoon proved too much for Justice Morgan, and he was compelled to adjourn his court to a jury room in the rear of the building.

A case was on trial, in which several persons were intent upon airing their neighborly troubles, but instead of the evidence, the court heard only the clatter from the street.

Jesus Vargas, known in Los Angeles for his ability to artistically design was a figure of Mexican peasantry, was buried yesterday afternoon. He died Friday after an illness of two weeks during which he suffered from rheumatic neuritis. For five years before his death he had been suffering from rheumatic neuritis. He was a native of Mexico, and had resided in the United States for about fifteen years. He came to Los Angeles from Texas six years ago. Jesus Vargas leaves a widow and four children, who reside at No. 1532 Griffith avenue.

BREVITIES.

Buy Turkish rug this week—we are coloring out and you can get Oriental rugs cheaper than ordinary carpets, as we leave the city soon. We have a fine line in color and beautiful in design at prices that will surprise you. Come in and see our own prices; we must sell. Silk embroideries and many Egyptian curiosities. Moorish lanterns. There will be a cox to buy. N. G. Balda & Bros., 122 West Fourth street, Los Angeles.

Dr. M. Wright has returned from New York City, where he has been studying the latest methods in dentistry. He has secured a connection with New York Dental parlors and has opened the Brooklyn Dental Parlors at 300 Spring street. Our office is new and equipped for first-class work only. Call and have your teeth examined free and learn our prices.

"Conscience: Is It Educated Reason or the Voice of God? How Do We Know?" will be the subject of a lecture by Thomas Dowling's topic at Christ Episcopal Church, Flower street, corner Pico (thirteenth street) today at 11 o'clock. Musical service and "Sunday Night Talks" at 7:45 p.m. In the evening all seated for both University and Pico Heights cars pass the door.

There are undelivered telegrams at the Western Union telegraph office for Mrs. Henry E. Kemp, Mr. Victor Buck, Alex. C. Harvey, Miss Lillian White, C. Connel, Mrs. M. R. Olden, Miss Lucy Wolfe, Armstrong Fruit Co., W. B. Stratman, Geo. E. Roberts, P. H. Greer, H. G. Heagerty and Mrs. J. R. Gass.

Removal sale, fine line of first-class switches, 11 now 60 cents; 25 switches now \$2.49. Includes a word about a great reduction for ten days only, includes gray switches and other hair goods. Take elevator, room 320. Just at this season when the house is undergoing renovation, a word about carpets and rugs may not be amiss. We have the latest improved steam process. City Station, Tel. 437, John Blosser.

S. B. Henley, the ladies' tailor, wishes to announce to his patrons that by the 15th of July he will leave for a month's visit. Those who wish to have their suits made before that time, 220 W. Fourth st.

The Ladies Aid Society of Bethesda Presbyterian Church will hold a luncheon and serve dinner at the corner of Broadway and Union street on Tuesday, July 10, at 1 o'clock a.m. to 1 o'clock p.m. Meats, 15 cents.

Burnham Theater, children's matinee Tuesday, July 10, 2 p.m., by Junior pupils of the Los Angeles School of Dramatic Art. Scenes, recitations and fancy dances. Admission 25 cents.

Countess Wachtmeister, friend and pupil of Mrs. Blavatsky, whose lecture on "A Conscious Universe," at Odd Fellows' Bldg., tonight.

Miss A. Clark will greatly reduce all of her trimmed and untrimmed linen, beach and shirt-waist hats, a special feature of this sale, 223 West Third street, 2nd floor.

Fire! Prepare for Fourth of July! Insure your property in best reliable firm, A. C. Gosh & Co., No. 101 N. Broadway. Phone Main 1141.

Notice Lost, by Miss M. Stotterbeck, a lady's gold bar with diamond setting. Finder will receive ample reward by returning to No. 211 N. Main street.

The Natick House will serve roast turkey with dressing today from 4:45 to 7:30 p.m.; meals, 25 cents; 21 for \$4.50. Music by Arent's Orchestra.

"True Pretenses," subject of Rev. C. S. Sinclair's discourse, Central Presbyterian Church, at 11 a.m. Sunday, T.P.R.C.E. meeting at 8:15.

Great reductions on all trimmed hats this week at the Chicago Millinery Store, 212 N. Main street.

The Keystone Restaurant, 112 N. Spring, opens Monday, under new management with the best market produce. Quicker service.

Thousands of feet Ocean Beach rental free at Port Ballona. Take your family, enjoy bathing in the ocean or in the lake.

Another "GENEVA" SALE.

Silver Cuff Buttons and Hair Bourettes.



Hair Brushes 35c.

Fine gold filled Bourettes in a dozen distinct and beautiful designs—the best gold filled goods, such as you'll pay 75c to \$1.00 for in any jewelry store in town.

Silver Cuff Buttons 35c.



Really Worth \$1.00 to \$2.00 A Pair.

Solid sterling silver in plain and beautiful enameled effects, only 248 pairs, it being the entire stock of a manufacturer's agent.

See our new line of cuff buttons and hair bourettes. Made for those who want to use their own.

GENEVA WATCH AND OPTICAL CO.

200 SOUTH BROADWAY.

Ramon, aged 24, a native of Mexico; both residents of Los Angeles; sons of a native of California and a resident of Stockton, and Carrie J. Galloway, aged 25, a native of Iowa and a resident of Los Angeles.

Henry F. Starks, aged 45, a native of Massachusetts and a resident of Long Beach, and Margaret E. Lee, a native of California, both residents of Los Angeles.

Esteban Esquivel, aged 21, a native of Mexico and a resident of Los Angeles.

Clarence P. Burdett, aged 24, a native of Massachusetts and a resident of Los Angeles.

Charles W. Burton, aged 24, a native of Ireland and Frances E. Thompson, aged 24, a native of New York; both residents of Los Angeles.

Washington, June 29.—(Exclusive Dispatch.) California pensions: Original Jacob R. Boas, Soldiers' Home, Los Angeles, 84; David A. Alverson, Los Angeles, 84; Mathew Schindler, San Francisco, 82; Robert McKinley, San Diego, 82; Increase Richard Murphy, San Francisco, 82; C. W. Millapugh, San Francisco, 82; original widow, Ellen Fraser, San Francisco, 82; Emma R. Sweet, Berkeley, 82; minor of George C. Hamblin, 82; minor of George C. Hamblin, 82; original, Frank E. Sherman, Los Angeles, 82; John J. Tompkins, Soldiers' Home, 82; Michael Reardon, San Francisco, 82.

BIRTH RECORD.
HECK—June 21, 1934, to the wife of James Heck, No. 28 East Eighth street, a boy.

DEATH RECORD.
LAMPSON—At No. 230 West Fourteenth street, Los Angeles, Cal., June 29, 1934, Daniel R. Lampson, aged 71 years, formerly of Portland, Maine, died at 1:30 p.m. Cause of death, heart failure. Burial at 2:30 p.m. at Mount Hope cemetery, Los Angeles.

Los Angeles Transfer Co.
Will check baggage at your residence in any part of the city. Tel. 24, 25, 26, 27, 28.

Breese Bros. Co. Undertakers.
Lady assistant attends ladies and children. Free and cash work. Tel. 24, 25, 26, 27, 28.

Los Angeles Flower Store.
For a carnation bouquet, call 24, 25, 26, 27, 28.

W. H. Satch, Undertaker.
Lady assistant. 24, 25, 26, 27, 28.

Card of Thanks.
Dr. and Mrs. C. M. Mather desire to express their heartfelt thanks to all those who kindly attended and comforted them in their recent bereavement.

Golf Skirts.

Extraordinary values in a new Golf Skirt, just received, made of excellent quality all wool golfing material; the new flare effect, seven gear, eight four stitching; in tan, grays, browns, Oxfords, navy; well worth \$7.50; special value, \$5.75.

The fairest waists and the fairest prices in all the State. No where else can see so much real novelty and winsomeness as can be found here. The "Unique" waists are more than stylish, they fit as if they were made for you, and other important news of easily priced wash suits and wash skirts.



THE UNIQUE 245 So. Broadway Cloaks and Suits.

White lawn waists, tucked front and back; new sleeves; all sizes. \$1.25

Solid color chambray waists; tucked front and back; new collar and cuff. \$1.00

White lawn waists, summer styles; front tucked; two rows of embroidery; new sleeves; all sizes. \$1.00

Striped percales, the latest patterns, new spring colorings. Special value. \$1.00

Entirely new line of striped Chambray new sleeves, perfect fitting garment, large assortment patterns. \$1.50

Beautiful Wash Dress Skirts.

Styles that are prettier than any dressmaker would be apt to make.

7-gore linen crash skirt, flare bottom, welt seams, three-inch hem, new collar and cuff. \$2.00

Linen crash skirt with full graduated corded waist, all sizes. \$3.00

A genuine butchers' linen, 7-gore skirt, welt seams, flare bottom, new collar and cuff. \$3.50

An all-over tucked linen crash skirt, with handsome bonnet, trimmed down front and waist with a stylish plaid braid. \$4.50

Nobby Shirt Waist Suits.

Just the comfortable, sensible, economical idea for weather. The very suit you want for beach or city wear.

Tan linen shirt waist suit; waist tucked front and back, strapped with white lace. Entire suit. \$6.00

Marcelized chambray suits, all the new spring colorings, waist hemstitched, and feather stitched front and back. \$7.50

Special value in marcelized chambray wash suits, all shades; waist tucked front and back, white lawn vest with revers. \$8.50

Extra quality French chambray in all shades, waist tucked front, back and sleeves; strapped with white; full flare skirt. \$8.75

SILK WAISTS.

Sample line of 100 full silk waists, in all shades, blue, white, lavender, etc. \$3.00

White lawn waists, tucked front and back; new sleeves; all sizes. \$1.25

Solid color chambray waists; tucked front and back; new collar and cuff. \$1.00

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Lovely Wash Waists—Quick Prices.

Swell material made up in dainty, summery ways by the most skillful waist makers in America. Here's a great deal of prettiness for little money.

White lawn waists, tucked front and back; new sleeves; all sizes. \$1.25

Solid color chambray waists; tucked front and back; new collar and cuff. \$1.00

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THE CHUTES—WASHINGTON SHOOTING THE WEEK OF SUNDAY, JUNE 10.

July 4th—Barnes, 100 Events. July 10th—Barnes, 100 Events.

Swimming Races—Ponchartraine, 100 Events. July 10th—Barnes, 100 Events.

THE FAMOUS PRISMATIC AND ILLUMINATION JULY 4, CHUTE, 100 Events. July 10th—Barnes, 100 Events.

Long Beach, 100 Events. July 10th—Barnes, 100 Events.

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ALINA
AND VIEW
\$1.25

THE-WATER

**Novel Name Bestowed
by Indians.**

**Great Work Done by
"Jack" Hillers.**

**Best-known Photographer At-
tached to Government
Expeditions.**

[Washington Post:] Although "Jack" Hillers is well up in the sixties today, he has as much vim and go as he ever had out in the Rockies and on the southwest plains. He works every bit as hard, talks just as little, and civilization has in no wise edged down his love of adventure and the exciting life of forty years ago. "But I have reorganization nowadays—I can't stand quite as much roughing it as in my younger days," he says.

He is one of the most interesting

born in this city. A man whose history is full of adventures. He was the first to take photographs of the Indian tribes ranging from the North to the Gulf of Mexico, and he did it in those perilous years, and in the close of the Civil War, and has been the first to make those remarkable transparencies of the superb semite, and the Yellows, the Yosemite, works which have been exhibited in the exhibitions of Europe and in this country and have won the medals of honor. From the position of a naturalist, to the geological and ethnological point of view, and Maj. Powell, explored the Colorado cañon, and to the position of official photographer of the government surveying parties, and later, he furnished the gallery of photographs now in the Smithsonian Institution. He has taken about 25,000 photos of Indians alone, while his photographs of the picturesque mountain scenery of the West have been much appreciated by any other photographer, and he has traveled all over the continent, and has been a resident of this city for the last eighteen or twenty years. He has built a laboratory in the rear of his house, where he keeps his developing camera, continues his work of photographic interpretation.

TALL AND A SLAR FRAME.
He is a great, tall German-looking man, stout and big all round, stands

about six feet two, and is of strong, muscular frame. His eyes are blue, and his hair and beard are brown. His skin is gray. His life has put his grit the test pretty well, and he never

Roasting Down

WELL, I'll be hornswoggled!" exclaimed my companion, as we came gradually up out of the cool atmosphere and picturesque environment of the Arroyo Seco behind the restaurant. "There ain't a whole lot of barbecued 'hoy' and grisly roasting down hill. What a 'paradise scene!'"

He was traveling over crag-covered hills instead of on the beautiful snow-covered thermometer dancing in the mid-air. He was instead of bowing down before the fountain; potpourri and bonbonnets and Mexican sweaters in place of fur-lined garments and carpets!

Under the hot sun, the long weeds and grasses would have discouraged any one who had come here for a vacation. A week or two after novel experiences and the first of those summer hilarity of those youngsters who had come on and on and on and

was! A score of boys and girls, in simple yet strong clothing, to understand the rough play. Some light young American had conceived the idea of utilising the slick grass and the weeds which grow so thickly on these roads, and fortunately have a tendency

COMPILED FOR THE TIMES BY A VETERAN OFFICER.]

thirty-eight thou- is a touch of Giberish
men are supposed to go for fourteen | t

the mounting can be traversed with an arc of 270 deg. in twenty seconds if hydraulic power is used, or twenty seconds if four men are set to work. It is reckoned that with this

SANITARIUM
1830 Polk Street,
San Francisco
Telephone Polk 632.
Candidates solicited. Cures Positive.
DR. A. B. HARNES, Medical Director

report scheme, and there is no need to pay anything in advance. For the sake of your family and friends, write them about this great treatment by mail, in plain sealed package, at once.

Largest Importers of Standard Preparations in the United States. CINCINNATI, OHIO

HL CO., 276 B.

BEAUTY AND HEALTH

Health is the stem upon which the flower of beauty buds and blossoms. It may be said that a healthy woman is always beautiful, for health has a beauty all its own. The clear eye, the bright complexion, the firm step, the ringing laugh, have a charm which exceeds the charm of mere beauty of features, when such beauty belongs to a weak, nervous, irritable woman. Health is, therefore, the most precious heritage of woman, to be kept and guarded as a priceless possession. When we look for the cause of failing health in women we shall generally find it in womanly diseases. Few women appreciate how intimately the general health is related to the local womanly health, or how surely irregularity, disagreeable drains, or female weakness will undermine the strength, rob the eye of its brightness and the cheek of its color.

How shall health be restored to weak and sick women? What will bring back the plumpness and prettiness which disease has marred? There are thousands of women who could answer those questions out of a happy experience. One of these is Mrs. Mary E. Lewis, who writes the following letter:

Mrs. Mary E. Lewis, of Tanner, Gilmer Co., W. Va., writes: "I will always recommend Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pleasant Pellets,' for they cured me when doctors and other medicines failed. For fifteen years I suffered untold misery. When I commenced taking Dr. Pierce's medicines, I had given up all hope of ever getting well. I could not lie down to sleep, and everything I ate would almost cramp me to death. Was very nervous and could hardly walk across the room. I only weighed ninety pounds when I commenced taking these medicines; I now weigh one hundred and forty pounds and am having better health than ever before. My friends all say they can hardly believe that I am the same person; after being sick so long, I have changed to be robust and rosy-checked. I have taken fifteen bottles of 'Prescription,' fifteen of the 'Discovery' and fifteen of the 'Pellets.' I take great pleasure in recommending your medicines to the sick for I know that if it had not been for them I would not have been living to-day. I am very thankful to God, who put the great power in your medicines that cured me."

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription makes weak women strong and sick women well. How amply that claim is supported by letters like the above! and how much more that sentence expresses than is to be found in the bare statement of the fact. Mrs. Lewis' cure could all be summed up in the statement that she was weak and was made strong, was sick and was made well, by the use of "Favorite Prescription." But the statement would be far less impressive than when she tells of fifteen long years of helpless suffering, doctors and medicines failing to relieve her, all hope of getting well gone, not able to lie down to sleep, scarcely able to walk across the room, her nervous system shattered, and her body wasted until she weighed but ninety pounds. Then she is led to try Dr. Pierce's medicines, gains fifty pounds in weight, has better health than ever before in her life, becomes robust and rosy-checked, and is a wonder both to herself and her friends.

"It is with pleasure that I recommend Dr. Pierce's medicines," writes Mrs. Nora H. Tipton, of Cropper (Cropper Station), Shelby Co., Ky. "You remember my case was one of female weakness and weak lungs. I had no appetite and would often spit blood; was very nervous and had almost half of the time, and could hardly stand on my feet at times for the pains through my whole body and system. My husband had to pay many large doctor bills for me, but since I have taken four bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, four of 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and three vials of 'Pleasant Pellets,' we haven't paid any more doctor bills. It has been seven months since I stopped using Dr. Pierce's medicines, and I have been enjoying good health ever since. I can never praise these medicines too highly, for I have received so much benefit. I pray that many who suffer as I did will take Dr. Pierce's medicines. I am sure they will never fail to cure when given a fair trial. Everybody tells me I look better than they ever saw me. I am sure I feel better than I ever did before."

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription establishes regularity, dries disagreeable drains, heals inflammation and ulceration, and cures female weakness. It promotes the appetite, cures nervousness, sleeplessness, backache, headache, and other ills which are invited by womanly diseases.

Sick women are invited to consult Dr. Pierce by letter, free. All correspondence is treated as strictly private and sacredly confidential. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Accept no substitute for "Favorite Prescription." The only motive for substitution is to enable the dealer to make the little more profit paid on the sale of less meritorious articles.

THE BEAUTY BOOK. *A beauty route to health, then a book which teaches how to lead a healthy life.* In a valuable "Beauty Book," Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Advice contains a complete full of helpful advice and information on the preservation of health. The "Beauty Book" is sent FREE, on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing ONLY. Send 31 one-cent stamps for the cloth-bound volume, or only 21 stamps for the book in paper-covers.

Address: DR. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.

WOMEN: BE STRONG! FREE TO WEAK MEN.

You Can Be Cured of NERVOUS DEBILITY AND LOST VITALITY. BY "CALTHOS"

Five Days Treatment ABSOLUTELY FREE By sealed Mail.

NO C.O.D. OR DEPOSIT SCHEME.

Don't you want your health? Don't you give the remedy a fair and thorough trial, and feel the power of the trial to prove the faith in its power of "Calthos" proved.

The first day you take the treatment you will feel an improvement. The third day you will feel an increase of strength and like a new man. If you suffer from any form of Nervous Debility, Sleeplessness, Headache, Backache, Stomach Troubles, Indigestion, Loss of Memory, you can positively be cured by "Calthos," but if the disease has progressed to the point of insanity, we cannot promise complete recovery.

Frank! Act! Immediate!

As you value your health, your happiness, your very life, do not delay beginning treatment. The Von Mohl Company has thousands of testimonials on file from persons who have recovered from the treatment, showing its marvelous restorative power.

The complete dose not publish testimonials, and your correspondence is strictly confidential.

Many who take only the five-days free treatment write that they are entirely cured. For the sake of your family and friends, to the Von Mohl Company for the free treatment. Write now! by mail, in plain sealed package, at once.

Largest Importers of Standard Medicines in the United States. CINCINNATI, OHIO

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This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf of a book. The paper has a slightly textured appearance with some minor discoloration and faint smudges, characteristic of old paper. The left edge of the page is bound into a dark, possibly black, cover material. There is no text or other markings on the page.

Los Angeles Sunday Times. III.

Adelaide and Deal Barkley gave a luncheon at "Fisherman's Cove." On the menu were fish, chicken, oysters, and salad. D. Barkley, Sr., gathered in the many children, each of whom came with a basket of beach baskets. At the noon hour lunch was spread, and the tots did justice. The afternoon was spent gathering shells, mooning, and other seacurios. Those in the party were Thelma Barnes, Cora Spencer, Mrs. Alice Mahler, Ethel and Hazel Barker, Mrs. M. Barker, and F. de la Cassette, Adelaide and Deal Barkley.

Walter Carter has returned home from his vacation in the Hawaiian Islands. Judge W. Willis of Los Angeles spent a few days at the beach last week.

Thomas Randbury of Pasadena is located at the beach for a few days.

→→→

Coronado Beach

Surf bathing and dancing are the popular amusements at the Tent City.

Miss Mary Crowley of San Francisco have returned home after ten days away at the Tent City.

A pleasant event of the week was the dinner party at the Tent City pavilion given by Mrs. M. Barker. The guests were Misses Purdim, Harrison, Misses Margaret Ball, Muriel Harrison, and Mrs. M. Barker.

The Redlands Y.M.C.A. Cadets are to camp here the first week in July. Rev. J. W. Smith, pastor of the Graham Memorial Church, is regrested by many. He

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The Misses Crowley of San Francisco have returned home, after a ten days' stay at the Tent City.

A pleasant event of the week was the annual party at the Tent City pavilion, held, chaperoned by Mrs. Rowe. The guests were Misses Purium, Miss Ball, Miss Margaret Ball, Miss Harrison, Miss Ireland.

Next week Y.M.C.A. Cadets are to be in camp here the first week in July. The departure of Rev. George E. Smith, pastor of the Graham Memorial Church, is regretted by many. He



The walls are up for our new addition—work is being pushed as rapidly as human skill, energy, and endurance will permit. Our contract calls for the completion of this building by the 1st of September and we will not be disappointed. Every department in this big, busy store will have to be moved—every stock must be reduced to the lowest possible point to save the wear and tear of moving. We have inaugurated this Expansion Sale with but one object in view, the reduction of our enormous stock to the lowest possible limit. We have strained every commercial nerve in our endeavor to make this sale exceed, in every vital essential, anything ever attempted, by this or any other store in Southern California. Read every item, ponder over every price.

The Best Bargains will go first. Many lines are too short to advertise. Find them on our Bargain Tables. Come early.

Sale Commences
Monday Morning at 8:30

1200 Shirt Waists

At Less Than Cost of Manufacture

We purchased the entire sample line of one of the largest and most reputable shirt waist manufacturers in America. In round figures there were one hundred dozen in the lot and they represent the very latest ideas in shirt waist making—being samples they are finished in a better manner than the average run of ready-to-wear goods—were made especially for display. Every little detail was carefully considered as the goods were made for the inspection of the most careful buyers in America. The price paid was a mere pittance compared to the value of the goods. Bought in the open market these goods would retail readily at \$1.00, \$1.50 and \$2.00—with some few even higher priced patterns. There are at least two hundred different styles in the lot. It would take an entire page to describe every waist. We can say that were you to close your eyes and choose a waist out of this lot you could not choose a waist worth less than \$1.00. The sizes are the most desirable to be had—32 and 34. Thank the expansion sale for this glorious opportunity. Your choice, while they last.



We Are Sole Agents for Standard Patterns
They are Accurate and Reliable
Have Seam Allowances

Closing Our Cloak and Suit Stock

The changes that have been planned for the interior of our store call for an entire remodeling of our cloak and suit section. In fact it's to be moved bodily. We expect to close out every garment in this stock before the change is made. We must get them away from the dirt, dust, mortar and paint to save them from destruction. Cost has not been considered. No such word in our cloakmaker's vocabulary as profit. Note these prices.

\$17.50 Tailor Made Suits \$10.00
New stylish suits in dark gray homespun with stitched taffeta trimmings, tan colored and black chevrons with stitched panne velvet trimmings, tan and black covers and venetian, short backed Eton effects. Every suit is made to our own order and passes a rigid inspection before it goes into our stock. In this lot are suits that are magnificent values at \$17.50 and many at an even higher price. Special for Expansion Sale, your choice per suit \$10.00.



\$26.50 Tailor Made Suits \$15.00
Tan and pearl gray covert cloth, Russian blouse effects, silk lined throughout, Venetian cloth suits in tan, dark blue, and cadet blue, Eton effects, full skirts, stitched velvet trimmings. Also black and blue chevrons, short back Eton effects, taffeta silk tucked trimmings. Modish, desirable suits that embody all the latest ideas in tailoring. Splendid values up to \$26.50 and a sprinkling of even higher priced suits. Special for Expansion Sale, per suit, \$15.00.

\$40.00 Tailor Made Suits \$20.00
High grade man tailored suits in black or tan pebble cheviot, silk lined throughout, bucked taffeta silk trimmings; also black broadcloth suits, elegantly made and trimmed, bucked or light fitting jackets. Many exclusive styles and some sample suits in this lot. Sterling values up to \$40.00. Special for Expansion Sale, your choice, per suit, \$20.00.

We dictate prices
Shirt Waist Suits
We have some decidedly novel styles in women's ready-to-wear summer suits. Light and airy creations made especially to our own order and priced as only the Broadway would price such desirable goods.

Shirt waist suits of good quality percale, pinks, blues and lavenders, waists with scalloped fronts and six tucks in back, skirts full at the bottom. Worth \$2.25. A Broadway special at, per suit, \$1.69.
Shirt waist suits in stripes of blue, pink or lavender on white grounds, also polka-dot patterns, blouse effects with large sailor collar, ruffled skirts. A splendid value at \$3.00. Broadway special at, per suit, \$1.89.
Shirt Waist Suits of blue and white figured percale, made with bolero effect. Trimmed with insertion. Bishop sleeve, skirt cut full, insertion trimmings. Really a \$3.50 suit. A Broadway special at per suit \$2.29.

Linen Skirts
Fine grass cloth linen skirts, double bounce effects, white pique and soutache braid trimmings. Dressy and cool, Good value at \$8.50. Broadway Special at \$2.19.
Fine linen skirts of high grade material with deep corded and braid trimmed flounce, cut extra full, perfect fitting. A \$7 value. \$5.59. Broadway special at, per suit.
Handsome skirts of mercerized Chambray, in pink and white or gray and white stripes, twelve rows of white pique trimming around flounce. A stylish summer skirt, worth \$5.00. \$3.19. Broadway special.
Fine French Flannel Skirts, unlined, made with lapped seams, wide stitched strapping, cream color only. For fine dress wear. Good value at \$12.00. Broadway special at \$8.98.

Expansion Sale Shoes
Women's \$2.00 Oxfords, \$1.48
Ten distinct styles to select from. All the new shapes and styles, made of fine kid. All the new toes, patent leather or kid tips, hind turned soles, silk velveting or kid tops. Better than any \$2.00 Oxford in town. Expansion Sale price, \$1.48.

Women's \$2.00 Sandals, \$1.25
Made of good grade kid, hand turned soles, opera heel and coin toe, finished with satin bow and imitation turquoise ornament. Splendid value at \$2.00. Special for Expansion Sale, per pair, \$1.25.

Women's \$3.00 Oxfords, \$1.98
Made of finest kid, hand turned soles, coin toes, kid tips, Louis XIV heels, silk initial tops. Good value at \$3.00. Special for Expansion Sale, per pair, \$1.98.

Women's Patent Kid Oxfords, \$2.98
Of good grade patent kid, will not crack like patent leather, extension hand welted soles, military heels, one of the newest Eastern fads. A stylish, comfortable shoe that is equal to any \$4.00 shoe in town. Special for Expansion Sale, per pair, \$2.98.

Men's \$3.50 Dress Shoes, \$2.50
Of vic kid, box calf, or wax calf. All widths of toes, from the broad, plain toe, down to the narrow, coin toe, well made, perfect fitting, comfortable and durable. No better shoe in town at \$3.50. Special for Expansion Sale, per pair, \$2.50.

Boys' "Rough Rider" Shoes, \$1.48
A strong, neat, serviceable shoe. Made of extra quality calf stock, best oak tan soles, durable and strong yet nothing clumsy about them. Sizes 2 1/2 to 5 1/2. Equal to any \$2.00 shoe in town. A Broadway special at \$1.48. Youth's sizes, \$1 to 2, \$1.39.

Infant's Red Shoes, 75c
Made of best bright red goat skin, button, coin toes and tips, hand turned soles, will not scuff or fade. Splendid value at \$1.00. Special for Expansion Sale, per pair, 75c.

Silks—Dress Goods

Expansion Prices

Imported Japanese Silk, 20 inches wide, 50 different colors to select from, including black and white. Was formerly sold at 35c but the Broadway made it 25c and some others followed. Special for Expansion Sale, another Broadway clincher, per yard, 14c.
Black China silk, taffeta finish, 24 inches wide, excellent for pleatings, trimmings and waists, sells regularly at 39c. Special for Expansion Sale, per yard, 39c.
Silk poplin, 20 inches wide, reversible, soft lustrous finish, comes in castor, seersucker, pearl, brown, gray and tan, a grade that sells in most places at \$1.25, a bargain at \$1.00. Special for Expansion Sale, per yard, 69c.
Corduroy velveteens, suitable for skirts or waists, the colors are blue, tan, gray, brown, castor, green and red, a splendid value at 75c. Special for Expansion Sale, per yard, 59c.
Pongee silk, natural color, 32 inches wide, suitable for children's and women's wear, also for men's shirts; regular price \$1.00. Special for Expansion Sale, per yard, 69c.
Black mohair pirole, neat figures, dots and conventional designs; suitable for separate skirts or suits, shakes dust easily, full 42 inches wide, worth \$1.25. Special for Expansion Sale, per yard, 75c.
Ladies' cloth, black or colored mixtures, reversible, 32 inches wide, extra heavy weight, used for bathing suits and skirts; splendid value at \$1.00. Special for Expansion Sale, per yard, 73c.
200 yards extra weight Sicilian, in navy and royal blue; suitable for skirts and suits; values \$1.00, \$1.19 and \$1.25, and extra grades for these prices. Special for Expansion Sale, per yard, 79c.
500 yards all-wool Henrietta Cloth—a complete range of colors, including black; splendid value at 65c. Special for Expansion Sale, per yard, 47c.
Venetian Suitings, 34 inches wide, in mode and color for shades; for jackets, skirts and suits; good value at \$1.50. Special for Expansion Sale, per yard, 98c.
All-wool Serge, 44 inches wide; navy blue, reversible; used for skirts, suits and children's wear; worth 65c. Special for Expansion Sale, per yard, 49c.
Scotch Plaids for children's wear, full 38 inches wide; worth 60c. Special for Expansion Sale, per yard, 39c.
All-wool Flannel, suitable for bathing suits; colors blue, brown and red, also black; reversible; worth 40c. Special for Expansion Sale, per yard, 30c.

Toilet Articles—Cut Prices

Our Drug Department is growing by leaps and bounds. Besides all kinds of Toilet Articles, we carry a complete line of household drugs, patent medicines, salves, ointments and rubber goods of every description. Here are a few items picked at random—just to give you a hint of what we are doing.

5c Combs 2 I-2c
Black rubber fine combs—sell all over the world at 5c. Special for Expansion Sale, each, 2 1/2c.

15c Dressing Combs 8 I-2c
Good strong Dressing Combs, 8 inches long; coarse and fine teeth; regular price, 15c. Special for Expansion Sale, each, 8 1/2c.

25c Dressing Combs 17c
Extra grade, made by Goodyear Rubber Company; unbreakable; sold regularly at 25c. Special for Expansion Sale, each, 17c.

10c Metal Back Combs 5c
Horn combs with metal backs, 7 inches long, coarse and fine teeth; regular price, 10c. Special for Expansion Sale, each, 5c.

20c Castile Soap 10c
Imported Anchor brand Castile soap, made by Francisco Bernaldo; worth 20c. Special for Expansion Sale, per bar, 10c.

5c Toilet Soap 2 I-2c
An assorted lot of fine toilet soaps, including the Dairy Queens; good full cakes, worth 5c. Special for Expansion Sale, per cake, 2 1/2c.

10c Toilet Soap 3c
Kirk's Snowberry Soap; large cakes; a splendid toilet or bath soap. "It floats." Sells in most places at 10c. Special for Expansion Sale, per cake, 3c.

15c Tar Soap 7c
Uncle Sam's Tar Soap—large cakes; softens the skin, prevents chaps on the hands and face, removes dandruff from the hair, excellent for cleaning silk or woollen goods; regular price 15c. Special for Expansion Sale, per cake, 7c.

35c Pocket Books 19c
Women's combination pocketbook and card case, imitation seal or walrus. Extra value at 35c. Special for Expansion Sale, each 19c.

Women's 35c Belts 25c
Handsome Satin Belts, Persian effect, pretty buckles, extra value at 35c. Special for Expansion Sale, each 25c.

10c Can Talcum Powder 4c
5c Bot. Petroleum Jelly 2c



"More room!"
the next fifteen
this week, this huge
of the whole vast
thy goods by any
d in 15 Days

Prices

ment
with our men's clothing
Sale we will make
attempted in Southern
for \$5.00
for \$5.00
for \$10.00
100
for 75c
for \$1.00
for \$1.00
kewise
\$1.25
\$1.45
\$2.25
\$3.25
\$4.00
the Designer
worth of

dictate prices

Floor
Extra fine grade
40c; special for
Agate Hempe carpet
sold in carpet store
Sale, per yard, 15c.
Part Wool Carpet
patterns, most
Expansion Sale, per
Summer Cottons, in
white cotton, with
value at \$1.50, worth
Extension Blue Cottons
tended to 44 inch
sold at 15c; special
Table Oilcloth, 14-16
patterns, worth
Sale, per yard, 16c.
Linen Window Shades
colors; on good
good value at 25c; special
42c

ds for "Lessers Advertise Them

before others advertise
It's one of the penalties attached to
if you have an idea that
as that are counterfeits

Women's Neckties

Silk four-in-hand ties, plain colors
dots. Just the thing for shirt
Worth 35c. Special for Expansion
Sale, each, 25c.
Fancy Stock Collars, of tucked
lateral shades, or black velvet with
plated satin bands. Good value
Special for Expansion Sale, each
Silk String Ties, plain satin or
colors, good value at 25c. Special
for Expansion Sale, each.

Out of Town

We want you all to come to the
glorious Fourth of July
WILL PAY YOUR FARE
ditions upon which your
5 miles full fare return
10 miles full fare return
15 miles full fare return
20 miles full fare return
25 miles full fare return
30 miles full fare return
35 miles full fare return
40 miles full fare return
45 miles full fare return
50 miles full fare return
Proportionate commo

Mail

Ours is the only
the best equipped
splendidly organized
store at the nearest
cheerfully. If you
pay you. Should
mediately, as in many
sold. Goods at such

Embroid

Mrs. Fantine A. M
complete course in
you is your time
Art Department.

Fourth and

Store Opens at 8:30 Tomorrow Morning

Ice Cream Freezers

The celebrated White Mountain Ice
Cream Freezers. One of the best
known and most reliable freezers on the market.
Two quart size, special Monday, \$1.75
Three quart size, special Monday, \$2.25
Larger sizes at proportionate prices.

Lemonade or Water Sets
Sets of seven pieces, of handsome colored glass, of ruby,
blue, or green, silverline tray. Nicely shaped pitcher,
six glasses to match. Good value at \$1.50.
Special for Expansion Sale, per set, 90c.

Flags for the Glorious Fourth
Fast color bunting flags, size 5x8 feet, well
made. Special for Expansion
Sale, \$1.89.
Cotton flags, mounted on stick, with spear head,
size 2x3 feet. Special for Expansion
Sale, per yard, 25c.

Muslin flags, mounted on sticks, prices range up-
ward from per
dozen 2c

Parasols Reduced

\$1.00 carriage parasols, 75c
\$1.25 fancy parasols, 75c
Children's fancy parasols, 60c

dictate prices

Undermuslins

Underpriced

Corset Covers, made of good
grade muslin, well finished. All
sizes. Splendid value at 12 I-2c.
Special for Expansion
Sale, each, 7c.

Muslin Drawers, wide ruffles edged with torchon lace, em-
brodery or hemstitching. Good material, well made.
Worth 35c. Special for Expansion Sale, per pair, 22c.

Nightgowns, of fine grade muslin, empire style, cambric ruffle
on yoke, embroidery across yoke, well finished, all sizes.
Good value at 75c. Special for Expansion Sale, 59c.

Muslin Skirts, fine quality muslin, trimmed with tucks, and
side lace, yoke band, full width. A special value for
Expansion Sale, at 45c.

Skirts of extra fine muslin, made with 12-inch flounce, cluster
of tucks and fine cambric embroidery, band yokes. Splendid
value at \$1.25. Special for Expansion Sale, 89c.

Infant's Wear

Short Slips, good cambric, neck
and sleeves edged with
dainty embroidery.
Broadway special at 35c.

Infant's short white muslin skirts,
with waists, trimmed with cluster
of tucks, wide ruffle of
cambric embroidery. Broadway
special at 49c.

Infant's Lawn Sunbonnets, cord-
ed, ruffle edged with val-
lace and embroidery. Broadway
special at 49c.

CLIMAX SOLAR WATER HEATER CO., 338 South Broadway.

F. SUIE ONE CO., Fine Hand-Made Embroideries
and Bamboo Furniture.
414 North Main Street.

One Hundred and Fifty
Take Diplomas.

Scholarly Address by
K. C. Babcock—Tons
of Flowers.

Inspiring from the view of the multitude assembled, beautiful as a day of color and interesting as the occasion, the event of the commencement exercises of the thirtieth annual graduation series of the Los Angeles High School at Hazard's Pavilion last night. Probably 3500 persons witnessed the exercises, every seat in the pit and galleries being occupied. The enthusiasm is in plenty, and the men and women who had received diplomas cannot but look with pleasure at the interest shown in their departure from school life. Their hearts must, indeed, have thrilled with pride as they looked out upon the sea of faces—all there to do them honor.

curtain rose shortly after 10 o'clock to the strains of "America," which was given by the school orchestra. The 150 guests, including members of the faculty and the Board of Education, occupied eleven tables and almost filling the spacious hall was heavy with the fragrance of flowers. Such a floral shower had never before been witnessed here in Los Angeles. At the head of the banquet table were huge triangular mounds of bouquets of flowers, which heaped along the front of the room to a depth of four or five feet, reaching onto the floor. The hall was a gloriously decorated multi-colored jangle of streamers, wreaths, the national colors, pretty Mammoth flags were hung on each side of the stage, and the men strung from the rafters. The pillars were bedecked with wreaths and over all was a canopy of white.

At 10:30 o'clock introduced by Kendrick C. Babcock as the guest of the evening, Prof. Babcock

[illegible][illegible]

House then presented the Hon. J. C. McPherson, of Education, for the condipnoma. He told them proved themselves worthy, and would be given a faculty.

McPherson expressed pleasure at the first class of the crowding in the probably resultant from the the high school of the next year would use the half-day sessions.

He gave a certificate of honor to the graduates of the year, he presented each gradipnoma.

A lack of the seminar in and in pretty good of the criminal hats, then dis- loaded the audience of relatives and friends of Cochran saluted many thunderous applause.

McPherson gave a humorous story of the "Hesperus" accident was unprepared to command of the audience for the presentation of the J. Jeff Brown.

AT "THE BIVOUCAC."
 of Loyal Legion and Other
 Gen. Otis Observes an In-
 Anniversary.
 songs were sung and the
 of the most stirring
 country's history were
 again during the smoker
 "The Bivouac," the home
 of Gen. Otis, last evening.
 The honor were Gen. Otis's old
 the Companions of the
 California Association of the
 of the Loyal Legion of
 States, and Secretary Eaton
 nation says the

[illegible]

Grand Pre-Inventory Sale Art Goods

Pre-Inventory Sale of Handkerchiefs. Ladies' Neckwear. Pre-Inventory Sale of Handkerchiefs. Ladies' Neckwear. Pre-Inventory Sale of Handkerchiefs. Ladies' Neckwear.

Pre-Inventory Sale of Mattings

of our matting department. Their success. Their success. Their success. Their success. Their success. Their success.

Silk Sale.

Black Dress Goods. 40 yards black dress goods. 40 yards black dress goods. 40 yards black dress goods.

Pre-Inventory Sale of Undermuslins.

50 doz. ladies' extra good quality muslin drawers. 50 doz. ladies' extra good quality muslin drawers.

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HIGH SCHOOL'S HAPPY CLOSE.

Enthusiastic Throng at the Graduation.

One Hundred and Fifty Take Diplomas.

Scholarly Address by Prof. K. C. Babcock—Tons of Flowers.

Looking from the view of the multi-armed, beautiful as a display of color and interesting as the crown- ing event of the commencement season, the thirty-third annual graduation of the Los Angeles High School at Hazard's Pavilion last night.

The air was heavy with the fragrance of flowers. Such a floral showing was wonderful even for Los Angeles. At each side were huge triangular monuments of bouquets and baskets of them, and along the front of the auditorium to a depth of four or five feet, stretching out the floor.

Prof. Babcock's address. The century just closed, Prof. Babcock said, "has been far more revolutionary in the past. In fact, it has been more so than any other, since the Trojan war. Changes have been wrought that have profoundly affected world affairs. Still, marked as the close has been, with a new world, it also, as a sketchy past, has been the beginning of a new era."

The citizen of today may well say that the old world is gone, and a new one is being born. It is not true, pray we ever so hard, that the old world is gone, and a new one is being born. It is not true, pray we ever so hard, that the old world is gone, and a new one is being born.

Public education is not the right of a few, but the obligation of the state. We must train our young. They are the future of our country. We must prepare them for their life. We must prepare them for their life.

Every young man and young woman need a university education. It is not a luxury, but a necessity. It is not a luxury, but a necessity. It is not a luxury, but a necessity.

THE BIVOUAC.

Companions of Loyal Legion and Other Interesting Anecdotes. The war was over, and the army was being disbanded. The war was over, and the army was being disbanded. The war was over, and the army was being disbanded.

Our Grand Clearance Sale.

On account of the summer season being so long delayed, we have placed on sale over 100 of the very latest suitings, consisting of Blue Serges, Fancy Cheviots, Scotch Tweeds, Cassimeres, Worsteds, etc.

YOUR CHOICE OF ANY OF THEM FOR

\$15.75

These suitings are made to your order by the best skilled mechanics, and a perfect fit is guaranteed. Don't overlook this opportunity.

BUFFALO WOOLEN COMPANY, The Popular Tailors, 248 South Broadway.

...FIVE CARLOADS...

Owing to a largely increased demand for our line of high-grade

"Crown" Hallet & Davis

PIANOS

HAINES, SCHOBERT & CO.

We have just placed our order for FIVE CARS more for immediate shipment. How is that for the dull season? Call or write for prices.

SALYER'S, 353 BROADWAY NEAR FOURTH.

Stylish \$15.50 Suits

My \$25.00 suits are the best in America. 25 Per Cent Saved by getting your suit made by JOE POHEIM

113 So. Spring St., Los Angeles.

ENGRAVED CALLING CARDS.

Whedon Spreng Co., WEDDING INVITATIONS, ANNOUNCEMENTS, BEAD CURTAINS \$1.50, \$2, \$2.50, \$3 SPECIAL TODAY. F. SUITE ONE CO., 414 North Main Street.

WALL PAPER

New Designs and Colors. It is easy to trade here—due to the large assortment and low prices. Tel. M. 714. G. A. Thiele, 307-309 S. Main

OUR USUAL Summer Sale

Begins Monday, July 1.

It will be a much greater sale this year than formerly, because our stock is larger and better every way. Very liberal reductions have been made in all departments of the store, but the cut in price does not apply to every single article. This sale is primarily for the purpose of disposing of odd pieces and odd sets. Special values this week in parlor, hall and library pieces. In some cases prices are but a fractional part of their real worth.

REDUCTION IN CARPETS.

Price includes sewed, laid and lined.

Moquettes..... \$ 1.35..... \$ 1.25 Tapestry..... 1.00..... .90 Ingrains..... .85..... .80 Smith Axminster Rugs, 8x12..... 27.00..... 22.80 Smith Axminster Rugs, 8x10-6..... 24.00..... 20.00

There are many pieces of furniture and carpets to be picked up here this week.

Niles Pease Furniture Co. 439-441-443 South Spring Street.

Notice—This store will close Saturdays at noon beginning July 13.

COPELAND'S CLOAK HOUSE JULY CLEARANCE SALE COPELAND'S CLOAK HOUSE

OF Cloaks, Suits, Waists, Skirts.

Tomorrow we begin the most stupendous sale of women's ready-to-wear garments that this city has ever known. Every garment in the house is offered for quick clearing—nothing reserved. Come tomorrow expecting to buy new, nobby, up-to-date apparel at less than cost of materials and you will not be disappointed.

SUITS \$7.50 for regular \$18.00 Suits, in all styles and colors. \$9.98 for regular \$20.00 Suits, in all styles and colors. \$12.45 for regular \$25.00 Suits, in all styles and colors.

ETON JACKETS In cloth, silk and pean de soie. \$7.50 for beautiful silk Etons worth \$18.00. \$9.98 for beautiful silk Etons worth \$17.50.

GOLF SKIRTS \$5.95 for all our \$7.50 to \$10.00 Golf Skirts, made either with or without flounce; all colors. \$9.00 for fine Kersey Capes worth \$4.50; colors black, blue and brown.

SHIRT WAISTS All our Wash Waists which sold at \$1.50, \$1.75 and \$2.00 are now priced at \$1.00. The newest colorings and latest styles. All our high grade Gowns and Wraps are priced 1/4 less than elsewhere. Attend this sale tomorrow expecting the greatest and grandest bargains you have ever seen.

COPELAND'S CLOAK HOUSE, New S. BELLER & CO. Third and Broadway

Excursion

RATES EAST, via Salt Lake and Colorado Rockies. Cincinnati, \$26.00, sold June 28 and July 1. Chicago, \$22.50, sold July 28, 31. Cleveland, \$22.50, sold July 28, 31. Detroit, \$22.50, sold July 28, 31. Louisville, \$22.50, sold July 28, 31. St. Louis, \$22.50, sold July 28, 31. Buffalo, \$22.50, sold July 28, 31. On July 2 a special tourist car will run to Chicago and Detroit for the N. E. A.

All round trips good to return in 60 days. Personally conducted parties leave Los Angeles every Tuesday, Friday and Saturday at 11:00 a. m., passing through all points of interest by daylight. For berths and tickets see Southern Pacific Agents, or T. J. CLARK, Gen'l Agt. Pass. Dept., 227 S. Spring St., Los Angeles.

THE GREAT CREDIT HOUSE

Cash if You Wish It. BRENT'S Credit if You money above the value of the apartment. to buy the Furniture every few months. Furnish Your Own Rooms on our Easy Payment system. You have the use of the goods while paying for them. The largest complete House Furnishing Establishment on the Pacific Coast.

We Trust the People.

YOUR SUMMER WARDROBE

Needs Cleaning, Dyeing and Renovating. Better Prepared for July 4th and the Hot Weather. Our work has those lasting qualities and that gives us satisfied patrons. Telephone us and the wagon will call for your suits, dresses, shirts, blankets, curtains, household and merchants' goods. Finest cleaning Spring and Summer garments, such as organdies, wisps, mail, flimsy, fancy gowns, laces, etc., superior to all others. Our Prices are Lowest Consistent with First-class Work. "Quality is Always Worth Paying for."

AMERICAN DYE WORKS, Main Office—New York, 88-90 S. Spring St. Tel. M. 1014. Store—2124 South Spring Street. Tel. M. 884. Nine Branch Stores in Southern California. Mail and Express Orders Given Prompt Attention.

Bargain Carnival in all Departments this Week.

Refrigerators and Ice Boxes. Hardwood refrigerators, all sizes, priced at from \$8.00 to..... \$18.00 Ice boxes, hard wood, all sizes, at from \$2.50 to..... \$7.50

New Stock Furniture, Carpets and Rugs. We only ask a comparison of quality and price, feeling sure of our ability to please you in every respect. All wood lignate carpet 64 1/2 yds. We give Locomobile Tickets with each box of your cash purchases.

I. T. MARTIN'S Big Furniture and Carpet House, 531, 533 and 535 S. Spring St.

Summer Necessities.

GASOLINE STOVES, the best Refrigerators and Ice Cream Freezers, at little prices—but give big comforts. H. GUYOT, 414 South Spring.

IN HIGH ENOUGH
BUT REMEMBER
 IF YOU MISS THE BIGGEST, IT'S NOT FAIR SO BADLY.

The "Consolation Prize" is a very well worth working study over these and the other prizes from time to time.

The prizes to be distributed by Times in July among the people who have been canvassing for the subscription of land, money, oil stock, pleasure trips, large scholarships and a number of things sometimes alluded to as "chance" prizes. Among the latter which there is a great and most interesting variety, particular attention is called to the following—

Up on Bedstead.
 You will find that there is no elegant and useful fixture in a modern home than a fine mirror. Times meets a popular demand by offering an oval-framed French-plaque mirror, from the establishment of Raphael & Co., No. 160 South Main street, as a prize in its class.

The Gift of a Diamond.
 Diamonds are the most precious stones from the General Times as a prize. The solitary diamond of the General Times is a body. It is a diamond of the highest quality, and is a very valuable establishment of diamonds, No. 24 South Spring street.

Modern Dentistry.
 Nobody knows so much about modern dentistry as the General Times. It has a complete set of modern dentistry, and is a very valuable establishment of dentistry, No. 24 South Spring street.

Up-to-date People.
 Nobody knows so much about up-to-date people as the General Times. It has a complete set of up-to-date people, and is a very valuable establishment of up-to-date people, No. 24 South Spring street.

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COAST RECORD
LOVE BY TELEPHONE.

Wena Youth Weds a Hello Girl.

aghghan Surprised His Friends.

atering-out Due at the Radio—Eight-hour Law Invalid.

BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.
 SAN FRANCISCO, June 29.—Judge M. C. Sloss rendered his decision in the suit of L. and E. Emanuel against the Board of State Bar Examiners, yesterday, giving judgment in favor of the plaintiffs, and sustaining their contention that the eight-hour law passed by the Legislature two years ago is invalid and unconstitutional.

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CALIFORNIA EIGHT-HOUR LAW IS INVALID.

JUDGE SLOSS GIVES MEASURE A KNOCKOUT BLOW.

Bill Passed by the Legislature Two Years Ago Declared Unconstitutional—Emanuel Wins His Suit Against the State Bar Examiners.

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DEAD MAN IDENTIFIED.

HE HAILED FROM LOS ANGELES.

BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.
 PHOENIX (Ariz.) June 29.—The dead man found in the gulch near Jerome, Ariz., on Wednesday has been identified as a stranger from Los Angeles, and there were no papers present by which he could be further identified. The stranger acted in an insane manner soon after his arrival and started over toward the Iron King mine barometer. The theory is advanced that he starved himself to death although money was found in the clothing. Death occurred about two months ago.

BRIEF COAST DISPATCHES.

School Bonds Sold.
 STOCKTON, June 29.—Bonds amounting to \$150,000, recently voted for the erection and equipment of the High School building in the city of Stockton, were sold today to Hollins & Co. of Boston at a premium of 140.5. The bonds draw 5 per cent. and run twenty years.

Botkin Case Continued.
 SAN FRANCISCO, June 29.—The case of Mrs. Cordelia Botkin, charged with murder, came up today before Superior Judge Cook to be set for trial, but counsel for the defense asked for further time, and an order was made setting the next calling of the case for July 1.

Cured Fruit Association.
 SAN JOSE, June 29.—Directors of the Cured Fruit Association, by a unanimous vote today, elected F. N. Woods president, vice H. G. Bond, and Louis E. Bond, chief accountant was chosen treasurer, vice F. N. Woods. The new president has a large orchard in this valley, but maintains a home in San Francisco. He was formerly a member of the firm of Whittier, Fuller & Co.

Not Time at San Jose.
 SAN JOSE, June 29.—The thermometer at noon today registered 84 deg., but at 1 p.m. had risen to 101. Soon after this hour, the temperature moderated and the remainder of the day was pleasant.

San Jose Damage Suit.
 SAN JOSE, June 29.—R. F. Bucker whose phonograph collided with a motor vehicle in April last, the horse attached to which having frightened at steam roller, owned by the city and by the city and in consequence suffered a broken arm and other injuries, has filed a claim against the city for \$12,500, alleging negligence on the part of the city's agents.

Forest Fire Checked.
 SANTA CRUZ, June 29.—The forest fire raging on Bear Mountain, and feared to spread to the city, was checked today by the fire department.

Camp Wallace Reynolds.
 SANTA CRUZ, June 29.—At Camp Wallace Reynolds this afternoon, a court martial was held. Tomorrow afternoon Bishop Hamilton will preach in the assembly tent. For the coming week, a programme of lectures has been arranged in addition to entertainments.

FLASHES FROM THE WIRES.
 Jesse F. Thayer, formerly a captain in the American volunteers, but later turned to private life and working at a tire, committed suicide at Omaha yesterday. He was 45 years of age. His Lincoln four days ago by his wife, from whom he had separated, and this is said to have preyed upon his mind.

EDOUARD KROHMAN.
 A German banker, committed suicide yesterday morning by shooting himself in the head at Lindenau, near Leipzig.

LOS ANGELES, June 29.
 (To the Editor of the Times.) Miss Nora A. Miller, the newly-appointed assistant librarian, assumes the duties of her office tomorrow. In justice to the board of directors and Miss Miller, your correspondent is publishing the list of the official records relative to this office.

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WASHINGTON.

MINISTER TO JAPAN.

CALIFORNIA'S AFTER THE JOB.

WASHINGTON, June 29.
 (Exclusive Dispatch.) California postmaster appointed: J. P. Prentice, Inglewood, Los Angeles county; Edgar Duman, at Laurel, Lake county.

WASHINGTON NOTES.

California Postmasters.
 WASHINGTON, June 29.—(Exclusive Dispatch.) California postmaster appointed: J. P. Prentice, Inglewood, Los Angeles county; Edgar Duman, at Laurel, Lake county.

SKAGWAY INCIDENT.
 WASHINGTON, June 29.—The State Department has not received any representation concerning the flag incident at Skagway, where much excitement is said to have been caused by the hauling down of a British customs ensign raised at that point. Based on the press reports of the affair, the officials do not attach serious importance to the incident itself, although it is recognized that the matter must assume a serious character if the flag was an assertion of British sovereignty over the local territory. In that event, there is no doubt that the State Department would take cognizance of the matter.

PROTECTED ITALIAN.
 WASHINGTON, June 29.—At the request of the Italian Chargé d'Affaires, the State Department has used its good offices to protect a violent man from the Italian authorities. The man, who is accused of an offense against a woman, has been arrested and brought before a local judge, who showed a purpose to release the accused. The man is accused of an offense against a woman, has been arrested and brought before a local judge, who showed a purpose to release the accused.

CUBAN POLICE.
 WASHINGTON, June 29.—Cuba has accepted the Platt Amendment, says the Washington correspondent of the Associated Press. The amendment, which is the basis of the American force now pulling in the island, has been withdrawn, and the Cuban government has accepted the amendment. It is Gen. Miles' belief that such a step would settle beyond doubt the capacity of the Cuban government to govern itself. If any disturbances occur troops can promptly reoccupy the island. There are now less than five thousand men on the island.

UNCLE SAM'S PLETHORA OF MONEY.

TREASURY STATEMENT AT END OF FISCAL YEAR.

Nation is the Most Prosperous It Has Been—Commerce and Industries Keeping Pace With Cash Assets.

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HOW TO FIND OUT.

Fill a bottle or common glass with your water and let it stand twenty-four hours; a sediment or settling indicates an unhealthy condition of the kidneys. If it stains the linen it is evidence of kidney trouble; too frequent desire to pass it, or pain in the back is also a convincing proof that the kidneys and bladder are out of order.

WHAT TO DO.

There is comfort in the knowledge so often expressed that Dr. Kiefer's Swamp Root, the great kidney and bladder remedy, fulfills every wish in curing rheumatism, pain in the back, kidneys, liver, bladder and every part of the urinary passage. It corrects the urinary passage. It corrects the urinary passage. It corrects the urinary passage.

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SUMMER SHIRTS AND TIES.

Immense assortment, nobby styles and all warranted colors. You will be sure to find just what you want in this stock.

Shirts \$1.00 to \$2.50. Ties 25c to \$1.50.

EVERYTHING UP-TO-DATE.

Mullen & Bluff.

Hon. W. A. Clark Says:

A Famous Train.

Santa Fe.

GEN. GOMEZ'S VISIT.

Notice.

Why Pay the Drug Tax?

Lennox Complexion Cream.

Bird Seed.

Only 40c.

30c, 65c, 25c, 25c, 40c.

30c, 65c, 25c, 25c, 40c.

Experts.

the use of Puritas
roses.

and again to the ruin
sh, alkaline city water.
on the human body.

leading toilet experts

care to, for they are

the complexion and

which they have tried.

we say of Puritas is

The use of Puritas Water im-
parts a luster to the hair, while
ordinary water tends to make it
dry and tattered. In our Pure
and Manufacturing Departments it
has no equal, as it leaves the
skin clean and soft. We desire
it in the manufacture of all in-
toilet and skin preparations.

Yours sincerely,
(Signed) THE HENNEY
TOILET PARLORS
For N. Y. Branch

Water.

Ice and Cold Storage Co.

MEN

Weakness or
from Youthful
Mental Worry.

BY TAKING

TAL RESTORATIVE

on the Weakened Organ.

AMBITION gone, your VITALITY
very RAPIDLY your MANHOOD
refreshing, your HEAVY
in former days.

VITAL RESTORATIVE you have
found. KENTON, two years ago, was
sick, you are UNABLE to
do for you to go to the
have spent their money
DREARY, and you are
BANDS of others and WILL
PERFECT CURE. All
BY LETTER or at our office.

Price \$3.00 a bottle; 6 for \$15.

Send for Free Book, "The
9 to 4:30; evenings 7 to 9; Sundays
10 to 12."

Good Plumb

and good health—the bath
refrigerators, Ice Cream
and Lawn Mowers.

AUERHART HARDWARE

230 South Spring Street

AL PILLS

They overcome
new, insistent
constipation, and
or and have
they are "LIFE SAVERS"

development of organs
women equals those of men. Cannot
\$1.00 PER BOX BY MAIL

MOTT'S CHEMICAL CO.,

York politician, is dead at

Kah, aged 59 years. He was
of the Court of Common Pleas
this morning. His death was
to the intense heat. Mr. Kah
86 years old.

Oliver S. Carter

SARATOGA (N. Y.) June 29.—

Mr. Carter, president of the
Bank of the Republic of the
New York, died here last night
of heart disease. He was born
near Westfield, N. Y., in 1815.

Mr. Thomas Galt

TORONTO (Ont.) June 29.—

Thomas Galt, a retired civil
engineer, died at his home
this morning. He was 86 years
old.

David Hirsch

NEW YORK, June 29.—

David Hirsch, president of the
Bank of the Republic of the
New York, died here last night
of heart disease. He was born
near Westfield, N. Y., in 1815.

The Same Old Story

J. A. Kelly relates an

similar to that which has been
reported in other parts of the
United States, and has been
repeatedly mentioned in the
press. Last summer I had
of a friendly and purchased
of Chamberlain's Colic,
Diarrhoea Remedy, which
according to directions,
satisfactory results. Other
attacks when I used
Chamberlain's Colic,
Diarrhoea Remedy, N. C.—Adv.

MEN ORDERED
TO QUIT WORK.

From Steel and Tin
Workers to Go Out.

Twenty Thousand Men
Likely to Obey.

Amalgamated Association Will
Less Heavily if Strike
Lasts Long.

THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.

NEW YORK, June 29.—The

Amalgamated Association of
Steel and Tin Workers, which
has been unable to reach
an agreement on the wage scale for
the coming year, and which finally
last night after twenty minutes

The Amalgamated Association officials
asked that the scale be signed for the
coming year and the manufacturers
agreed to a similar proposition, not only
refusing to sign for all the Union Mills,
but stipulating that two plans that
were included last year be exempt from
this year. These mills are the
Hawthorne plant at Scottsdale and the
Hawthorne, Pa., works. The conference
then broke up and President Shaffer at
last issued a strike order. The strike
will involve all the Union sheet mills
the country and about 20,000 skilled
men.

Then sent by a representative of the
Amalgamated Association, President Shaffer said:
The American Sheet Steel Company
and the scale last year in all out-
ing mills except the Woods mill at
Scottsdale.

During the year they took advantage
of the conditions existing at the Scott-
sdale and Pittsburgh plants to obtain
from the organization and they offer to sign the scale at the
same number of union mills. The
organization has been long shut out
of this portion of its plants without
any inestimable loss with the present
order.

Notwithstanding President Shaffer's
order, it is thought another effort will
be made to effect a settlement.
as it is well known that neither
is anxious for a protracted shut-
out of the American Sheet Steel Com-
pany, which has been a steady run since
the first of the year.

UNION MEN'S REVENGE.

THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.

ST. LOUIS, June 29.—The men
of their demand for the union-
all the mills of the combine by
that last year the combine had
advantage of its position in hav-
ing the non-union mills by operating
first and leaving the organized
men until pressure of business
forced them to start. It was resolved
that men at that time that such a
scale should never occur again for
company, that it would be either all
mills or all non-union mills. To
change point to change in the scale
asked, but a demand for union-
all the mills was made definite.
men claim that they by the work
of a number of late they have suc-
ceeded in organizing to such an ex-
tent that it is doubtful if the com-
bine is able to turn out the full
output of any one of its non-union mills.
The men agreed to a strike, but
test of strength between the
men and the workers will not be
until the warm weather
of July and August there will be
benefits paid the men out of
the strike fund. The men of the
combine, like all other iron
mills, are in the hands of the
company. After September 1,
the men of the combine will be
able to turn out the full
output of any one of its non-union mills.
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IRON SITUATION.

THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.

PITTSBURGH, June 29.—At 12:30

this morning the bar-iron scale
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EVERY
HOME

Should have a BABY.
A carious of—

Baby Grand
Weber Pianos

To select from at the war-
room of the

BARTLETT MUSIC CO.,

233-235 S. BROADWAY.

but up till this afternoon it was
believed matters could be adjusted.

The trouble which caused the strike
was due to the master plumbers post-
ing notice that after July 1 all jour-
neymen, plumbers must furnish all
hand tools which cost each of them \$10.

This was caused by the plumbers de-
manding the same pay for eight hours
work that they formerly secured while
working ten hours a day. There was
no trouble when the walk-out occurred,
and between seventy-five and one hun-
dred men quit work. After being paid
off they told their employers that they
would take a vacation.

The clerks demand that all stores be
kept closed on Sunday and holidays.
This will be disregarded by merchants
on July 4, and trouble is expected.

MACHINISTS DEFIANT.

WILL STAY OUT ON WIN.

BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.

NEWPORT NEWS (Va.) June 29.—

By unanimous vote today the striking
machinists agreed to stay out until the
shipyard management accedes to their
demands.

WAGE SCALE RENEWED.

BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.

BIRMINGHAM (Ala.) June 29.—The

coal miners and operators of Alabama
have renewed the wage scale for a
year. Twelve thousand men are in-
volved.

REFINING COMBINE.

BIG DENVER CORPORATION.

BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.

ST. LOUIS, June 29.—The United
States Reduction and Refining Com-
pany has been incorporated, with a
capitalization of \$20,000,000, of which
\$4,000,000 is a preferred, and the re-
mainder is common. C. L. Tutt of
Colorado Springs is president of the
company, which was originally incor-
porated under the laws of the State
of New Jersey, by Kenneth K. Mc-
Laren, J. I. Billings and Horace S.
The new company will
sorb the Standard and the Colorado-
Philadelphia smelters at Colorado City,
and the Metallic, the Union and the
National Cyanide Mills at Florence.
The officers of both the United States
Reduction and Refining Company and
the American Smelting and Refining
Company are in the city. It is the
intention of the two corporations
to combine.

MILL TRUST FORMED.

BOARD OF OFFICERS ELECTED.

BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.

EASTON (Pa.) June 29.—The Emery
syndicate of which the Jackson Emery
Mill Company of Easton is one of the
four firms that practically control the
iron industry in this country, will into effect
on the 1st of July under the name
of the Ashland Emery Mills. The trust
officers are Lewis Speers of Boston,
president; A. B. Easton, treasur-
er; John H. West, Perth Amboy, N. J.,
secretary. The capital of the syn-
dicate is \$400,000.

NEW YORK WOMAN'S
ANTI-VICE CRUSADE.

SOCIAL EVIL IS STERNLY DE-
NOUNCED BY OFFICIALS.

Reports Read of Work Done During
Past Year for Women and Children,
and Plans Laid to Carry on Work
in the Future.

BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.

NEW YORK, June 29.—The Woman's
Anti-Vice Committee of New York, at
a mass meeting at the Waldorf-Astoria
Hotel, last night, declared that
any attempt to segregate or regu-
late vice is pernicious in principle and
mischievous in practice, pledged itself
by resolution "to the support of prin-
ciple, without regard to parties or in-
dividuals."

Mrs. Anna M. Jackson, first vice-
chairman, in her opening address spoke
strongly on the proposition for the
regulation of the social evil and urged
the women to "work strenuously" against
it.

Reports of the various sub-commit-
tees showed what had already been done
and what it is proposed to do. By far
the greatest of these was Mrs. Mary C.
Annab's account of the service in the
child-saving department of eighty-two
unsupervised short-shorts appointed in
1900 by the King's county W.C.T.U.,
who had the consent of the sheriff for
the experiment. She quoted statistics
in support of her statement that child
labor had been reduced one-half. The
present effort of the union to obtain a
probationary court similar to the Chi-
cago children's court promises success.
Both projects will be taken up by the
New York women. Mrs. Charles Rus-
sell Lowell's Municipal Committee has
already waited upon the magistrates
with a view to securing the ap-
pointment of women as probationary
officers when the new charter goes into
force.

"The worst place that exists in this
city," said Mrs. Sarah J. Bird of the
Rescue Committee, "is down about the
neighborhood of Hester and Essex
streets. If something is not done we
will be the victims of the worst
conditions. Meetings in halls and churches
do not touch this tenement-house vice,
and flesh and blood is wanted down
there as well as money. We propose to
open a room, and to keep it open night
and day, and to have a welcome ready
for all who come."

Inspecting Northern Rivers.

PORTLAND (Or.) June 29.—The
Rivers and Harbors committee of the
House of Representatives reached Port-
land early this morning and soon after-
ward left on a special train for a trip
up the Willamette Valley. They will
return to Portland this evening and re-
main here over Sunday. On Monday
the committee will inspect the Lower
Columbia River between Portland and
the Pacific Ocean.

The Alteration Sale.

Opening of the fourth week of this great bargain harvest tomorrow. There never was a rebuilding sale that attracted such wide-spread attention or that created such enthusiasm, and you've never had such advantages in the way of price concessions, either. A fresh batch of good values for tomorrow. Be quick and get here early.

Men's Clothing Cheap.

The Essence of Cheapness is Good Quality and Low Price.

And good quality is never lost sight of here. In spite of the tremendous selling of the past week there are still over 1500 suits left, offering a greater variety than is possible in any regular stock. The offering of these fine new goods so much under price at just the time when you need them is an occasion of most positive and satisfying economy.

Elegant new Scotch cheviot, fancy worsted, check or line casimere, blue serge or black clay worsted suits, all the spring and summer shades. High grade worsteds and blue serge, fine linings, fine trimmings and a perfect fit; all regular values, reduced to

\$2.50, \$3.50 and \$4.00 Shoes

For Men and Women.

All stylish, this season's lasts. The women's are in vic kid, patent leather or calf, with plain or fancy tops. The men's are in vic kid or calf, and new lasts. Reg- ular \$2.50 to \$4.00 values; sale price

\$1.62

Wrappers

Women's percale wrappers, in light and dark shades, of blue, red, pink, or black and white stripes, deep flounce on bottom, ruffle trimmed yoke and shoulders, regu- lar \$1.25 values, sale price

79c

\$1.75 Percale Wrappers for \$1.26. \$2.50 Wrappers for \$1.66.

Wash Skirts

Women's brown linen crash wash skirts, neatly made, some trimmed in braid, all regular \$1.00 75c values, sale price

75c

Sample line white Pique wash skirts, all different styles, and ranging in price from \$1.75 to \$6.00, worth double.

Golf Skirts

Women's five-gore golf skirt, in tan cloth of summer weight, double stitched seams, stitched bottom, regular \$3.50 values, sale price

\$1.95

\$5.00 All-Wool Golf Skirts, \$3.50.

Women's Bathing Suits

Black mohair, with large sailor col- lar, trimmed in red or white braid, worth regular \$4.00, sale price

\$2.85

\$7.50 women's bathing suits \$5.00 \$7.50 children's bathing suits \$1.95

Mail Orders.

Goods advertised will be sent by mail. Selections will be made with care and forwarded the same day the order is received. If you live out of Los Angeles try our mail order department.

LEAPED TO THE STREET.

Poker Player Takes a Fearful Chance.

Nichols Will Be Laid Up Six Months.

Police Raid a West First-street Joint and Take in Gamblers.

climbed the narrow stairway and took their stations, one at a door of each room. The Chief rushed three times at the door to the front room, and in obedience to the signal, the door was opened. Nichols, who had been jumping into the room, and found six men seated around a table, on which were cards and money. He gathered up all the money in sight, and herding the players into a corner, opened the front door and let in the Chief.

No actual resistance was made by the captured men, but they dodged around trying to find some way of escape. Nichols was the only man who had the nerve to dare the leap from the window, but his shattered condition rendered easily on his judgment.

GAMBLERS LOCKED UP.

The five men were sent to the Police Station in the patrol wagon. All of them were well dressed, and one of them, who gave the name of Jim Murray, did everything in his power to escape identification. The other four seemed to care little about their arrest, and laughed and chatted good naturedly. A sergeant told the prisoners that they would either have to furnish \$100 bail each or sleep in jail, and the flow of merriment ceased.

The keeper of the resort, who gave the name of C. Samis, evidently thought that it was a good time for disappearing as he retired into the closet and opened a window.

